PICTORIAL REVIEW

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In This Issue

Frances Marion makes her home in Hollywood, the capital city of Movie-land. She knows the motion-picture business on the inside, outside, top, and bottom—and knows it as the result of ten years' experience as one of the highest-paid scenario-writers in the profession.

That's why her serial, "The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn," which begins in this issue, is a real living story of the movies.

Albert Edward Wiggam, author of "The Beauty of Lincoln," on page 10 of this number, comes from Indiana, the State that numbers authors among its chief products. Mr. Wiggam has the distinction of having written a scientific book that became a best seller. Yes, "The Decalog of Science" is the name of the book that entered the charmed circle.

A short time ago David Freedman was the superintendent of an orphan asylum. To-day he is in the front rank of our younger writers. It's quite a step for a man who is still in his twenties.

You laughed when you read his "Mendel Marantz" stories and you admired his "We Are Four," which appeared in our December issue; but the big surprize is still in store for you. Wait until you read his "Elephantasm," which you will find elsewhere in this number. It's something entirely new and different.

Wilbur Jones, *the well-meaning young hero of several of John Peter Toohey's stories, is going on the stage. Mr. Toohey tells us that he is the coauthor of a play, based upon the* Jonesy *stories, which will be produced in New York during the current season. And, by the way, if you turn to page 26 and read "The Little Old Boat," you will meet your old friend* Jonesy *once more.*

Mrs. Edward MacDowell Wins the $5,000 Achievement Award for 1923

MRS. EDWARD MACDOWELL, widow of the great American composer, has received the award of $5,000 offered by Pictorial Review to the American woman who made the most valuable contribution to the advancement of human welfare during the year 1923.

Several hundred women were recommended, but in the opinion of the twenty-one judges only seven came properly within the scope of the award. These were Mrs. MacDowell, Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, Miss Grace Abbott, Miss Annie Jump Cannon, Judge Florence E. Allen, Miss Martha Berry, and Mrs. Margaret Sanger.

Mrs. MacDowell's contribution consists in the establishment at Peterborough, N. H., of a colony the object of which is to provide "ideal working conditions for the creative artist."

Her project reached its highest state of perfection in 1923. Much of the best work that has been done in America in art and literature has been produced in the Peterborough colony, where artists find quiet, congenial surroundings and where they live at nominal cost.

The story of Mrs. MacDowell and the success of her great achievement will appear in an early issue of Pictorial Review.

Who is your choice for the 1924 award? Watch this space in the next issue of Pictorial Review for a detailed announcement.

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In This Issue

May Edginton, author of "This Happens Every Day," on page 12 of this number, and wife of F. E. Bailey, noted English editor and writer, is at present in America.

In addition to being a popular fiction-writer May Edginton has made a reputation for herself as a dramatist. She wrote "Secrets," which played for an entire season in New York and later formed the basis of the motion-picture by that name, featuring Norma Talmadge. She is also the author of a musical comedy now playing in Chicago.

Edith Wharton, in the opinion of many the greatest woman writer of the present day, is an American, but makes her home in France. Her master serial, "The Mother's Recompense," concludes with this issue.

Mrs. Wharton is now writing another serial which will appear in Pictorial Review before very long. There will be an announcement regarding it in an early issue, so don't be too impatient.

May Lamberton Becker, whose new club program department starts in this number, is a well-known literary critic, lecturer, and author of "The Reader's Guide Book." She has for some time conducted a correspondence course on books and reading for one of the leading newspapers of the country and for a weekly periodical of literary interest.

We have just heard that Wilbur Daniel Steele's story, "What Do You Mean—Americans?" published in Pictorial Review for April, 1924, has been chosen by the Committee of Award of the O. Henry Memorial Committee as one of the prize-winning stories of 1924.

This sort of thing is getting to be a habit with this man. And you'll know why when you read his powerful story, "Six Dollars," in our March issue.

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What's the Matter with Georgia?

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

ONE of the largest and most wonderful women's clubs in the world is in Georgia. Women sit in the Legislature of Georgia, and that State goes down in history as having sent the first woman to the United States Senate—even if she stayed only long enough to leave her card. Some of the cleverest women in this country live in Georgia, and in every national convention of women Georgia manages, by sheer brilliancy, or charm, or something or other, to get on the map.

Georgia women have power. If you doubt it go to the next national convention of club-women and hear them sing that "Louisa Hayes campaign song," beginning, "Oh, Louisa, Louisa, dear Louisa Hayes!" Look upon the fair and smiling face of Louisa, watch her dimples, and her merry blue eyes, and hear her delightful Southern voice! No wonder they talk of making Louisa Governor or sending her to the United States Senate!

Yes, Georgia women have power. And yet listen to what State "Representative" McCorsey is quoted as saying when the last Georgia Legislature voted against the amendment to the Constitution of the United States which confers upon Congress the power to regulate the labor of the nation's children: "I don't want any more monkeying with the buzz-saw by that bunch in Washington. We don't mix nohow. We weren't born under the same régime and don't drink out of the same bottle. We don't want them interfering with our affairs."

Now we rise to ask, What *does* State "Representative" McCorsey represent? Does he represent that great woman's club in Atlanta? Does he represent the idealism of club-women like Mrs. Samuel Inman or Mrs. J. K. Ottley or Mrs. Florence Boykin, or Mrs. Hayes? Nine of the eleven Georgia members of the House of Representatives in Washington voted against the child labor amendment. Whom do they represent? And what closed the eloquent lips and sealed the warm heart of that fearless reformer, the Honorable William D. Upshaw? Why is he recorded as "Not voting" on so momentous and human a question as the right to make slaves of little children?

State rights! Bunk and nonsense! What State right is threatened by the amendment? Only the right to sacrifice the child life of the nation. What right does Georgia wish to protect? The right to violate a principle that public opinion has twice written into the statutes of the nation? Rise, Georgia women, and answer!

Let us ask ourselves these questions:

What is the situation regarding the evil of child labor, and what have women done toward remedying that evil?

The National Child Labor Committee tells us that a million children under fifteen years of age are working in this country. Many of them are working at tasks that are unfit for children, and many of them are being deprived of school privileges and of the ordinary rights of childhood. The policy of conserving the child life of the nation has been so long advocated by thinking people of every political faith as to admit of no argument. The verdict of the American people on this question has long ago been written into our Federal law. Twice Congress has passed laws regulating child labor in the interest of the moral, mental, and physical well-being of the nation's children.

But recently the Supreme Court decided that Congress had no rights, under the Constitution, to pass these laws. No question has arisen as to the justice of the laws. The Supreme Court has only said that Congress was not within its constitutional rights in passing them, thus rendering them invalid.

It is now proposed to amend the Constitution so that Congress may do what it thought it had the right to do when it passed these laws.

The proposed amendment is not a law—it only confers upon Congress the right to pass laws regulating child labor.

Both houses of Congress have passed the amendment in order to amend the Constitution, but the action of Congress must be ratified by three-fourths of the States. Some of the States have ratified and some have not. It is your business to see that your Legislature acts in accordance with the enlightened opinion of the women of your State. You will find that practically every organization of women in your State has gone on record as favoring the amendment. Then why allow the thing to drag? Why not settle it, and settle it now, so that we can have more time to give to the next most important question?

Every intelligent woman citizen should inform herself as to the objections to the amendment, and should know the answers to them. Only three objections of importance have been raised.

Some people fear that the ratification of the amendment will tend to destroy existing State child labor laws and State administration. Fortunately we do not have to theorize on this point. We have only to study the period during which the Federal laws regulating child labor were effective. Such a study reveals that more and better child labor laws were passed during this period of Federal co-operation with the State Governments than at any other period in the history of the movement.

The Federal Government did not require an expensive and elaborate bureaucracy. A small group of Federal officials was employed to visit the various parts of the country to co-operate with and instruct State officials and attempt to standardize the machinery of administration. They were welcome everywhere.

The best judges of the immediate effect of Federal supervision are the State factory inspectors and child labor officials themselves. They were the ones to feel the irritation if any existed. At their annual meeting in Chicago on May 22, 1924, they passed a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

Unfinished Business

WHEN we adjourned our club activities last year for the annual period of rest and relaxation we left much important business unsettled.

Most of us are too exhausted physically and mentally, and too depleted nervously, to think when the club season is on. We have no time to sleep; we eat all sorts of food in all sorts of places, from five-dollars-a-plate dinners in big hotels to forty-cent *table-d'hôte* luncheons in slum settlements. We listen to hundreds and hundreds of speeches on as many subjects, and skim through a variety of books, magazines, and newspapers. But we have no time whatever for thinking, for analyzing our experiences, and for forming opinions. We have a few general convictions on a few general subjects, but in very many cases we are wholly ignorant of the merits of these issues.

There is yet time to settle some of them if we will get down to rock-bottom and make up our minds to *learn something*, and to *do something*, about them within the next few months.

The question of child labor is one of the most important of the day. The least we can do is to look the issue straight in the face.

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The strongest endorsement ever given to any musical instrument

The names that really count, the names that everybody knows, are those of Victor artists. On this page are three of them, and in other magazines you will find group after group of other famous Victor artists. Together they constitute an all-star cast of great artists without a parallel in the annals of music. Every one of them is identified with the noteworthy musical performances of our day, from the great music of the world to the most alluring dance or the trickiest bit of jazz.

©Kobey-Rembrandt

SAMAROFF
Victor Artist

Olga Samaroff touches the piano, not as though it were a thing of wood or metal, but a living creature asleep. It seems to wake and to tell its dreams, sweet or placid, tender or sublime, at the touch of her fingers. That this great artist should make records for the Victor and having given her approval of them as worthy examples of her capabilities is to give them an identity and a value to every lover of music or of beauty.

	Double-faced	
Liebestraum Nocturne in E Flat (Chopin)	6269	$2.00
Sparks Turkish March (from "Ruins of Athens")	825	1.50
Spring Song (Mendelssohn) Naiads at the Spring—Etude	826	1.50

Victrola No. 80
$110
Mahogany, oak or walnut

DE GOGORZA
Victor Artist

De Gogorza sings with equal ease and with equal beauty and depth of appeal, in half a dozen languages. He seems a singer of the European continental type. He is an American who has been so closely associated with the talking-machine art that he brings to the making of these records a technical skill which can come from experience alone:

	Double-faced	
Non è ver O sole mio	6075	$2.00
Beauty's Eyes Could I	573	1.50
In Old Madrid Juanita	581	1.50

Victrola No. 370
Mahogany, $275; electric, $315

COATES
Victor Artist

To compare the art of one country with that of another may prove little, but it is one of the most frequent impulses. Therefore no collection of Victor Records is complete without a number of examples of the art of Albert Coates and the Symphony Orchestra, which represent at their best the efforts of a great orchestra playing within the influence of European taste. Among the sixteen selections we suggest:

	Double-faced	
Symphony in A Major, No. 7, 1st Movement, Part 1 (Beethoven) Symphony in A Major, No. 7, 1st Movement, Part 2	55165	$1.50
Symphony in A Major, No. 7, 2d Movement, Part 1 Symphony in A Major, No. 7, 2d Movement, Part 2	55166	1.50
Symphony in A Major, No. 7, 3d Movement Symphony in A Major, No. 7, 4th Movement	55174	1.50

Victrola No. 215
$150
Mahogany, oak or walnut

Victrola No. S 215 (Special), $160
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Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

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Simple care triumphs over beauty's enemies

WHAT a relief to women who now lavish attention upon their complexions if they could talk for five minutes with a real authority on the subject! For they would find that practically all their methods and preparations are unnecessary—in some cases, actually harmful.

Simple care. Simple cleansing. These are the essentials—all else is extra, needless.

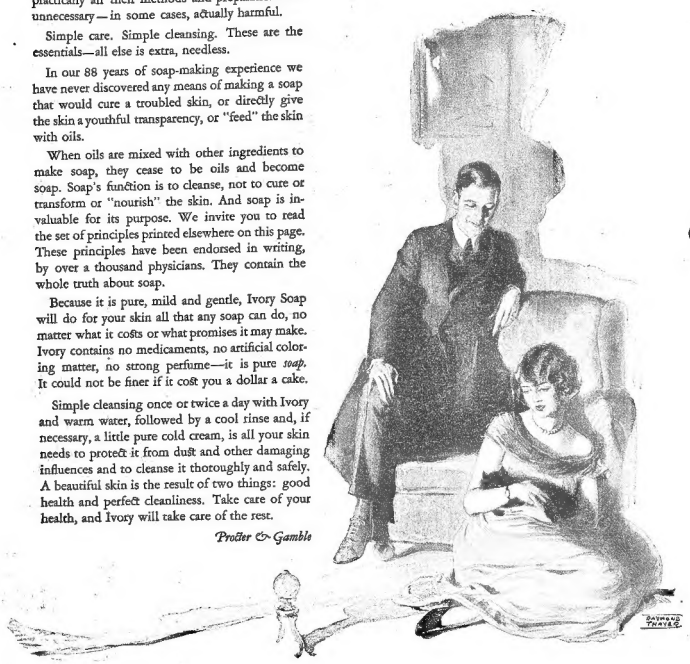
In our 88 years of soap-making experience we have never discovered any means of making a soap that would cure a troubled skin, or directly give the skin a youthful transparency, or "feed" the skin with oils.

When oils are mixed with other ingredients to make soap, they cease to be oils and become soap. Soap's function is to cleanse, not to cure or transform or "nourish" the skin. And soap is invaluable for its purpose. We invite you to read the set of principles printed elsewhere on this page. These principles have been endorsed in writing, by over a thousand physicians. They contain the whole truth about soap.

Because it is pure, mild and gentle, Ivory Soap will do for your skin all that any soap can do, no matter what it costs or what promises it may make. Ivory contains no medicaments, no artificial coloring matter, no strong perfume—it is pure *soap*. It could not be finer if it cost you a dollar a cake.

Simple cleansing once or twice a day with Ivory and warm water, followed by a cool rinse and, if necessary, a little pure cold cream, is all your skin needs to protect it from dust and other damaging influences and to cleanse it thoroughly and safely. A beautiful skin is the result of two things: good health and perfect cleanliness. Take care of your health, and Ivory will take care of the rest.

Procter & Gamble



The scientific basis for the use of SOAP

The following set of principles has been endorsed by over a thousand physicians of highest standing and is offered as an authoritative guide to women in their use of soap for the skin:

1 The function of soap for the skin is to cleanse, not to cure or transform.

2 Soap performs a very useful function for normal skins by keeping the skin clean.

3 If there is any disease of the skin which soap irritates, a physician should be seen.

4 To be suitable for general daily use, a soap should be pure, mild and neutral.

5 If the medicinal content of a soap is sufficient to have an effect upon the skin, the soap should be used only upon the advice of a physician.

6 In all cases of real trouble, a physician's advice should be obtained before treatment is attempted.

Here are a few of the many comments from PHYSICIANS *upon the above principles:*

"This program is unassailable from any point of view."

"I am in agreement with your platform. It cannot be improved upon."

"There is nothing more to say. There can be no honest difference of opinion."

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% Pure—It Floats

Guest Ivory, the dainty new cake of Ivory made especially for face and hands, costs but 5 cents.

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The Greatest Story of Motion-Picture Life That Has Ever Been Written

The Rise *and* Fall *of* Minnie Flynn

By Frances Marion

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

Complete in Four Parts

Part One

"'I DON'T BLAME YOU STANDING THERE GAPING AT YOURSELF. YOU SURE LOOK LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON.' THE REFLECTION IN THE GLASS DAZZLED MINNIE"

THE brisk Autumn wind tilted to a rakish angle Minnie Flynn's faded straw hat as she walked along with swift, bouncing steps, her taut body showered by the recurrent sweepings blown from the alleyways of the tenement-houses. A rippling stream of dust and débris, made bright by spinning bits of colored papers, ran down the gutters to the street-corners, where they were drawn into one of those dark, slimy tributaries of the open sea. Minnie, quickening her steps, followed the leaf of tinsel as it rose from the swell of the wind, sought the last ray of sunlight shot between the gaunt buildings, spun in gay pirouette, then sank once more into the dust-stream, its golden promise lost in the dun and grimy débris.

Thought usually troubled Minnie little, but to-day for some unaccountable reason she saw in the rise and fall of this bit of tinsel a vivid symbol of herself. At first there was no conscious tragedy in this comparison, merely an untroubled recognition of her own life in its peculiar environment. But as the idea remained in her mind she began to grow afraid. A shudder passed through her. She hugged her body with her stiffened arms, and her shoulders bent as if they were carrying a physical burden.

At the corner of Ninth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, two blocks from the Fashion Department Store where she worked, was a saloon. Flattered by her own image, she paused before its plate-glass window. It was a mirror of depth and great beauty, with shadows that were the mosaic of rainbow-lights filtering through the varicolored bottles. In its incomplete reflection Minnie's vanity was allowed to create its own illusion. She loved herself when she looked in this glass. The plate window was like the warming smile of a good-looking man. She was only eighteen.

As she stood there enamored with her own reflection, she heard the shuffle of hurrying feet in back of her and a woman's voice, choppy and rasping, calling her name. Wheeling around, she saw Elsie Bicker, breathless and flushed from running.

"Say, you hurried off so quick; what's the idea of the Marathon, Minnie?"

"To keep warm," Minnie answered good-humoredly, "and then I'm feelin' kind of O. K. to-night. I was just thinkin' to myself, Els, that life ain't so rotten, after all, is it?"

"Aw, I'm on to you," said Elsie with a superior air. "You're feelin' good because the girls laughed at your cuttin' up to-night."

"No, I ain't, Elsie, honest. Cross my heart."

"You needn't lie about it to me, Minnie. I'm your most personal friend and I don't blame you. I says to the girls after you left to-night that you're a born acktress and we all agreed that it gives you a perfect right to be stuck up."

The remembrance of Minnie's performance in the locker-room brought a faint smile to Elsie's eyes. Again she saw the girls of the Fashion Department Store in a restless semicircle around Minnie, who alone could amuse and entertain them. The cheap, tawdry ballads of the vaudeville houses seemed sparkling and humorous when sung in her husky, nasal falsetto. Among her various performances was one she called "The Chink Act." It was her favorite, and she went to some effort to make it a success. She taped her eyes to a painful oblique, stuffed cotton in her nose to widen her nostrils, and stuck into her hair an elaborate fan made out of the comic section of a Sunday paper.

The girls all thought that Minnie was "too cute for words." Every night they gathered in the locker-room and called upon her to perform. On this particular evening she had risen to greater heights than she had ever dreamed of. For days she had been practising a new imitation. Shrills of laughter and applause echoed through the long

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close locker-room, and girls scurried from all corners when Minnie announced that "the next performance on the program will be a take-off on Mr. Mortimer Jeeps."

There was a sharp command for silence from Elsie. Then, after a dramatic pause, from out of the darkness of a shadowed recess came a long, rasping, wheezing sound.

Shrieks of laughter clapped upon them. "Jeeps!" they cried hysterically.

When Elsie had again silenced them, Minnie, still wheezing, emerged from the shadows. She was walking splay-footed. One hand was held Napoleonically on her chest. With the other she made the stiff gestures of one tossing off directions. "Jeeps!" rose the cry again.

THEIR laughter almost became hysteria when Minnie smiled at them, revealing enormous buck-teeth which she had made by slipping a strip of orange-peel over her own little white ones. It was to them a perfect imitation of Mortimer Jeeps, the floor-walker of the basement; his walk, his sheep-like expression, his asthmatic wheeze. And indeed Minnie looked exactly like Jeeps pointing out directions to the customers. In his long service he had acquired a perfect manner. He always made a low bow and he waved his right arm in a broad and elegant gesture. The girls had made her repeat her performance several times until Minnie had grown weary. Then, flushed with her triumph, she had left her audience entranced and had gone swinging out of the employees' entrance.

Now that Elsie had overtaken her the two girls, bodies bent to brace the wind, were hurrying homeward. Finally Minnie broke the long silence.

"Say, Els, what you moonin' about?"

"I was goin' over the fun we had in the locker-room to-night. Honest, Min, if they ever took you out of the 'odds and ends' and put you on the main floor I'm afraid I'd about die!"

Elsie linked her arm through Minnie's and a contented look came into her dull eyes: men were looking at them. She liked their personal, appraising stares. Their attention meant more to her than to Minnie. She was ten years older than her friend, and her body had been racked with torturing illnesses. A fear tormented her, gnawed at her; it was the bitter fate of growing old, unmated, and she fought it with a tigerish cowardice. She was seldom invited anywhere, but often forced herself into Minnie's parties. The girls were afraid of her and the men despised her, but like homely girls who are aware of it, she tried to hide her pain and need by a callous indifference. Minnie understood and felt sorry for her. She defended Elsie because she enjoyed the indulgence of being charitable

Arm in arm, they walked, Elsie finding it difficult to keep up with Minnie's quick step.

"Honest, the way them fellows eyes us gives me a pain. Ain't they fresh?" Elsie whispered to Minnie.

Minnie knew the men were looking only at her, but she said: "It's that new hat o' yours, Elsie. It gives you a swell air. It sets off your face. Red's such a good color. Me with my red hair can never wear it."

Elsie's moist hands trembled.

"Do you think it's too early for velvet, Min? I suppose I should 'a' waited, but I couldn't when I seen it in the window."

"Did you get it at the Bon Ton?" Minnie asked, looking past the hat and slyly at a tall, gangling boy leaning against the lamp-post.

"Say, what do you think I am, a millionaire? No, I got it at the Palace Bazaar."

"Never would 'a' guessed it. What'd you pay for it, Els? It's got a lot 'o style."

"One eighty-five."

"Whew! You don't care how you spend your dough, do you?" and Minnie smiled.

"Well, it's my only extravagance," came defensively from Elsie, "and it's worth it. Look close."

They stopped around before a shoestore window.

"How I hate shoes!" whined Elsie, wetting her dry lips. "I never get a pair that don't look big and clumsy. I wish I had feet like yours, Min. What size do you wear?"

Minnie wore three and a half, but she answered:

"Oh, about twos, I guess."

Elsie sighed.

"Gee, but you're a lucky girl, Minnie," she said, "and you got good looks and you're young. Of course you ain't got much of a shape," she added, glancing critically at Minnie's straight, boyish figure, "and I've often thought if I was you I'd stuff an old stockin' and wear it over your chest."

"I hate bein' flat," Minnie threw out her chest with a quick intake of breath, "but if I was to pad, Jimmy would certainly tease the life out o' me."

"If that ain't like a kid brother. They'd rather see their sisters lookin' like frights; but Pete don't worry you, tho, does he, Min?" As she mentioned Pete's name Elsie's voice changed.

"Pete don't know he's alive," said Minnie evenly. "He gives me a pain, and, Els, you're a fool to be stuck on a fellow that don't care about nobody but himself."

After a minute's silence Elsie said: "I'm surprized at you talkin' that way about your own brother, Minnie. If I had a brother like him I'd be that proud."

Minnie's laugh was like a bitter taunt. "Poor old Els,

"HE SPIED HER BEFORE SHE WAS ABLE TO GET INTO HER DRESS. 'WELL, LOOK WHO'S WITH US!' SHOUTED

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LETCHER. BELLOWING WITH LAUGHTER. 'GOT A NEW CAT IN OUR ALLEY. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SWEETIE?'"

it's because you're stuck on him! Honest, he don't know you're on earth, Els, and even if he did he wouldn't show you no consideration. He's just a born loafer; that's all Pete is."

Elsie flared up savagely. "He's just unfortunate, Min, and you know it. He told me all about it the other day. He says every time he lands a new job somethin' happens to keep him from it. I didn't think it was like you to kick a fellow when he's down, especially when he's your own flesh and blood."

"Aw, can it, Elsie. Now you're goin' on like ma does, and it gives me a pain. I'm gettin' awful sick of it."

Elsie's thin lips closed tightly over her projecting teeth, drawing in the hollows of her cheeks. In her sunken eyes was such a look of despair that it aroused Minnie's pity. She slipped her arms around Elsie's waist.

"I'm awful sorry if I said anything to hurt you, Elsie," she whispered. "It's only because I'm so fond of you that I want you to lay off Pete and go lookin' around for somebody else before it's too late."

Elsie's eyes were filled with tears, and she spoke so low that Minnie had to bend her head to hear her. "You can't help who you love, Min, so there's no use fightin' against it. You love or you don't love, and there's no regulatin' it like you do your meals or work."

"I suppose so," Minnie replied indifferently, "or I wouldn't 'a' turned down Jimmy Sullivan with his prospects of gettin' his father's saloon some day, and started keepin' company with Billy MacNally."

"By the way, Min, goin' out with Billy to-night?"

"Yeh, I guess we'll go out to-night, but I don't care much about it, tho."

"Where'll you go?" The words came breathlessly from Elsie. It excited her to talk about a good time. "Will you go to a movie?"

"I dunno. I don't care much. Anywhere's better than sittin' in the dining-room. Pa always comes in and planks himself down and takes off his shoes. You'd think he'd have the decency to stay in the kitchen, but not him."

"And where does Pete go?" Elsie was just a poor soft fool, Minnie thought to herself, and suddenly the sight of that eager, sickly face sickened her.

"To bed," she answered with careless effrontery, "and snores. Makes a noise you could hear a city block."

Elsie's voice sank to a dead whisper as she echoed, *"To bed."* Minnie began to laugh shrilly.

Elsie, her gray face suddenly convulsed with rage, reached over and pinched her. "You shut up!" she shrilled. "You make me tired. You'll walk along, Minnie Flynn; that's what you can do. Walk your fool head off, for all I care," and she rushed away, down the street, Minnie's taunting laughter trailing after her.

THE Flynns lived on Ninth Avenue, between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Streets, in what was called on that block "a classy brownstone front." It was the most pretentious tenement-house in the neighborhood, with an entrance to the house which justified the pride of its tenants. Two discolored and badly chipped marble columns supported a shell-shaped canopy, the iron framework of which still held a few of the original mosaics of colored glass.

Minnie searched a long time through her deep, messy pocketbook before she found her key, which made poor connections with the lock. Click, it had slipped at last. She put her shoulder to the door and leaned her weight against it. It opened with a screech. The narrow stairway, which coiled in a spiral, was half covered with a worn linoleum. Its pattern was lost in stains and greasy layers of dirt.

The Flynn apartment was one of the largest in the building and it faced the street. The window of the room which served as a parlor and dining-room overlooked the elevated tracks. There was a musty closeness about the place and a sickening smell of Chinese punk-sticks, which were always burned before the arrival of company.

On the drab walls of the parlor was a patchwork of bright-colored pictures; family groups; poster-heads, plaques, trade calendars, and innumerable clippings from papers and magazines. Wired to the gas-jet, which vibrated when the elevated passed the house, was a "Chinese musical lantern," which was Nettie's only contribution to the home. There was a red-plush sofa in the room, and five oak-stained pine chairs which matched the center-table, which was covered with red-damask cloth heavily bordered in a tangled fringe. In the center of the table was a paper palm.

In one corner of the room was a gilded easel on which rested a large framed crayon of Minnie and Nettie when they were children. Nettie's thin, sullen face looked over Minnie's plump little shoulder.

Minnie hated this crayon picture of herself almost as much as her baby portrait in the worsted frame which her mother had hung over her bed. But the family flat pleased her. She often spoke of it as a swell little place, and it was better furnished and cleaner than most of them in the neighborhood.

The two girls slept in a dark bedroom with one window opening out on a light-well. A curtain shut off their room

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from a larger one which was occupied by their father and the two boys. Their mother slept on the red-plush sofa in the combined parlor and dining-room.

THE parlor was in disorder when Minnie opened the door and stepped inside. The floor was littered with papers, the table covered with bottles, a basin, towels, and dirty dishes. Nettie lay sprawled out on crumpled pillows, her face flushed with fever, her greasy black hair matted and disheveled. She had been ill with tonsilitis for two weeks. Only twenty, she looked twenty-five. Her features were coarse, and a pendulous under lip gave her a dull expression. Her eyes, steel-gray, very large, and heavily lashed, were her only charm. When Minnie entered Nettie did not look up from the paper-bound novel.

"Gee, I thought you'd be out o' here by to-night," Minnie glanced about the untidy room with disgust. "It's been two weeks since we've had a decent place to sit and I get sick of eatin' off the kitchen sink."

"Of course you would," Nettie always sneered when she spoke. "You'd be glad if I kicked the bucket. I know you."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Nettie, can that kind o' talk. Don't you think a family ever gets tired of hearin' it? You've always got a chip on your shoulder about somethin' or other. It don't do you no good. Try bein' a sport for once in a while!"

Nettie stared at her sharply. "That's easy enough for you to talk. You're the only one that ever gets a good time as far as I can see. I don't notice anybody tryin' to be nice to me." She tugged at the towel around her throat.

"Here, I'll fix it. Don't move," and Minnie wrapped it carefully around her sister's neck. "I'm sorry if you thought I was sore about the place, Net, but you know why I hoped you'd be moved to-night."

"Billy comin' here?"

"Yeh, but that's all right. I can meet him down-stairs again. Don't make much difference, except the hall is gettin' awful cold these nights."

Nettie looked at her sister's thin cotton serge suit, the sheer Lisle stockings, and the cheap lace waist. "What's the matter with bundlin' up in your old check coat? Ain't that good enough for Billy MacNally? He ain't so much, you know."

Minnie didn't answer. A fierce hatred flamed between these two sisters, driving them at times almost to violence.

Nettie was always triumphant when she found some gibe which would rankle and torment. Now it was Billy MacNally whom she ridiculed and scorned.

He had begun his career in Hesselman's Butcher Shop as a delivery boy. Years of hard, faithful service from the driver of the wagon to a door-to-door solicitor, and finally he had found himself beside old Hesselman with vague, pleasant prospects of a future partnership. Billy was full of schemes. He already saw himself married to Minnie and settled down in a cozy little flat. He saw Hesselman out of the business and the name MacNally over the door.

Billy's content made him seem stupid. There was no challenge against the routine of his life to stimulate his imagination. He believed that all blessings were his because he deserved them. To live simply, to want little, to love normally, to go to church on Sundays, and to be scrupulously honest with his customers—these were the laws Billy MacNally lived by. He was utterly without wit or imagination.

Why Minnie, who was so attractive to the boys, chose Billy, she could never understand. He wasn't even a good dancer. She might have tired of him shortly had it not been for Nettie's vicious ridicule.

Again Nettie's guttural voice broke into unexpected laughter. "Billy MacNally!" she drawled out with tantalizing emphasis. "Minnie's little butcher boy! As if the old check coat ain't good enough for *him!*"

Minnie sprang to her feet and rushed out of the room into the kitchen, where her mother was stooping over the stove.

"Ma," she said, "Nettie gets my goat! There are times when I can hardly stand her."

Mrs. Flynn clicked her tongue to the roof of her mouth and sighed.

"Oh, Ma, please don't always act like a martyr," Minnie besought her. "You always take everything so serious."

Mrs. Flynn sighed again. "I wish you two girls would try to get along better," she said. "First it's one and then the other. It's just wearin' my life out."

Minnie sank down on a three-legged stool and watched in silence for several minutes while her mother peeled the potatoes. She noticed her mother's hands, large, swollen, and red, and she wondered if they had ever been well shaped like hers. Her mother's flesh was badly distributed now. Her eyes had lost their luster, her drooping mouth was grooved with fine wrinkles, and the years of neglect had rotted her teeth. Her hair, once red, was now gray.

"Ma, dear, it makes me sick to see you always workin' so hard," and Minnie reached over to lay her arm across her mother's back as the latter bent over the stove. "When Billy gets his raise I don't see why we should wait any longer. And that'll make one less to cook and wash up after."

Mrs. Flynn turned to her placatingly. "Now look here, Minnie. I don't want you goin' off and gettin' married just to make things easier for *me*. You're the kind of a girl that likes to have a good time, and you know marriage means givin' it all up."

Minnie smiled tolerantly. "I know, Ma; you've gone all over that before, but nowadays men don't expect women to be their slaves no more. They want 'em to be pals and sweethearts."

"That's what they all say, Minnie, before they get you."

"No, Ma, you needn't worry about me havin' to give up everything. Us women is too advanced to make mistakes like they used to! *Advanced!*" emphasized Minnie.

Her mother went on with her work, a faint smile brightening her face.

"Why, only the other night at the movies," Minnie continued, "Billy and me saw a picture about a couple startin' out on a fifty-fifty plan—and maybe it didn't work out swell. And Billy says it's exactly how we'll do it, Ma, just like a couple o' pals. None o' that old slave stuff for him and me."

Mrs. Flynn looked up and smiled at her daughter's pretty, eager face. Then the smile died away as she asked:

"Do you love him, Minnie—enough to stand for him day in and day out, when he's sick and tired and out of a job—and dirty?"

"Honest, Ma, the way you go on is a holler." And Minnie's laughter filled the kitchen. "O' course I love him. Or,

"HE DREW HIS BROWS TOGETHER, PUCKERED HIS MOUTH INTO A LONG WHISTLE. AT LAST HE SPOKE. 'WHAT ARE YOU MADE UP FOR, GIRLIE—A SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC?'"

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believe me, I wouldn't be thinkin' of marryin' him. I'd like to know if I ain't had a good trainin' as to what men are like, with their dirty, smelly tobacco, and always needin' a shave, with a guy like Pete around givin' his sisters a liberal education!"

At the scorn in Minnie's voice when she spoke Pete's name the same look came into Mrs. Flynn's eyes as had flamed into Elsie Bicker's.

Minnie saw the look. "Oh, gracious, now I've put my foot into it," she said as she walked uneasily over to her mother. "Don't carry on, Ma. I'm sayin' nothin' much against your little pet except that he's no matinée idol. Honest, I ain't. Let me out, so I can go in and change my dress. I'll help you get the dinner, dearie."

Her mother caught her by the arm.

"The first thing we know," she whispered in a pitiful whimper, "Pete's goin' to get sick of hearin' what a loafer he is from you and your father and he's goin' to clear out again and I won't be able to stand it." Her voice broke off suddenly and tears rushed to her eyes.

"Please, Ma, don't get so excited over it. I promised you the last time that Pete got sore and threatened us, I'd never say anything about it again, and I've kept my word, ain't I? Why, when he took that dollar bill out o' my purse, did I say anything to him? Go on, Ma, tell me—did I nag him about it? Did I?"

"Pete never took that bill out o' your purse, Minnie Flynn, and you know better. You're careless, and like enough you lost it."

"Oh, Ma, what's the use of goin' into that again? I had the bill and you know it, too. You seen me put it into my purse, and five minutes later, with nobody in the house but Pete, it was gone."

"I don't care whether you're my daughter or not, I'm not goin' to let you stand there and call your own brother a thief. Do you understand? He's your own flesh and blood, and I tell you, Minnie, as my father used to say, 'It's a foul bird that dirties its own nest.'"

"S-sh, Ma. Stop yellin' like that. I just heard the door slam to. Maybe it's Pete, and you better not let him see you cryin'—he hates it."

It was Pete. He shuffled into the room and fixed his small, red-rimmed eyes upon them. "What's the big idea?" he asked. "You been cryin' again, Ma?"

"I been fixin' onions," said Mrs. Flynn, forcing a sudden, nervous smile. "Kiss me, dearie. I'm glad you're home early to-night. Gonna have Hamburger for dinner."

Pete bent over and turned his cheek so that his mother could kiss him.

"My, but your face is cold. You shouldn't be goin' out without them newspapers on your chest, Pete." She reached up and pinched him on the cheek.

"Gee, Ma, your hands smell of onions. I should say you was fixin' 'em."

Minnie hurried out of the kitchen because she knew that she would be the next victim of Pete's humorous abuse. He had tormented Minnie when they were children, and he had also tormented her pets. He would sit for hours poking a pencil into a canary-cage, laughing to see the bird's fluttering attempts to escape. He caught flies and pulled their legs off one by one. He was Mrs. Flynn's favorite child—her first-born—and she had spoiled him.

He had never learned to respect his father because his mother didn't. He thought him a dull-witted failure. When Pete was a little boy he had often watched his mother make her nightly pilgrimage through his father's pockets in search of stray coins. It was a jolly game to Pete.

At fourteen he had run away from school so often that his father decided to let him go to work. He tried to get him a job in the plumbing-shop where he was employed, but the boss had heard that Pete was dishonest and refused to give him a chance.

At eighteen he ran away from home and joined the navy. His father was content, but his mother's heart was broken. For two years she cried and prayed and prayed and cried. Then he returned to them—unchanged. And his mother lived in a perpetual torment that he would leave them again.

Jimmy's disposition was very much like Minnie's. Happy-go-lucky, he let the years pass by without any serious regard for the future. He and Minnie measured their successes by the laughs they crowded into each day. They awoke in the morning singing, they went to work with light, careless hearts, and their evenings they spent at the movies or in going to dances.

Jimmy was a handsome boy. He was small, slender, and well-built. In school he had been the pitcher on the baseball team, and at sixteen had won recognition for himself as an amateur boxer.

"You ain't so fast under the hat that you should be criticizing anybody!" Minnie came to the defense of her father as he stood facing them, looking like a small gray animal.

"That's right, Minnie, you take your father's part like a good girl," Mrs. Flynn's voice rose to a trembling falsetto.

"'YOU—YOU'RE A LITTLE BEAUT, HONEY; THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU ARE, A LITTLE BEAUT! YOU'VE GOT IT ALL OVER THESE OTHER GIRLS HERE. THEY'RE NOT EVEN IN THE PICTURE'"

Minnie adored this smiling, easy-going younger brother, and his very weaknesses made him more dear. That he hated work he was not a loafer. He hung on to his jobs because he dreaded to face a Saturday night without its pay-check. Three dollars always went to his mother, three dollars he spent on what he styled a blow-out—a table-d'hôte dinner at an Italian restaurant, a dance at the free pier—sometimes a vaudeville show or the movies.

Jimmy had no steady girl. In fact, he preferred taking Minnie out. She was the best dancer of their set, and he was proud of her. For a long time he resented Billy MacNally. And when Saturday nights came he was lonesome for his sister's company. He always spoke of her at the Three Sports Club as a "cute little trick," but he neither allowed her to go there nor would he introduce her to any of the boys, even tho she begged him to let her meet them.

Jimmy and Pete were never seen together, nor Jimmy and Nettie.

AT SEVEN-THIRTY Michael Flynn came home from work. His ashen face told how tired he was, tho he never complained. When he spoke it was in a dull voice that had lost all of its vitality.

"I couldn't get the eight dollars to-day, Annie, because Carter never came in. But I got a loan of two off Mitchell. He's the new pipe-fitter I been tellin' you about."

"Oh, hear him startin' right in gabbin' about the rotten plumbin' business before he even gets his coat off!" It was Nettie's voice shrilling above the noise of the elevated. "I swear I'd drop dead if pa ever got off on another subject."

Nettie flung herself back among the pillows with an angry gesture. "Oh, now it starts all over again. I'm sick of it, I tell you."

"Say, I don't blame Nettie for fussin' around the joint. It's nothin' but a free-for-all every time the family gets together," and Pete swung his fist to emphasize his remark. It struck the chair and sent it crashing into the corner.

"Sick 'em, Fido!" laughed Minnie. "All we need is a parrot squawkin' and a jazz-band record goin'. Maybe when Jimmy comes in he'll step on the cat's tail. Jimmy's the only one in the family that don't do his share o' the battlin', thank Heaven."

Nettie now staggered to her feet and slung the crazy-coverlet to the floor. "Every time that Jimmy's name is mentioned it means a fight in the family. Jimmy! He's a dirty, little, sneakin' quitter, that's what he is."

"Who's a quitter—me?"

They turned and saw Jimmy's head edging around the door. His broad, warning grin told them he had overheard everything.

"'Lo, Jimmy," and all of the anger had gone from Minnie's voice at the sight of her brother. Going over to him, she slipped her arm affectionately through his. "You're just in time to put on the gloves," she said laughingly: "the crowd's all rootin' for you."

"I get you, kid," answered Jimmy; "it looks like a big night to-night. Who's in the ring, folks."

No one volunteered to speak but Minnie.

"All the West Side champions, Jimmy," she answered his bantering tone, "two to fight to the finish and two that will last about two rounds before I throw the sponge in the ring."

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THE BEAUTY OF LINCOLN

An Appreciation

BY ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM PORTRAIT BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

THAT Abraham Lincoln is regarded as homely by a vast majority of his fellow countrymen is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of human history. That, by his contemporaries, who saw the living man, he was called "ugly," "awkward," "gawky," "gaunt," "clumsy," "grotesque," "lanky," "long-legged," "homely old Abe," and even "repulsive," has no parallel as a caricature of reality anywhere in the centuries. As a manifestation of crowd psychology it goes to the very roots of the esthetic judgment. It shows that an appreciation of beauty is as difficult and unique a feat of the mind as the appreciation of genius.

The great false tradition of "the homeliness of Lincoln" is, indeed, a profound problem in racial psychology. But there are two men in the world—the ethnological and anthropological biologist on the one hand and the artist on the other—to whom it is not Lincoln's "homeliness," "awkwardness," or "repulsiveness," but his grace, attractiveness, and beauty that demand explanation.

To state first the biological problem, there have been only two or three hundred great men in all the tide of time. Of these two or three hundred not more than one hundred could be admitted into the inner temple of greatness. And of this one hundred hardly more than a score belong among those gigantic mutations, as the biologist thinks of them, which have given the race its mountain peaks of genius. And nothing is more certain to the biologist, at least to one who has considered the fact of the progressive beauty of living forms which has always accompanied increasing complexity of organization with its resulting economy of contour and movement—the two fundamentals of all beauty—than that the most beautiful of all organic creatures must be found somewhere within this select company of evolutionary triumphs.

Consequently, in his search for supreme organic beauty, the biologist is able to eliminate at one stroke the countless unknown millions of the commonplace—commonplace both in intellect and in nervous organization. This ultra specimen of the *n*th degree must be somewhere among the superlative few hundred, and probably the one score, who by sheer intellectual power have lifted their heads above the centuries. As a practical result, instead of having to study millions to find the most perfect specimen of nature's handiwork the biologist has but to study hundreds, or at most a few thousands.

And among those hundreds it is the firm belief of the writer that unless it was the Carpenter Himself, of whose living likeness we know nothing, Abraham Lincoln, by every just canon of the esthetic, was probably the most beautiful being that ever walked this earth. With the single exception of Jesus he is "the gentlest and sweetest memory of man." And I think that, when tested by every true rubric of beauty, he will always remain, both in face and in person, the most beautiful memory of the human spirit.

As a living actuality he was democracy made flesh—the transcendent expression of this greatest of all human dreams. He was nature's supreme statement of America. To our common humanity he is a savior. To the biologist he is the superlative representative of a new continental racial evolution. To the artist he is a document of God.

But if the reader and writer are to search together for the beauty of Lincoln we must first agree upon terms. It is commonly said "beauty is a matter of taste." Certainly. But what is taste? Let us first inquire what is the basis of the esthetic judgment. Let us ask ourselves squarely why we say anything is beautiful. Probably the simplest and truest answer to this question has been given by Professor Karl Pearson in his analysis of the parallelism between the esthetic judgment and the scientific imagination.

Summing up this analysis, do we not say a thing is beautiful because in it we find concentrated into a brief statement, into a simple formula or a few symbols, such as a face, a landscape, a figure, a drama, or a work of art, a wide range of human emotions and feelings? Does not this

> As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
> Tho round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
>
> —*Oliver Goldsmith.*

object, such as a face or drama, classify for us into a harmonious and satisfying whole, easily comprehended by a single act of the mind, a wide range of the phenomena of life and nature of which *we ourselves have had experience?*

If any object or work of the creative imagination contradicts our personal experience we pronounce it ugly. It grates upon us. It is disagreeable. It fails to satisfy the sense of harmony. And the sense of harmony to each individual is nothing more nor less than his own particular and personal formulas in which he unifies for himself and through which he expresses to himself his own pleasurable experiences with the world in which he lives.

To be sure that we begin our examination of Lincoln's appearance with a thoroughly common view-point and objective let us add a word to this definition of the beautiful. It was Schopenhauer's contention, which he derived from Kant, that a thing is beautiful, grand, or sublime just in proportion as it ceases to be personal or related to one's own ego—just in proportion as the will and all desire to satisfy it are nullified.

A simple illustration will bring this home to us. As we gaze at Niagara Falls it is sublime and beautiful just so long as all emotions of self are forgotten—just so long as we "lose ourselves." But the moment we reflect on how many gallons of water are pouring over it per minute, or how much breakfast food its power could manufacture, or how we would feel if we were going over it in a barrel, all esthetic emotion is instantly lost. It ceases utterly to be beautiful. The esthetic emotion gives place to the practical judgment, and the two are incompatible.

Lincoln's face can not be beautiful while you are dickering to buy his picture or purchase his old boots. And just as any object, a picture, a mountain, a heroic deed, lifts us *above ourselves* into the clear realms of impersonal contemplation it is sublime and beautiful. While beauty in its origin is always sensuous, yet by its very essence it lifts us into new moral and intellectual regions where the soul, freed from all personal care, directly contemplates the ideal.

Let us test these abstractions by an easy experiment. I showed a picture of Lincoln to a company of cultivated young women in a magazine office who had had some experience with art. They exclaimed in unison, "Isn't it beautiful?" When questioned in detail one said, "It reminds me of the mountains where I was born." Another remarked, "It takes me back to the seashore where I lived as a child." A third said, "It reminds me of my father," while a fourth said, "It makes me want to be good." I next showed the same picture to a group of working men putting in a sewer. "Gosh," they said good-naturedly, "wasn't he ugly? But he was the poor man's friend."

Now, what are all these people doing but verifying the high-sounding definitions of beauty which the philosophers have stated in their metaphysical jargon? Is not each one, in the presence of a noble and stimulating object, simply resuming his own experience? Is not each one reviewing in the simplest possible terms the contacts of his own spirit with life and nature? He is summing up the range of phenomena with which he is familiar.

Most people can not see the beauty of Lincoln because it is to them something entirely new. It reminds them of nothing they have ever seen or experienced before. It unifies no great phases of life. They have nothing within with which to compare it. It reviews nothing, it clarifies nothing, it calls into unity no great emotions of their yesterdays.

The average American citizen is impressed by Lincoln's mighty services. He can see them. He can feel them. He has had experience with their practical workings. But the immeasurable beauty of his noble face and majestic form, as far as its influence upon American taste is concerned, might as well have been a primrose by the river's brim, for to the average citizen it is nothing more.

His face has written upon it symbols and formulas of so many moods, so many *phases of human life*—grandeur, sympathy, patience, indignation, dignity, loneliness, and a thousand others—that instead of unifying to the average man in simple synthesis and readable vocabulary great experiences of his own, it merely bewilders his mind and shatters his emotions. As a direct consequence he calls it ugly. It calls him not a moment from his own affairs and his will to live. Of course any man's ability to perceive beauty and find in any work of art or natural object those satisfying symbols which unify his experience, is enormously enhanced by education. But no matter what his study of the arts may be, his sensitiveness to the beautiful depends wholly upon his spiritual experiences and his familiarity with the phenomenal world and the readiness and completeness with which any object unifies and expresses them.

Perception of beauty in its higher forms, such as a grand cañon or a face like Lincoln's, is, therefore, one of the highest and most fruitful operations of the mind. The American boy and girl as a matter of routine school-work should be trained to see Lincoln's beauty. Without training or innate genius men can not perceive the beauty of the poetry of Shakespeare. No more can they perceive the beauty of so difficult and complex a subject as Lincoln. For in his face are written any or all of Shakespeare's dramas.

I do not mean to maintain the extravagant thesis that Lincoln's is the only type of manly beauty, but only that it is one of the noblest and loftiest types, perhaps as high a type as has been attained in human evolution. The Greek Adonis or Apollo was beautiful. But when we think of the Greeks we think of the beauty of Spring days, of laughing, shouting waters, and of a sunny time of the world. But when we look upon the face of Lincoln we find ourselves thinking of lonely mountain fastnesses, of lofty snow-clad peaks, and the grandeur of the ocean storm.

WITH these wide principles before us let us then make a research, first, upon the face and, second, upon the figure of Lincoln. Few people have the slightest idea what making a research upon a human face really means. For four hundred years men have been studying the face of Leonardo's "Mona Lisa" and still discover in it new knowledge. As a student of physiognomy I have tried for years to understand a few faces and find my researches are only beginning.

George Grey Barnard, the sculptor, studied the Lincoln mask ten hours a day for one hundred and twenty-five days. Yet the passing citizen, who has gotten his education in art from a study of advertised merchandise or the pictorial appeals of Jones's Soups, glancing at Barnard's statue of Lincoln, feels entirely competent to pronounce with finality upon its truth, definition, and power.

In addition Daniel French and Gutzon Borglum have made equally exhaustive studies of Lincoln's living appearance and embodied their conceptions in busts and statues of profound interpretation and deathless beauty.

I am immensely indebted to these three great sculptors either for their writings or for their many hours of patient conversation with and explanations to the writer of their studies of this immortal man. America also owes a very great debt to Truman H. Bartlett, the Boston sculptor, who has devoted many years to the physiognomy of Lincoln and has written extensively upon it with fine clarity and feeling. Particularly did Bartlett do America an excellent service by winning an appreciation of Lincoln's unique beauty from the great European sculptors.

There is also Saint-Gaudens's powerful statue of the Great Emancipator in Lincoln Park, Chicago, which in its maturity of posture and rather heroic utterance im-

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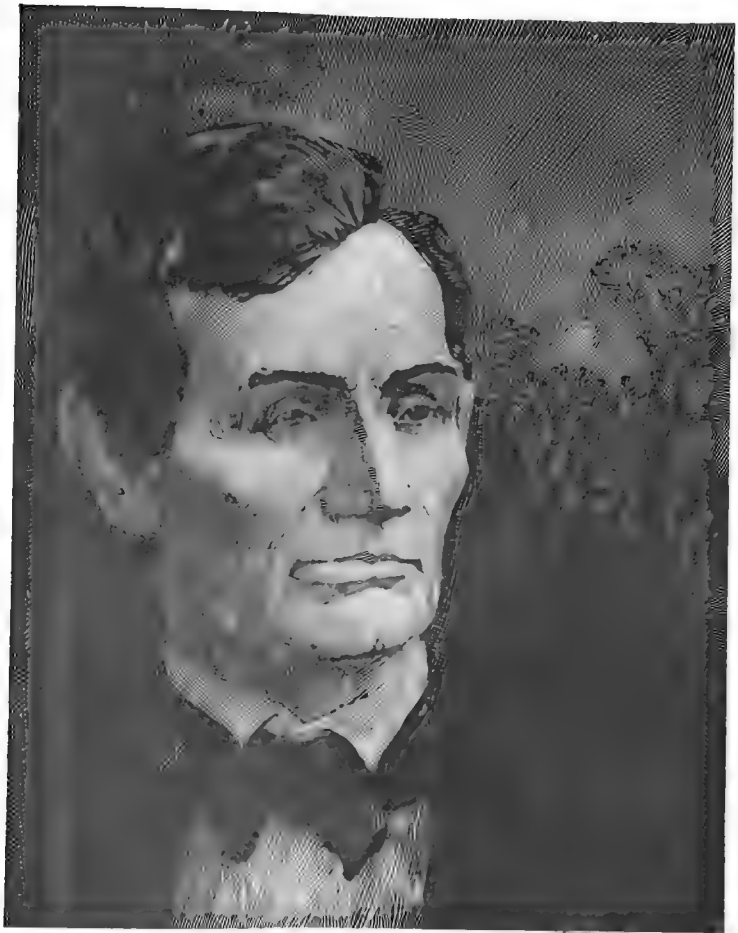

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

presents the student as being the Presidential Lincoln. The O'Donovan statue in Brooklyn represents Lincoln in a very unfavorable situation on horseback. And while interesting and sincere, any effort to give Lincoln a pose from contact to an unnatural element in his character, his other selfconscious [illegible] as the very [illegible] of the stars. And any effort to lift him from his natural setting and give him a pose is bound to be merely a pose in ungraceful awkwardness.

Daniel Chester French created a very fine study of Lincoln for the Hall of Fame. Bartlett has recently finished a wonderful study of Lincoln's head, which is now being placed on the Louvre in Paris. All of these enable us to gain nearer consistency of our own as to these endless meanings and unusual color beauties which, as Borglum says, will make Lincoln the subject of inspired art long after Napoleon is but a name.

A student of Lincoln must begin with an examination of the death mask. This was made by Leonard Volk in Chicago just prior to Lincoln's first nomination. It is one of the great documents of American history for with the exception of the Houdon mask of Washington made in 1785, it is the only mask of any great statesman made from the living face. It is the foundation of all statues of both Lincoln's head and body, for from the head, if he have a good mask, the sculptor easily [illegible] the whole construction and movement of the body. And we know that Lincoln had a wonderful head and body, because from all personal accounts and numerous photographs we know that his bodily proportions and movements fulfilled with unexcelled ease the magnificent peripheries of the architecture of his head.

[illegible] the opinions of other artists Bartlett took this mask in 1860 to Paris. He relates that he took it to the oldest bronze founder in the city and by chance had it by

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Illustrations by Harley Ennis Stivers

As Kipling Once Said He "Learned about Women from Her"

This Happens Every Day

By May Edginton

IT HAD lasted for a year, every day more portentous than yesterday in Wallis's mind; every to-morrow looming big with catastrophic possibilities. Yet each to-morrow had passed into to-day, and yesterday, and the year had gone by, and no great step had been taken.

Wallis used to sit and think avidly, excitedly, and importantly about Gold. Gold! What a name for a girl! And what a girl she was! It was hard lines for a man not to meet till he was forty a girl like Gold. It was tragic, when a man had met her, that he should be already married.

Every morning at breakfast, every night if she had not gone to bed when he came in; his returns were erratic these days—as he looked at Maud, his eyes filming with anger and his sense of injury, he would think to himself: "Oh, if you were Gold! Gold, my true mate!"

He had never been really understood and sympathized with before. Now he knew that. For sixteen years he had thought himself blessed—till he met Gold.

How he loved those hours in her smoky, littered attic that she called a studio! He felt so free! She was untidy; she wore a kimono most of the time, and did not trouble about things. One ate sardines if they were fresh enough—she used to lose half-finished tins about the place and find them again when she was hungry—at her studio; one sat on a rug or a draped packing-case as the mood dictated. It was so free!

She had no rules for life at all. Her hair was cut short, was coarse and strong and straight; her thick white nose was a pug, her eyes were glorious, her mouth large and passionate. She was some sort of artist. They both longed—longed—longed that they could marry.

Meanwhile they waited. She always said: "Wait! She must be made to divorce you."

Yet so far Maud knew nothing. She knew he came in late, had secrets, correspondence in a strange feminine hand; that the photograph of Gold flaunted on his dressing-table; that he was shorter of ready money than he had been hitherto. But in her love she was blind. Incredibly, she knew nothing.

And a year—a devastating year—had gone by. Sitting up in bed—he slept now in his dressing-room always—Wallis smoked his early morning cigaret, sipped his early cup of tea, and thought of his problem.

His wife—of whom he had tired—adored him; he knew that. There was going to be a damnable fight with her; he knew that. Behind her charming suavity, her laughing eyes, lay deep things. He remembered them. She looked so sleek and slim and orderly—but he could remember——

He had said to Gold: "She worships me. You don't know what a brutal business it will be."

When Gold heard of the other woman's worship it had inflamed her. She loved him more for it. She had made him swear to her that no quality of mercy toward his wife should keep them apart. He had promised. Up there in the attic studio, where it all felt so free, he had promised it, with Gold sitting heaped on the cushions on the floor, denouncing vividly the bitterness, the disgrace, the cruelty and greed of a wife's love that held her husband against his desires. He kept saying to Gold: "Yes, but—we mustn't be too hard. She loves me. I am her life." As he said it, he would not have been a human male if he had not felt proud.

On that July morning, he sat up in bed, remembering all this and more; his imagination inflamed with its own riotings; planning, resolving; incensed against Maud; in a dream of love for Gold. About the house he could hear feet, the maid's feet on the flagged hall below; the early charwoman talked as she whitened the door-step; the windows were open and he could smell Maud's roses. On that Summer day their garden was a picture.

"Something must be done now," he said, listening, incensed, to the familiar, monotonous sounds of daily routine. "I will tell her to-night—or to-morrow—and go away at once. A clean break and no looking back. Oh! the relief of it!"

He knitted his brows, remembering.

Oh, the cursed complications of life! The wheels within wheels! Daily bread mixed up with love! Petty finance coming between a man and his romance!

This evening was the evening on which Sir Arthur Wilcox, the managing director of the bank, was to dine with them. Wallis was one of the favored applicants for the post of manager at the big, important new branch they were opening in a cathedral city. It carried one of the best salaries ever paid by the bank. Sir Arthur, after interviewing him, had said: "Perhaps I might come and talk it over with you some evening at your home, Mr. Wallis."

Wallis knew the cathedral city, the desirable bank-house; already he had pictured Gold there. He had told her about it and she had pictured herself there. But a divorce——?

"Quietly arranged," said Wallis to Gold, "there will be no objections. It will not prevent my getting the job, if *quietly arranged*. Wilcox himself is a divorced man. What can he say? A gambler, a drinker—the bank doesn't

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want those. But a break in the private affairs of a perfectly straight man is a different thing. There is nearly a year, anyway, before I should be asked to take up the appointment."

"She is our only stumbling-block," Gold answered, speaking with hatred of his wife.

Yes. To-day was the day Sir Arthur was coming to dine. Wallis told himself: "I must switch my mind off; concentrate on business."

And he got up.

HE LOOKED unwillingly, yet as if fascinated, at Maud across the breakfast-table. He hated her as only a husband—or, conversely, a wife—can hate. She was rather, but not very, tall; suave and sleek and slim, with quiet, laughing eyes. She dressed herself as efficiently as she dressed her house. The coffee was perfect; she had taught their one maid to make a delicate omelet. She was reading a letter from their girl-child at school.

The sight of the letter, in that round, unformed hand-writing, incensed him. Lately he had felt this; that he was not a family man. The rôle of family man had fallen upon him in his youth. Now, in his maturity, he realized himself; Gold had helped him to it. She, alone, knew that he was not of the stuff of which family men are made.

Controlling his anger, he addressed his wife:

"You got Hardcastle to make a fourth to-night?"

She said: "Yes. I rang him up and gave him your message, and he is delighted to come. I quite see your point that a third man, instead of a woman to make the four, will be better to-night. He can take me off your hands, so that Sir Arthur won't hesitate to talk business to you. I shall pick our last crop of strawberries for dessert."

He nodded. "Besides, Hardcastle——"

"Of course."

She saw his point again. Hardcastle, an acquaintance of many years' standing, who frequently dined with them, was the younger son of a peer, and quite a reassuring sort of guest for Sir Arthur to meet at their table.

"Of course."

He compressed his lips. At first he had been somewhat bewildered by the way he had begun to dislike the mere sight and sound of her; now he only had a deep, permanent sense of injury. She was holding him—holding him—holding him—when he longed to be rid of her.

It was her fault, not his. It was always a woman's fault. All tradition said so. It was a woman's business to fan her husband's love all the time. If it failed to flame she had blundered. When she asked him how, he meant to tell her that a woman should know. He meant to tell her quite brutally that to keep a man, a woman must use all the arts, all the subtleties, unceasingly. She must at once immolate herself and reign.

She was saying in her soft voice, looking out the window, "I might pick my cream roses for the table. You want everything to be very nice. Will sherry, Sauterne, and a liqueur brandy do?"

He got up, pushing aside his emptied plate, and, turning to the opposite window, looked out over that side of the garden, with his back to her, not answering. The garden was certainly a picture. Only a year ago he had been quite the family man, pleased with this home she had carefully made. They had a charming house, an excellent maid, a clever gardener; their child was at a good school. He had been so pleased with it all. Now he could laugh at himself, sneer at himself.

Not answering his wife, he went out.

He went unnecessarily early because he wanted to see Gold before he began his day's work. He climbed to the attic studio and held her in his arms. There was nothing suave, sleek, orderly about Gold. He looked long into her glorious, unabashed eyes. "Before I see you to-morrow, you wonderful thing, I'll have told her. It shall be all over."

"If she won't divorce? Sometimes they won't."

"By Jove, she shall! I'll make her!"

Then they kissed.

Wallis returned home very punctually because Sir Arthur was expected. He came on the six o'clock train instead of on the six-thirty, and walked up his garden path before the clock struck the half-hour. Dinner was to be at seven-thirty.

This gave him plenty of time to dress and to drink a belated cup of tea or an early cocktail before going to his dressing-room. He entered the neat, sweet, cool house, and went into the dining-room. Ingredients were there ready for a cocktail, and the maid came in with ice for the shaker. He waved her away, and stood alone, mixing the drink himself. The whole room irritated him. For fifteen years he had seen it thus—save for some improvements in furnishing as his income rose—and he was sick of it.

He stood looking over the flawlessly shining table, the flawlessly polished sideboard, the blue curtains that Maud had hemmed, the center arrangement of cream roses in a black glass bowl; and from the window he saw his wife coming along a side-path out of the little rosary, basket and scissors in hand. She stepped through the French windows.

He stiffened involuntarily. She might kiss him! She was so loving! However, he was not subjected to the ordeal. She stood just inside, quite still.

"I thought I heard the gate click. Would you rather have had a cup of tea, Richard?"

"No!"

It was all he said, turning from her as he spoke. When he moved from the sideboard again, she was gone.

He went up-stairs. The house was so quiet and cool and restful. All the windows were open, the sun-blinds still lowered. In his dressing-room his things were laid out meticulously upon his bed. He passed to the bathroom, just next door, and bathed and shaved, not so much thinking as raging against his wife. It was her fault, all this. She had got on his nerves. She didn't understand him. She had not reckoned with the infinite variety, the bewildering lovely complications that man demanded of woman. She had not done enough. She had fallen short. Fool that she was, she had let him go to the other woman.

Yet as he dressed he schooled and calmed himself. He must pull himself together. It was an evening of importance. The new post, the bigger salary, the approbation of Sir Arthur Wilcox, all hung on it. Patience, care, acumen, a firm grip on things—and in less than a year he would be reestablished in a new place, beginning the adventure of life all over again with that flaming flower of a girl.

Man had adventure upon adventure always within his grasp. He had withstood temptation better than most men. Now he must—not fall. Oh, no! He was merely going to do himself justice, and to do Gold justice. He would show Maud all possible consideration when he cast her off.

He caught himself away from all this again. Quiet! He must be at his blandest, pleasantest, quickest, and most receptive to greet the managing director. He drew his glossy shirt over his head, tied the tie some one had laid out for him, put on the dinner-jacket that some one had brushed so well for him. And he went down-stairs as the clock-hands pointed to twenty minutes past seven, and stood again at a window—the drawing-room window this time—looking out upon the garden without seeing it.

Then he heard, through his absorptions, Hardcastle's car drive up. Hardcastle came through the gate, and, seeing his host looking out, crossed the strip of front lawn and came to him.

"Hullo, Hardcastle! Nice to see you again."

"I was delighted when your wife rang me up. How jolly your garden is looking! I'll go in through the hall and leave my hat and coat, shall I?"

HARDCASTLE was almost an intimate of the house. He could be left to look after himself. Wallis loitered by the long windows till Hardcastle entered the room and looked around him.

"Your house is always beautiful," said Hardcastle.

Wallis merely looked back over the room. It was a well-shaped room, of chintzes, old china, flowers, and cushions that he had heard artistic people gush over. His gaze was stonily deprecating.

"Not so much the things as the hand upon them, I expect," said Hardcastle, interpreting the look.

Wallis knew Hardcastle was rich and a bachelor, with a splendid flat in town and a heavenly cottage in the country;

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"'DARLING, YOU'VE HAD THE FIGHT! MY HEAVEN!' SAID GOLD, 'TELL ME!'"

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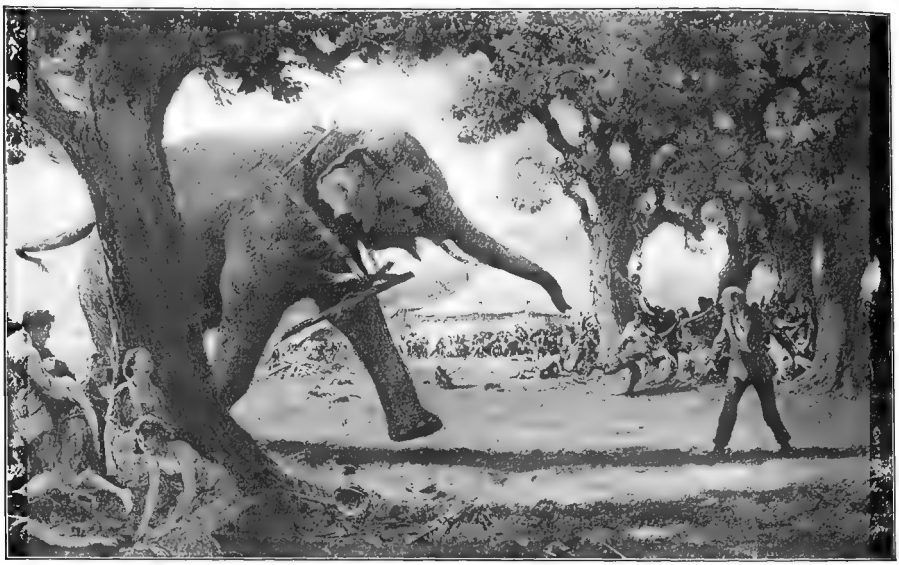
The Author of "Mendel Marantz" Is Always Good
In This Most Original Story He Is at His Best



"COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER, FOUR TONS OF GRAY-BLACK MASS, A MOUNTAIN IN MOTION HEAVING DOWN UPON A LITTLE MAN"

Elephantasm

By David Freedman

Illustrations by Victor C. Anderson

NECOMA is a town of steel and stucco. It is a forest of painted girders. Its trees are built of brick, its nests are lined with parquet flooring, and its birds are feathered in Paris patterns. Carpets of solid macadam are rolled over Indian trails; sparkling electric bulbs snuff out the stars. Cast-iron pipes drain running brooks; sirens screech in the air that eagles once ruled. And yet in the shadow of this town stand the tusked fantoms of a jungle world.

The epic of Necoma is perhaps the epic of every town; the social, economic, and domestic tale braided out of the threads of simple lives and flared with the colorful ribbon of a sporadic event; a sudden node of circumstance that gives to the hollow tube of existence its tone and pitch, and strikes a universal chord of wonder in people's souls, "Is Necoma where I live? Perhaps this man walking by is Matthew Small."

In the twenty-seven years that Necoma rose from a thatched hamlet to a tinseled town Matthew Small had stooped lower and lower over his books of account until his rounded spine and upturned knees described a human zero on a stool. It seemed that every added girder to Necoma's strength planked upon his shoulders for support, and where the metal edges of the city ended Matthew's bones began. He sagged under the pressure of the town; its tall buildings rested on his back; its clanging, clattering street-cars and silent limousines swooped upon him like huge beasts of prey. He was a tired, little man driven through a wilderness of steel.

For twenty-seven years he had done nothing but record orders for steel—steel beams, steel rails, steel rivets, steel posts—until from the dead entries of his ledger rose the fantom of a thousand cities tacked onto rivers, lakes, and valleys from the Uganda on the coast of Africa to Tuskegee in Alabama —cities of steel with souls of steel until the whole wide earth became a metal-sheeted sphere, with every blade of grass a tempered nail.

In supplanting the jungle the Chandler-Simplex Construction Works had created a new and sterner jungle, a cold maze of iron colonnades to replace bamboo sticks; and in this giant vise of tons of steel and tons of nature's flesh Matthew found himself caught, a tiny, wriggling mass of human protoplasm. The metal world was hard and Matthew's skin was soft, and the friction made him bleed.

An indefinable burden weighed him down. The factory siren had just screeched its signal for the closing day; a last belching cloud of smoke and iron filings filled the steel-yards as one shift's sooty labors ended and the second shift began. Matthew walked down the thumpy, hole-gnawed steps leading from the dust-filled atmosphere of the office to the less-cluttered air of the streets.

Hundreds of begrimed and hardy toilers were pouring out in gangs through the faded brick factory walls, tin pails dangling from their belts in a kind of gay, clinking music of a supper-march. Faces sallowed with a healthy hunger, muscles bulging out of sleeveless shirts, every aperture of skin ingrained with a fine powder of porphyry, the men, their arms, their hands and faces tinctured in the bronzing fluids of molten steel and puddled slag and liquid fire. A race of iron men who welded worlds of steel, toyed with bridges, sky-scrapers, and railroad-tunnels, while Matthew stood timorously upon the door-step of the office-building watching them pass singing, laughing, lightly by, fresh and buoyant after their titanic labors while he stood enervated with fatigue. They were men of muscle; he was of the race of nerves.

He feared to walk among them or before them. They might trample him down. He waited till the last one passed, and followed frailly in his traces. There were other clerks like Matthew in Necoma, with blue-veined faces and long brittle fingers who dragged their weary spindle-legs over the hot asphalt like thin drizzle after the black clouds of iron men had rumbled by. Yet even among these Matthew felt the meekest as they shoved and jostled him in their bony way. He was the smallest of the small, a nit among ants; a sapless, brittle stalk of bamboo tangled in a wilderness of steel, and all about him and upon him were the vast moving forces of a world too great to bear.

There at the corner beside the pump he would sink at last, submerged in the pavement as in a swamp of sticky tar, crushed by a thousand tons of tedium and fag, the houses, the vehicles, the jostling throngs all catapulting down upon him with the crash—crash—crash, thud—thud—thud of a lumbering, thundering elephant horde.

Elephants! Huge, shapeless monsters of fear-force had suddenly assumed the image of reality in Matthew's mind. He was not walking up Broad Street to the Plaza now, but through dusky jungle trails and wild morass. The paved streets of Necoma with their painted lantern-posts rolled back like canvas covers to reveal ancient river-beds and dark ravines. The purple twilight of the forest glimmered through the tungstens of Necoma's thoroughfares, and the tall dwellings with their windows and their people loomed like jungle trees with trellised branches in which primordial savages lived, the tree-dwellers of Tasmania in a new disguise.

Nature's frazzled visage glared like a prehistoric monster through Necoma's barbered mask and fantom forms

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with swinging trunks broke through the turnpikes of the town and overran its streets.

"The elephants are coming!" Matthew thought. The hordes of nature that would trample down Necoma, its temple of steel, its wriggling, servile lives, its little clerks and iron men alike, and Matthew felt the irresistible impulse to scream and run and cry a warning to those shoving, jostling throngs that moved along with empty faces and did not hear the tramping feet of mammoth forms behind.

"Look out for the elephants!" he was tempted to shout, but only walked on in silence like one of the mob, dragging his legs as they, apparently indifferent, yet expecting at any moment to be crushed.

At last he reached home and shut the door safely behind him bang in the face of the ugly world and its fantoms that had followed him up to the door-step. Now he would have peace and quiet and no cyclonic forces preming him down. He sank blissfully, painlessly into a chair. That was how he would like to lie forever, dead and yet breathing softly, passive, nerveless, limp to the point of inanimate being and yet conscious of a living flicker within him. At home, at peace, at rest. He closed his eyes and let his slender hands hang lightly over the soft chair's arms.

"M-a-t-t-h-e-w!" rang a female cry like the ripping sound of falling rafters. Matthew leaped up as if the ceiling had come down. It was his wife, Judith, calling from the kitchen. "Hold Lemuel while I peel the potatoes! Oh, goodness, will we ever stop eating in this house?" she was complaining shrilly. "See what Sylvia is howling about in the attic. And after your way up go down to the cellar and light the boiler for Bertie's bath!"

Matthew, bundling Lemuel under his arm like a bag of soiled laundry, staggered up the stairs to pacify Sylvia, who lay on her back kicking frantically at the air until her father's chin provided a better target. Finally with Sylvia unsubdued but under his right arm, Lemuel bawling in sympathy under his left, and Bertie hanging from his suspenders in the back, Matthew rolled down to the cellar. Amid cries and thumps and clouts from unseen feet and strangling little hands like twisted wires, Matthew managed to light the gas-heater and nearly swooned as a tongue of flame shot out to lick his face. But the children were so amused that he had to turn off the jet and light it again, then again, until a scissors of flame really snipped off a piece of his nose, and Matthew uttered a frightened yell.

The children were convulsed. "Daddy, do it again!" they urged. "Stick your nose in the fire!" He refused, and the children began to shriek. "Bad daddy!" and kicked and clouted him while they cried as if he were beating them, and Judith's voice crackled like a whip down the cellar stairs, "Matthew Small, what are you doing to the children?"

Attacked on all fronts, Matthew sued for peace and found it in ignominy. He had to play horse, the conquering forces astride him as he crawled into the kitchen on hands and knees, Sylvia shouting "Giddyap!" and slapping his bald head to make him go faster. In this humbled state Matthew had hoped to escape further punishment, but the war-look was in Judith's eye and her mouth primed.

"M-a-t-t-h-e-w! Are you crasy to carry on like that? Everything is so nice and peaceful until you get home! Then everything goes wrong! The potatoes won't boil, the roast gets burned, and look at those children! You make them as wild as Indians with your crazy antics!" She yanked them off his back, spanked them soundly to counteract the paternal virus, and stationed them around the table with blubbering faces and bibs askew like soldiers at attention. Matthew took his place along with them and stood waiting for the supper signal.

Supper began in a clatter of dishes and heavy odors from the kitchen. Most of the time Matthew was under the table fetching for slices of buttered bread and stray knives and forks that the children threw down as fast as he restored them. Despite Judith's goose-step methods her little geese were wild. They were haungry, sleepy, tired, and cranky, and howled to be put to bed, howled to be fed, howled to be amused, and Judith could not do all things at once, so she did none. She scolded and spanked and ran about with her flaming hair dishevelled like a burning vessel at sea, her arms shooting out in all directions like firebrands as she felt ready to sink. But rather than give the impression of weakness she would scold louder, strike harder, look sterner, until Matthew sickened under her stare.

He searched anxiously among the food for a little crun of peace. He had gorged himself to nausea with confusion. He had shut himself out of one chaotic world only to be swallowed up in another. Here was the same wilderness of steel in knife-and-fork formation, the same jungle of oppressive forces; his home was a miniature of his town, his town a miniature of the world, and the whole an infinite telescopic formation of steel and thunder, one within the other, and he, Matthew Small, the infinitesimal ego of life imprisoned within them all.

"Why do you sit there in a daze like a half-starved idiot? Why don't you eat?"

"I'm not hungry," Matthew ventured, pushing the plates away. The children soon imitated him, going more bravely into details.

"The potatoes is hard," Sylvia explained insolently as if, given the opportunity, she could cook much better than her mother. Judith rewarded her with a smack across the mouth. Automatically the three children burst into brain-cracking cries. A blow to one was a blow to all. Confusion, lulled for an instant, revived with tenfold vigor. Judith turned to Matthew. Somehow he was the *deus ex machina* of this miserable little muddle of a world.

"You! You! You little lummox are always starting trouble! Why didn't you sit there and choke the food down till your eyes'd pop out? Why am I the most miserable of women? Why don't you help, you imbecile? Don't look at me with that calf's face!" And in her rage, her sheer helplessness, she sat down and, covering her face with her apron, burst into tears.

The children stopped crying at once and looked at one another with a puzzled air. They patted their mother's hands and clung to her skirt. They had never seen their mother cry before. They hadn't thought her capable of tears. But now that she could cry and so copiously, she was one of theirs, their "little mama," and they would protect her from that fierce, heartless bully sitting in his chair, to all appearances a cold-blooded murderer, but in reality a dry, little sardine trembling in the presence of a whale and her bevy.

"Matthew Small, I won't stand any bullying from you in the presence of the children," she said as she dried her eyes. "You're going to eat this meal if it kills you!"

"Bad daddy, eat it!' Lemuel championed his mother.

"A THOUSAND TONS OF TWISTED STEEL AND MANGLED IRON GIRDERS HAD CRASHED UPON HIM, AND THROUGH THEM ALL LOOMED THE FIGURE OF A GIANT ELEPHANT"

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"Eat it!" exclaimed Sylvia, stamping her foot like a diminutive Judith. Yes, the children were agreed, daddy was the cause of it all. He had made mother cry, he had made mother spank them, he had made mother spoil the potatoes and burn the beef, and now he sat and wouldn't eat it; so cold, so unconcerned, so brutal he seemed that the children and mother felt just like falling down upon him and crushing a single sound of emotion out of his frigid soul.

But Matthew sat in a frozen silence. The elephants he had shut out at the front door had come in through the kitchen. He could see the palms parting; dry forest sticks crackled underfoot as the elephants broke through—a huge one trumpeting a battle-cry with three toddly squealers at her side invading his solitude, his home, bearing down upon him to crush him at his very table.

What should he do—fight or fall? Here was the chance to assert his manhood in one gallant, desperate effort of liberation. He could become a real man, even a bad man like Nolan Kudger, the stable-keeper who lived next door. Judith had often told him, "There is a man for you!" Nolan would rant one day and fling dishes at his wife, and carry her about on his arms the next day and kiss the hem of her frock. And Berenice, his soft little dove of a wife, faded whiter and frailer under this treatment, until one day, Matthew imagined, she would float away like a last wisp of down, a wafting feather of soul out of that growling boor's life; and how he would rant and throw dishes then, but at whom?

Perhaps Judith would thrive under such treatment. If only the crisscross tangles of life could resolve themselves into sweet parallel lines—Matthew, the lamb, married to Berenice Haigen, the dove, and Nolan Kudger, tamer of wild horses, the husband of the red-haired, blue-eyed Valkyrie, Judith Costigan!

Nolan Kudger in Matthew's place would now be sitting with his chair swung back and his feet on the table smoking a chimney-elbow and looking at pictures of bathing girls, while the children would be off to bed and Judith sitting by the window, knitting and strangely silent. Then Nolan would say, "Judith, hand me that ash-tray!" in the gruff voice he employed at the stable, and Judith would answer in the dulcet tones of Berenice, "Yes, Nolan, and would you like another cup of coffee, dear?" Nolan would grunt assent and turn the pages of the *Picture Gazette*. Matthew sighed. What a vision!

Should he try? His brittle fingers interlocked and the knuckles cracked. He felt a forbidding frown darken his brow and his thin lips grew thinner. He must appear formidable to Judith now, he thought. How frightened she would become at his imperious figure lowering over her, with his hands firmly clasped and teeth chattering! Yes, she must be trembling violently as she hears his voice cry, "Judith!" in a sharp, shrill squeak.

"Ha—ha—ha! Ha—ha—ha!" came a mocking hyena laugh, and Matthew started from his spell in curdled terror. It was only his old father, who had come in from the wood-shed, where he lived back of the house, to gather the supper leavings. He was a thinner, drier, smaller Matthew, with a senile laugh that cracked across his face like the split in an old earthen jug. He was useful about the house; carried water, chopped wood, mowed the lawn, ran errands, helped with the wash, with the children, fed on the leavings, and in his spare moments laughed.

The children liked to play with funny grandpa and his funny toys. He painted the straw face of a broom with two coals for eyes, a black line for a nose, and a wide-open, hideously grinning mouth, with a green ribbon tied in a bow at the neck of the broom, and this comic figure he trundled about in his arms, rubbing his face against the straw and huddling the thing close to him like a child. It was his doll, and each of the children clamored, "Make me one!"

"You see?" the old man would say to them. "Now Bobby's head is high and he's grinning, and now he bites the dust!" And he would swing the broom from its inverted position and sweep the straw face through the mire. "Ha—ha—ha! Ha—ha—ha!" And the children would follow him in a procession, each with a little Bobby, a grinning whisk-broom tied on a stick, and at the signal the head would be kept high and mighty and then swished into the dust. "Ha—ha—ha! Ha—ha—ha!"

"The old idiot is cracked," Judith would say and shudder. But no matter how many brooms she stole and destroyed he seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of new ones, and was carrying one at this moment as he laughed.

"Throw that dirty thing away!" she stormed, glad for an outlet to her clotted feelings. "This must be your last broom or your last night here!"

The old man looked up with his small, moist eyes at his son.

"No, no, no," he mumbled, frightened. "It's mine! It's mine!"

Matthew stood rigid, his hands wedged together behind his back. He would defend his father. He would show this shrew who dominated him, harassed him, and crushed him that he was a man. He had the speech all prepared. He would say, "Judith, how dare you? Do you know that this man is my father?" But Judith did not wait for him to speak. She rose and rolled two clenched hands on her hips.

"M-a-t-t-h-e-w!" she began with that concise enunciation in which each separate letter cut a sliver from his heart. "This is my house. Either this crackbrain gets out or you go with him!"

Matthew's vision blurred; red and violet lights danced before him. He had never experienced the manly emotion of rage to this devastating degree. Now he was attuned to battle. He turned a protective look at the old man, and there was that ugly face of straw staring at him with a scarecrow grin, laughing at his inadequacy.

"For pity's sake," Matthew shrieked, "take that broom away!"

THERE was a moment of silence. Utter stillness. A door slammed. All was quiet again. What had he done? A sudden terror seized him. Driven his father from his home! He hadn't meant it that way. He was ready to run after him, call him back, but he felt arms about him. Judith had put her arms about him. She wanted to be gentle, grateful, kind. A large, heavy creature in a mood of affection. But he felt strangely insignificant in that embrace. She was crushing him, pressing down upon him. She was his master, not his mate, and that was not an embrace of affection but of control.

"Come, come," she was saying softly, "he's able and can work. Besides, if he'll throw that dreadful broom away he can come back here."

"Yes," Matthew murmured, "he can come back here."

"Come back here," kept repeating in his mind as they prepared for bed. "Come back, come back," something was saying again and again within him as he fell asleep. Suddenly he awoke with a cry. A thousand tons of twisted steel and mangled iron girders had crashed upon him, and through them all loomed the figure of a giant elephant trumpeting harrowing blasts of sound into his ears as the animal's huge torso sank upon his feeble frame. Matthew shrieked, terrified and panting. It was pitch-dark about him. Where was he? In bed. Beside him lay Judith fast asleep, breathing heavily, noisily with the guttural oblivion of deep fatigue. One of her arms was about his neck, the other flung across his chest. He had been sleeping in her embrace.

He was a broom, an old worn-out broom, Matthew told himself, with his straw head in the mud and everybody using him to sweep out his troubles. And Matthew sighed as he pored over his big yellow books, crouched on a high stool in the long, low, dimly lighted office. Twenty-seven years on that stool! Would he ever pick his head out of the dust? In earlier years he had hoped. Now he dreaded only the sensation of sinking deeper and deeper to ultimate submersion.

Once, as a boy, his playmates, always bigger and stronger than he, and among them Nolan Kudger, had thrown him off a raft into a muddy, brown pool. When he clambered up the bank, shivering, whimpering, he shook a trembling fist at the pirates and cried, "Some day I'll pay you back!" But he never did. They always remained bigger and stronger than he.

Later as a man the same Nolan Kudger had induced him to enter another pool of speculative stock in which the bigger and stronger men of the town had embarked. And again Matthew was thrown off the raft, emptied penniless into the slough of despond, and, clambering up the bank once more, he shook a lean fist out of the ruins, "Wait, my day will come!" But it never did. The town belonged to the bigger and stronger men.

Then out of whom was he to take all that others had taken from him? Was he never to throw any one off a raft and empty any one penniless into the streets? Yes, his day had come! He too had thrown some one off a raft into a dark, muddy pool. He too had turned some one out of his home into the friendless streets of the town. His father!

"Ha—ha—ha! Ha—ha—ha!" He could hear the old man laugh through his decayed, yellow teeth. There was some one even more miserable than he! While he had the burdens of the world upon him, he too was stepping on somebody else!

No, no, he must not allow it to go any further. He must leave the office at once and search for his father. Run through the streets of Necoma, into the byways, off the roads, out into the country, over the wide fields, calling "Father! Father!" He was knocking from door to door, "Have you seen my father?" "You mean the old man with the broom? A little cracked, eh? Wonder you let an old fellow like that about!" "But where is he?" And Matthew staggered on, out of breath, ready to drop. But he was still sitting motionless over his books. He had not budged.

He was adding a column of figures. Twenty-eight, thirty-seven, forty-one—ha! He had found him! Imagine! Under an old clump of bushes, ragged, naked, frothing at the mouth, but still clinging to that smirched and horrid broom! Matthew went down on his knees, "Father, forgive me!" But he must add this column of figures. Again! Twenty-eight, thirty-seven! Knocking at the door! "Who's there?" And Matthew went to open it. "It's father, Judith, it's father!" he exclaimed, tears blinding him. "Come in, Father!" He was crying like a little child. But when he turned there was Judith glaring at him. Ah, you will not sleep in her arms tonight! What utter nonsense it all was! Twenty-eight, thirty-seven, forty-one!

Matthew's face sank into his palms. Others had a way of assimilating misfortune; he had only a way of accumulating it. Others could absorb punishment and stand up for more; he tottered at the first smash and took the rest of the blows while taking the count. The world had an unfair way of hitting him while he was down. Yet he had a weird premonition that far as he had fallen he might still fall further, that the firm earth on which his feet were rooted might open like a trap-door to greater depths below. His stool was like the protruding nether lip of a cliff that overlooked a steep and bottomless ravine, and Matthew felt his feet were dangling into black and endless space. He sat tipping forward. He dared not get up or turn around or lean back; he did not know why.

There was the uncomfortable feeling in his spine of a looming force behind him that made him feel without touching and know without turning. Some huge thing was slowly wandering among the rocks. It had come casually to the edge of the mountainside, and directly in front of it sat Matthew Small perched on the knuckle of a precipice, blocked in the back by this jungle beast and barred in the front by a chasm of tenuous air.

The animal had stopped just behind him; the heavy breath from its trunk fell upon Matthew's prickly skin in warm waves; its large, massive feet shuffled in the underbrush just where Matthew was sitting. He knew that the animal was an elephant, a slow, deliberate mammoth of mass standing behind him, surveying him patiently, patronizingly. It had only to push its forefoot an inch and Matthew would be toppled over, hurtled into the dismal ravine, like a flying feather in a storm, fluttering in the air for a moment, then swished with the whistle of a tornado down to destruction.

Matthew could endure the suspense no longer. The agony of anticipation had wriggled his nerves to distraction as they lay like naked wires in short-circuit. The shadow of the elephant was cast upon his books by the dim orange lights. His fears were grounded in reality. He turned with an utterance of anguish. It was the head bookkeeper standing over him.

He was a stout asthmatic dyed in stale tobacco. He towered over Matthew with the phlegmatic leer of a man who is both fat and superior. He pitied this "little runt" he was going to address and softened his throaty voice, making it throatier.

"Mr. Small, where are the orders I gave you this morning to check up? You were to have 'em back in

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The Art Feature for March

One of the outstanding features of the March number of Pictorial Review will be a full-page reproduction in color of the celebrated painting,

"The Golden Wedding"

By O. Erdmann

Incidentally we would like to add that these full-page reproductions will continue to appear in Pictorial Review for an indefinite period.

Why not subscribe now and make sure of obtaining the entire series?

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"THE FIRST THAW"

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THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

FOURTH COMMANDMENT

In this beautiful picture illustrating the Fourth Commandment and vividly showing its application to modern life, Mr. Bracker has depicted a scene that cannot fail to have a universal appeal. Here in this peaceful home as we see the Book of Books being expounded to "these little ones," the thought instantly occurs that the influence of home-training like this must shed its beams far ahead and light up the pathway for these children in the years to come.

Drawn by M. LEONE BRACKER

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Why I Did Not Marry Again

The Author of This Remarkable Personal Confession Is Not Only the Mother of Three Children but a Leader in Her Chosen Profession. For Obvious Reasons We Have Refrained from Mentioning Her Name

I AM not a member of the noble order of sob-sisters. No man has embittered my life by his indifference nor humiliated me by his infidelities. The most exotic imagination could not convert my love-affairs into a scenario for the mildest one-reel sex movie.

To men I owe most of my success and much of my happiness; yet for years marriage has had no lure for me, and this inhibition is shared by thousands of women of my own kind, both widowed and single.

We who suffer from the antimarriage complex are products of a new social and economic era. We do not have to marry in order to live or to retain our self-respect, and the more we earn the smaller our chances of marrying. Granting that some women are not fit, physically or temperamentally, to assume the burdens of motherhood, the increasing number of economically independent women who will not marry spells danger for the nation.

We, the financially independent, represent that class of which America boasts most eloquently—the stock which sprang from colonial settlers and Mid-Western pioneers. We are graduates of universities, colleges, or high-class private and public schools. Intelligence-tests have no terrors for us. In order to achieve the success at which we aim, we must be physically, mentally, and morally fit. We must lead regular lives.

Our daughters should be to-morrow's mothers. But we are not bearing daughters, and the daughters of our friends are already looking askance at motherhood as a profession, envying our success, emulating our independence, preparing to enter our pursuits.

For any such defiance of nature's strongest laws, for the repression of normal instincts, there must be reprisal. Within a few years church and State will be crying out against it. Within thirty years psychoanalysts and neurologists will be waxing rich on its victims.

That is why my reasons for not marrying again are of importance to society and particularly to every man and woman of marriageable age who reads Pictorial Review.

These reasons represent something more than an individual experience and individual reactions. They represent a social condition which you will recognize in your daily life, your business and social contacts.

At twenty-two I gave up interior decorating, a profession which had just begun to attract art students, to marry a promising lawyer in his early thirties. At intervals of nineteen or twenty months we had three children, two boys and a girl. Their coming entailed no special sacrifice for either of us, because Jim's income increased with each year. We did not have to deny ourselves any comforts and we enjoyed some luxuries. I had as good help as our means could command, and I was no household drudge. But I need not tell any mother that my life was both absorbing and exacting.

I was purchasing agent and general manager for my entire household. My children, like those of almost any American family, were subject to petty illnesses and small accidents. My sleep was interrupted at night and my reading by day. I had to solve my children's problems while they were awake, and after they had gone to bed I had to help Jim solve some of his. If any member of the family circle was ill I was the one to sacrifice a night's rest. I felt Jim must be fresh for each day's responsibilities. His earning capacity must not be impaired. We were all dependent upon him.

If a domestic catastrophe drew heavily on our income, and some one had to economize, I did it. Jim must be well-dressed in his office, in court, at his club. My maternal pride and affection insisted that the children look well at school. If any one wore last year's coat or hat, I did. If a dress was dyed, it was mine.

Not that I felt abused or resentful. My mother had made such small sacrifices before me. My friends all made them. This was the price of motherhood, and motherhood was a noble, a thrilling experience. Any wife and mother reading this article knows exactly how I felt in those days—for the most part cheerful and hopeful, but occasionally a bit weary and wondering whether it paid.

One day I would feel as if I were the very hub of my tiny universe. The next day I might catch myself asking whether any member of the family ever gave me a tender or grateful thought. However, what did it matter if I had an occasional headache at the end of the day, or if I longed for the second honeymoon trip to the White Mountains which Jim and I were always planning—and never taking? I was the wife of a successful man, a woman to be envied!

Then Jim was suddenly stricken with pneumonia! Specialists, tanks of oxygen, low voices, tense figures, a horrible quiet all over the house. The doctors could do nothing for him. Life for Jim had ended and I was a widow!

Like most big, rugged men, Jim had never figured on death. He had had boundless faith in his future and in his earning capacity. In a few years with a few big cases we would be rich. So he left us some insurance, our home, and little more.

Like all mothers, I wanted to give our children the advantages Jim and I had planned for them, so I resumed my profession of interior decorating, in which women were taken more seriously than in my pioneer days. I saw that it offered almost unlimited possibilities—and profits—to a clever woman.

But I also realized that it would be an absorbing occupation, and for a time I feared that domestic affairs might interfere seriously with my business progress. These fears were groundless. In an amazingly short time my position in the home changed. I was no longer the patient, willing mother, subject to petty demands and interruptions. I became the head of the family, the bread-winner, and my energy and time must be conserved.

Just as I had respected my husband's business hours, so the children and the maiden aunt who had charge of our home came to respect mine. In the old days I had been a sort of glorified nurse-maid, governess, and seamstress to my children, a person upon whom demands could be made at any hour of the day and night. Now I was a personage of whose unusual abilities they boasted to relatives and friends. How much of this new attitude I owed to my very tactful housekeeper, I do not know, but certainly my relations with my children were most happy and sympathetic, and we became good pals.

At the end of two years, being fairly well established in business, I resumed normal social relations with our old friends—Jim's and mine. Gradually I was drawn into a second group, the men and women I met through my business.

The difference between these two groups was marked. My old friends, mostly married people, assumed that, like the widow who did not work for her living, I had laid aside my weeds to reenter the matrimonial lists. My hostesses developed rare match-making qualities. The most eligible bachelors of their acquaintance were assigned as my dinner partners. Wherever our little crowd went, to big sporting events, to week-end parties, to fishing-camps, there was always a detached man or two at whose head I was thrown shamelessly. When a new man came to town I was among the first to meet him. No débutante was ever supported more loyally, more hopefully by matrons than I was for a season or two by my dear friends. And their object was matrimony—for me!

My new friends were either successful business women like myself or clients who enjoyed entertaining and mingling with professional women. Those of my hostesses who were married seemed to envy me my independence. They said they liked to know women "who were doing things." They betrayed no interest in my matrimonial prospects, no eagerness to share eligible men as dinner or dancing partners. My new friends who were unmarried talked frankly on the new relations between men and women. According to their code a woman had her fling at a career first and married later. Meantime she could be the best possible comrade with a man who accepted her position and shared her tastes.

It was inevitable that during this interesting period of my life I received many flattering proposals. I use the word "inevitable" advisedly.

A widow has more opportunities to marry than a single girl, not because she is more alluring—or more devilish—but because her technique is better. Experience as the wife of one man has taught her that all men have certain characteristics, certain idiosyncrasies, certain opinions in common; so she respects them.

She has learned that nothing bores a man more than real cleverness or wit in a woman, so she baits her hook with deference to his opinions, appreciative glances, and phrases like "How wonderful!" "Really did you do that?" Not too fulsome, you understand, but with a touch of envy or wistfulness.

She knows that while a man may be pathetically ignorant about the cost of clothing, a subconscious instinct warns him when a woman is dowdy. Widows are notoriously well groomed.

Marriage teaches a woman not to demand attentions, but to attract them. And in that blessed estate she also learns that the subtlest flattery she can offer a man is to remember his preferences in trifles.

All this training I had received from one of the most kindly and comradely of husbands. Moreover, by this time I had had considerable experience in business relations. The tolerance, the tact, the knowledge of psychology which I had acquired in the practise of my profession counted heavily. I knew that to hold a client I must give my undivided attention to what he was saying. I made the man who happened to be walking, driving, sailing, or dancing with me feel that I preferred being with him than with any other man.

Men liked to come to my house—and talk about themselves. And they liked my little dinners because once I learned a man's favorite dishes I never failed to have one or more of them served for him.

So while I was not beautiful in my widowhood, I knew how to make myself attractive and desirable; and I *earned* the proposals of marriage that I did not accept. Not that

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The Ten Commandments

ON THE preceding page you will find the fourth picture of M. Leone Bracker's notable series showing the Ten Commandments with a present-day background.

This wonderful series of pictures has aroused great enthusiasm among our readers. The letters we are receiving daily tell the story.

The next picture of this remarkable series will appear in the March issue of Pictorial Review, and will be an interpretation of the Fifth Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

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The Mother's Recompense

By Edith Wharton

Illustrations by Arthur Fuller

Concluding Instalment

"'FOR PITY'S SAKE,' THE EYES SEEMED TO ENTREAT HER, 'LET'S GET THROUGH WITH THIS BEFORE YOU BETRAY YOURSELF—IF THERE'S ANYTHING FURTHER TO BETRAY'"

IT HAD been decided that Mrs. Clephane must, of course, stay over the Sunday; on Monday morning she would return to town with Anne. Meanwhile Aline had been telephoned for, and was arriving with week-end raiment; and Kate Clephane, after watching the house-party drive off to a distant polo-match, had remained alone in the great house with her sister-in-law.

Mrs. Drover's countenance, tho slightly worn from the strain of incessant hospitality, had lost its look of perturbation. It was clear that the affectionate meeting between mother and daughter had been a relief to the whole family, and Mrs. Drover's ingenuous eye declared that since now, thank Heaven, the matter was settled, there need be no further pretense of mystery. She invited her sister-in-law to join her in her own sitting-room over a quiet cup of tea, and as she poured it out observed with a smile that she supposed the wedding would take place before Christmas.

"The wedding? Anne's wedding?" Mrs. Clephane stammered.

"Why, my dear, isn't everything settled? We all supposed that was what you'd come down for. She announced her engagement as soon as she arrived." Wrinkles of apprehension reluctantly reformed themselves on Mrs. Drover's brow. "At least you might have let me have my tea without this new worry!" her look seemed to protest. "Hendrik has the highest opinion of Major Fenno, you know," she continued, in a tone that amicably sought to dismiss the subject.

Kate Clephane put down her untasted cup. What could she answer? What was the use of answering at all?

Misled by her silence, Mrs. Drover pursued with a clearing brow: "Of course nowadays, with the cut of everything changing every six months, there's no use in ordering a huge trousseau. Besides, Anne tells me they mean to go to Europe almost immediately; and whatever people say, it is more satisfactory to get the latest models on the spot——"

"Oh, Enid—Anne mustn't marry him!" Kate Clephane cried, starting abruptly to her feet.

Mrs. Drover set down her own cup. Lines of disapproval hardened about her small, concise mouth; but she had evidently resolved to restrain herself to the last limit of sisterly forbearance.

"Now, my dear, do sit down again and drink your tea quietly. What good will all this worrying do? You look feverish—and as thin as a rail. Are you sure you haven't picked up one of those dreadful Oriental microbes? Of course, I understand your being unhappy at parting so soon again with Anne. She feels it too; I know she does. It's a pity you couldn't have been together a little longer, just you two; but then—— And, after all, since Anne wants you to keep the Fifth Avenue house for yourself, why shouldn't the young people buy that property just round the corner? Then the two lower floors could be thrown into one for entertaining.

"I'm not clever about plans, but Lilla'll tell you exactly how it could be done. She's got hold of such a clever young architect to modernize their Baltimore house. Of course, tho Horace didn't realize it, it was *all* library; no room for dancing. And I dare say Anne—not that Anne ever cared much for dancing— But I hear Major Fenno likes going out, and a young wife can't make a greater mistake than to have a dull house if her husband is fond of gaiety. Lilla, now, has quite converted Horace——"

Kate Clephane had reseated herself and was automatically turning the spoon about in her cup. "It won't happen; it can't be; he'll never dare!" The thought, flashing in on her aching brain, suddenly quieted her, helped her to compose her features, and even to interject the occasional vague murmur which was all her sister-in-law needed to feed her flow of talk. The mention of the Maclews and their clever architect had served to deflect the current of Mrs. Drover's thoughts, and presently she was describing how wonderfully Lilla managed Horace, and how she and the architect had got him to think he could not live without the very alterations he had begun by resolutely opposing on the ground that they were extravagant and unnecessary.

"Just an innocent little conspiracy, you know. They completely got the better of him, and now he's delighted, and tells everybody it was his own idea," Mrs. Drover chuckled; and then, her voice softening, and a plump hand reassuringly outstretched to Mrs. Clephane. "You'll see, my dear, after you get over the first loneliness, what a lovely thing it is to have one's child happily married."

"It won't happen; it can't be; he'll never dare!" the other mother still continued to murmur to herself.

HORACE MACLEW, among numerous other guests, arrived for dinner. He sat nearly opposite Mrs. Clephane, and in the unreal whirl and dazzle that surrounded her she instinctively anchored her gaze on his broad frame and ponderous countenance. What had his marriage done to him, she wondered, and what weight had it given him in the counsels of his new family?

She had known him but vaguely before, as the conscientious millionaire who collects works of art and relieves suffering; she imagined him as having been brought up by equally conscientious parents, themselves wealthy and scrupulous, and sincerely anxious to inculcate their scruples in their only son. But other influences and tendencies had also been in play; one could fancy him rather heavily

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adjusting them to his inherited principles, with the "After all" designed to cover venial lapses. His marriage with Lilla must have been the outcome, the climax, of these private concessions, and have prepared him to view most of the problems of life from an easier angle.

Undoubtedly, among the men present, tho no quicker-witted than the others, he would have been the one most likely to understand Kate Clephane's case, could she have put it to him. But to do so—one had only to intercept their glances across the table to be sure of it—would have been to take Lilla also into her confidence; and it suddenly became clear to Mrs. Clephane that no recoil of horror and no pharisaic disapproval would be as intolerable to her as Lilla's careless stare and Lilla's lazy: "Why, what on earth's all the fuss about? Don't that sort of thing often happen?"

It did, no doubt; Mrs. Clephane had already tried to adjust her own mind to that. She had known such cases; everybody had. She had seen them smoothed over and lived down; but that she and Anne should ever figure as one of them was beyond human imagining. She would have felt herself befouled to the depths by Lilla's tolerance.

Her unquiet eyes wandered from Horace Maclew to her daughter. Anne shone with recovered joy. Her anxiety had left only the happy traces of a Summer shower on a garden that it revives. Every now and then she smiled across the table at her mother, and Kate felt herself irresistibly smiling back. There was something so rich, dense, and impregnable in the fact of possessing Anne's heart that the mother could not remember to be alarmed when their eyes met.

Suddenly she noticed that Anne was absorbed in conversation with one of her neighbors. This was the Reverend Dr. Arklow, Rector of St. Stephen's, the New York church of the Clephane and Drover clan. Old Mrs. Clephane had been a pillar of St. Stephen's, and had bequeathed a handsome sum to the parish. Dr. Arklow, formerly the curate, had come back a few years previously as Rector of the church, and was now regarded as one of the foremost lights of the diocese, with a strong possibility of being named its Coadjutor, or possibly Bishop of the American Episcopal churches in Europe.

The Drovers and all their tribe took their religion with moderation; they subscribed handsomely to parochial charities, the older members of the family still went to church on Sunday mornings, and once in the Winter each of the family invited the Rector to a big dinner. But their relations with him, tho amicable, were purely formal, and Mrs. Clephane concluded that his presence at one of the Drover week-ends was to be attributed to the prestige he had acquired as a certain Coadjutor or possible Bishop. The Drover social scheme was like a game of chess in which Bishops counted considerably more than Rectors.

The Rector of St. Stephen's struck Mrs. Clephane, who had met him only once before, as a man accustomed to good company, and eager to prove it. He had a face as extensive as Mr. Maclew's, but running to length instead of width. His thin gray hair was carefully brushed back from a narrow benevolent forehead, and tho he loved a good cigar, and wore a pepper-and-salt suit on his travels, he knew his value as a decorative element, and was fastidiously clerical in dress on social occasions. His manly chest seemed outspread to receive the pectoral cross, and all his gestures were round and full, like the sleeves for which they were preparing.

As he leaned back, listening to Anne with lowered lids and finger-tips thoughtfully laid against each other, his occasional faint smile and murmur of assent suggested to Mrs. Clephane that the girl was discussing with him the arrangements for the wedding; and the mother, laying down her fork, closed her eyes for an instant while the big, resonant room reeled about her in swirls of mist. Then she said to herself that, after all, this was only what was to be expected, and that if she hadn't the courage to face such a possibility, and many others like it, she would assuredly never have the courage to carry out the plan which, all through the afternoon and evening, had been slowly forming in her mind. That plan was simply, for the present, to hold fast to Anne, and let things follow their course.

She would return to New York the next day with Anne, she would passively assist at her daughter's preparations—for an active share in them was beyond her imagining—and she would be there when Chris came, and when they announced the engagement. Whatever happened, she would be there. She would let Chris see at once that he would have to reckon with that. And how would he be able to reckon with it? How could he stand it, day after day?

They would perhaps never exchange another word in private—she prayed they might not—but he would understand by her mere presence what she meant, what she was determined on. He would understand that in the end he would have to give up Anne because she herself would never do so. The struggle between them would become a definite, practical, circumscribed thing; and, knowing Chris as she did, she felt almost sure she could hold out longer than he.

This new resolve gave her a sort of light-headed self-confidence: when she left the dinner-table she felt so easy and careless that she was surprized to see that the glass of champagne beside her plate was untouched. She felt as if all its sparkles were whirling through her veins.

ON THE return of the gentlemen to the drawing-room Dr. Arklow moved to her side, and she welcomed him with a smile. He opened with some mild generalities, and she said to herself that he was too anxiously observant of the social rules to speak of her daughter's marriage before she herself alluded to it. For a few minutes she strove in vain to find a word which should provide an opening; but to say to any one, "My daughter is going to be married" was beyond her powers, and they lingered among slumberous platitudes.

Suddenly Anne drifted up, sat down on an arm of her mother's chair, and took her mother's hand in hers. Kate's eyes filled, and through the mist of her tears she saw Dr. Arklow looking at her attentively. For the first time it occurred to her that, behind the social puppet scrupulously enacting the part expected of him, there might be a simple-hearted man accustomed to the humble realities of pain and perplexity, and experienced in dealing with them.

The thought gave her a sense of tremulous relief, and she said to herself: "I will try to speak to him alone. I will go to see him in New York." Meanwhile she merely continued to smile up at her daughter and at Dr. Arklow, who said: "Our young lady has been telling me about the big tennis finals. There's no doubt all these sports will be a great factor in building up a healthier, happier world." None of the three made any allusion to Anne's engagement.

"Miss Anne Clephane Weds War Hero. Announces Engagement to Major Christopher Fenno, D. S. M., Chevalier of Legion of Honor."

The head-lines glared at Kate Clephane from the first page of the paper she had absently picked up from the table of her sitting-room. She and Anne, that morning, had journeyed back from Long Island in Hendrik Drover's motor, separated by his genial bulk, and shielded by it from the peril of private talk.

On the day before—that aching, endless Sunday—Anne, when with her mother, had steadily avoided the point at issue. She seemed too happy in their reunion to risk disturbing its first hours; perhaps, Kate thought, she was counting on the spell of that reunion to break down her mother's opposition. But as they neared New York every mile brought them closer to the reality they were trying not to see; and here it was at last, deriding the mother from those hideous head-lines. She heard Anne's step behind her, and their glance crossed above the paragraph.

A flush rose to the girl's cheek, while her eyes abruptly questioned her mother. The decisive moment in their struggle was at hand. Kate felt that everything depended on her holding fast to the line she had resolved to follow, and her voice sounded thin and small in the effort to steady it.

"Is Major Fenno in New York?"

"No. He went back to Baltimore on Saturday." Anne hesitated. "He's waiting to hear from me—before he comes."

A wild hope leaped up in the mother's breast, then sank on ineffectual wings. She glanced back at the newspaper.

"This announcement was made with your permission?"

The color still burned in the girl's cheeks. She made a motion of assent, and added, after another pause: "Uncle Hendrik and Aunt Enid thought it only fair."

"Fair to Major Fenno?"

"Yes."

The silence prolonged itself. At length the mother brought out: "But if you've announced your engagement he has a right to be with you."

Anne looked at her almost timidly. "I wanted first—we both wanted—to feel that when he came you would—would be ready to receive him."

Kate Clephane turned away from her daughter's clinging eyes. The look in them was too intolerably sweet. Anne was imploring her approval—Anne could not bear to be happy without it! Yes; but she wanted her other happiness also; she wanted that more than anything else; she would not hesitate to sacrifice her mother to it if there were no other way.

All this rushed over Kate in a final flash of illumination. "I want you both!" Anne had said; but she wanted Chris Fenno infinitely the more.

"Dear—" At her mother's first syllable Anne was at her side again, beseechingly. Kate Clephane lifted her hands to the girl's shoulders. "You've made your choice, dearest. When Major Fenno comes of course I will receive him." Her lips felt dry and stiff as she uttered her prevarication with those impassioned eyes upon her. But all her old arts of casuistry had come back. What was the use of having practised them so long if they were not to serve her now? She let herself yield to Anne's embrace.

That afternoon, as Mrs. Clephane sat alone up-stairs, Fred Landers telephoned to ask if she would receive him. Anne was out, and her mother sent word that when Mr. Landers came he was to be shown up to her sitting-room. He entered it presently with outstretched hands and a smile of satisfaction.

"Well, it's all settled, then? Thank God! You've done just the right thing; I knew you would."

Her hand fell lifelessly into his; she could not answer.

He drew up an armchair to the little autumnal fire, and continued to contemplate her approvingly.

"I know how hard it must have been. But there was only one thing to be considered: Anne needs you!"

"She needs Major Fenno more."

"Oh, well—that's the law of life, isn't it?" His tone seemed to say: "At any rate it's the one you obeyed in your own youth." And again she found no answer.

She was conscious that the gaze he still fixed on her had passed from benevolence to wistfulness. "Do you still mind it so awfully?"

His question made her tears rise; but she was determined not to return upon the past. She had proved the uselessness of the attempt.

"Anne has announced her engagement. What more is there to say? You tell me she needs me; well, here I am with her."

"And you don't know how she appreciates it. She rang me up as soon as you got back this morning. She's overcome by your generosity in going down to the Drovers' after what had taken place between you—after her putting herself so completely in the wrong." He paused a moment, as if weighing his next words. "You know I'm not any keener than you are about this marriage; but, my dear, I believe it had to be."

"Had to be?"

His capacious forehead crimsoned with the effort to explain. "Well, Anne's a young woman of considerable violence of feeling—of—of— In short, there's no knowing what she might have ended by doing if we'd all backed you up in opposing the marriage. And I didn't feel sure enough of the young man to count on his not taking advantage of her—her impetuosity, as it were, if he thought there was no other chance. You understand?"

She understood. What he was trying to say was that, on the whole, given the girl's self-will, and taking into account her—well, her peculiar heredity—taking into account, in fact, Kate Clephane herself—the family had probably adopted the safest course in accepting the situation.

"Not that I mean to imply—of course not! Only the young people nowadays settle most questions for themselves, don't they? And in this case— Well, all's well that ends well. We all know that some of the most successful marriages have had—er—rather risky preliminaries."

Kate Clephane sat listening in a state of acquiescent lassitude. She felt as if she had been given a drug which had left her intelligence clear but paralyzed her will. What was the use of arguing, discussing, opposing? Later, of course, if everything else failed, Fred Landers was, after all, the person she would have to turn to, to whom her avowal would have to be made; but for the moment he was of no more use to her than any of the others. The game she had resolved to play must be played between herself and Chris

Pictorial Review for March

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Fenno; everything else was the vainest expenditure of breath.

"You *do* agree, don't you?" she heard Landers rather nervously insisting; and, "Oh, I dare say you're right," she assented wearily.

"And the great thing, you know, is that Anne shouldn't lose you, or you lose Anne, because of this. All the rest will arrange itself somehow. Life generally does arrange things. And if it shouldn't——"

He stood up rather awkwardly, and she was aware of his advancing toward her with a clumsy step. His face had grown long and solemn, and his broad bulk seemed to have narrowed to the proportions of the lank youth suffused with blushes who had taken shelter behind his mother when old Mrs. Landers had entertained the newly married John Clephanes.

"If it doesn't work out for you as we hope—there's my house—that's been waiting for 'you for ever so long—tho I shouldn't ever have ventured to suggest it."

"Oh ." she gasped out, feeling the clutch of pain relax a little about her heart.

"Well, well," her visitor stammered, rubbing his hands together deprecatingly, "I only suggest it as a sort of last expedient—a forlorn hope." His nervous laugh tried to give the words a humorous turn, but his eyes were desperately grave. Kate rose and put her hand in his.

"You're awfully good to me," was all she found to say. Inwardly she was thinking, with a fresh thrill of anguish: "And now I shall never be able to tell him —never!"

He had caught the note of dismissal in her voice, and was hurriedly trying to gather up the fragments of his self-possession. "Of course, at our age—*my* age, I mean—all that kind of thing is rather— But there: I didn't want you to feel there was no one you could turn to. That's all. You won't bear me a grudge, tho? Now, then; that's all right. And you'll see: this other business will shake down in time. Bound to, you know. I dare say the young man has merits that you and I don't see. And you'll let me go on dropping in just as usual? After all, I'm Anne's guardian!" he ended with his timid laugh.

"I shall want you more than ever, Fred," Mrs. Clephane said dimply.

THE next evening, as she looked down the long dinner-table from her seat at its head, she was fantastically reminded of the first family dinner over which she had presided after her marriage.

The background was the same; the faces were the same, or so alike that they seemed merely rejuvenated issues of the same coinage. Hendrik Drover sat in his brother-in-law's place; but even that change was not marked enough to disturb the illusion. Hendrik Drover's heavy, good-natured face belonged to the same type as John Clephane's; one saw that the two had gone to the same schools and the same university, frequented the same clubs, fished the same salmon rivers. Hendrik Drover might have been the ghost of John Clephane revisiting the scene of his earthly trials in a mood softened by celestial compensations. And she herself—Kate Clephane—if she had conformed to the plan of life prepared for her, instead of turning from it and denying it, might she not reasonably have hoped to reappear on the scene in the form of Enid Drover?

These grotesque fancies had begun to weave their spirals through her brain only after a first impact had emptied it of everything else, swept it violently clear of all meaning and all reason. That moment had come when Chris Fenno had entered in the wake of the other guests; when she had heard his name announced like that of any other member of the family; had seen him advance across the interminable length of the room, all the lights in it converging upon him as she felt that all the eyes in it converged on her; when she had seen Anne suddenly at his side, felt her presence between them, heard the girl's voice, imperious, beseeching: "Mother—this is Chris," and felt her hand drop into that other hand with the awful plunge that the heart makes when a sudden shock flings it from its seat.

"THEY HAD NOT HEARD HER CROSS THE FLOOR OF THE SITTING-ROOM OR OPEN THE BEDROOM DOOR; THEY DID NOT HEAR HER NOW. ALL THEIR FACULTIES WERE ABSORBED IN EACH OTHER."

She had lived through all that; she and he had faced each other; had exchanged greetings, she supposed; had even, perhaps, said something to each other about Anne, and about their future relation. She did not know what; she judged only, from the undisturbed faces about them, that there had been nothing alarming, nothing to scandalize or grieve; that it had all, to the tribal eye, passed off decently and what they called "suitably."

Her past training had served her—his boundless assurance had served him. It was what the French called "a moment to pass"; they had passed it. And in that mad world beyond the abyss, where she now found herself, here they all were with the old faces, saying the same old things with the same old complacency, eating their way through the same Clephane courses, expressing the same approval of the Clephane cellar. ("It was Hendrik, you know, who advised John to lay down that ninety-five Cliequot," she caught Enid Drover breathing across the bubbles to her son-in-law.) It was all, in short, as natural and unnatural, as horrible, intolerable, and unescapable, as if she had become young again, with all her desolate and unavoidable life stretching away ahead of her to end in—this.

And in the mad fantasmagoria there was Chris himself, symbolising what she had flown to in her wild escape; representing, in some horrible duality, at once her sin and its harvest, her flight and her return. At the thought, her brain began to spin again, and she saw her own youth embodied before her in Anne, with Anne's uncompromising scorns and scruples, Anne's confident, forward-looking gaze.

"Ah, well," she heard Hendrik Drover say as they rose from the table, "these occasions will come round from time to time in the best-regulated families, and I suppose we all feel—" while, at the other side of the table, Enid Drover, pink and melting from a last libation, sighed to Horace Maclew: "I only wish dear mother and John could have been here with us!" and Lilla, overhearing her, bracketed the observation in an ironic laugh.

It had all "gone off" wonderfully; thanks to Anne's tact the meeting between her mother and her betrothed had been enveloped, thickly swaddled, in layer on layer of non-conducting, non-explosive "family." A sense of mutual congratulation was in the air as the groups reformed in the drawing-room. The girl herself moved from one to another, pale, vigilant, radiant; Chris Fenno, in a distant corner, was settled with coffee-cup and cigaret at Lilla's side; Mrs. Clephane found herself barricaded behind Hendrik Drover and one of the older Tresetlons. They were the very two, she remembered, between whom she had spent her evening after that first family dinner in which this one was so hallucinatingly merged.

Not until the party was breaking up, and the murmur of farewells filled the hall, did she find herself—she knew not how—isolated in the inner drawing-room with Chris Fenno. He stood there beside her, and she seemed to hear his voice for the first time.

"I want to thank you—" He appeared to feel it was a bad beginning, and tried again abruptly. "Sha'n't I have the chance, some day soon, of finding you—for a word or two, quietly?"

She stood before him, erect and unflinching; she dragged her eyes up to his.

"A chance? But as soon as you like—as many as you like! You'll always find me—I shall always be here. I'm never going to leave Anne," she said.

It had been almost worth the agony she had bought it with to see the look in his eyes when he heard that.

EXTREME exhaustion—the sense of having reached the last limit of endurable emotion—plunged Kate Clephane, that night, into a dreamless sleep. It was months and months since she had reached those nethermost levels below sound or image or any mental movement; and she rose from them revived, renewed—and then suddenly understood that they had been only a grief-drugged mockery.

The return to reality was as agonizing as that of a traveler who has fallen asleep in the snow. One by one she had to readjust all her frozen faculties to the unchanged and intolerable situation; and she felt weaker, less able to contend with it. The thought that that very day she might have to face Chris Fenno paralyzed her.

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He had asked to see her alone—and she lay there, in the desolate dawn, rehearsing to herself all the cruel things he would find to say, for his ways of being cruel were innumerable.

The day before she had felt almost light-heartedly confident of being able to outface, to outlast him; of her power of making the situation even more intolerable to him than he could make it to her. Now, in the merciless morning light, she had a new view of their respective situations. Who had suffered more the previous evening, he or she? Whose wakening that morning was more oppressed by fears? He had proposed to have a talk with her; he had had the courage to do that; and she felt that by having that courage he had already gained another point in their silent struggle.

Slowly the days dragged by; their hours were filled, for mother and daughter, by the crowding obligations and preoccupations natural to such times. Mrs. Clephane was helping her daughter with the wedding preparations: a spectacle to charm and edify the rest of the family.

Chris Fenno, two or three days after the announcement of the engagement, had returned to Baltimore, where he had accepted a temporary job on a newspaper, and where he had that, and other matters, to wind up before his marriage. Before his departure Mrs. Clephane had had but two or three brief glimpses of him, and always in the presence of others.

It was natural that he should wish to devote the greater part of his time to his betrothed. He and Anne went off in the early afternoon, and when they returned were, on each evening, engaged to dine with some member of the family. It was easy for Mrs. Clephane to excuse herself from these entertainments. The fact of her having presided at the dinner at which the engagement was announced had sealed it with her approval; and at the little dinners organized by Nollie Tresselton and the other cousins her presence was hardly expected, and readily dispensed with. She was able to sit at home and think.

All this fitted in naturally with the new times. The day of introspections and explanations was over: the era of taking things for granted was the only one that Anne's generation had known, and in that respect Anne was of her day.

After the betrothal dinner she had said a tender good night to her mother, and the next evening, as she rushed up to dress after her long outing with Chris, had stopped at Kate's door to wave a loving hand and call out radiantly: "He says you've been so perfect to him—" and that was all. To some natures happiness comes like a huge landslide burying all the past and spreading a virgin surface to life's new sowings. Kate Clephane's own memories told her that: it was from herself, she reflected, that Anne had inherited her capacity for such all-obliterating bliss.

The days passed; and Chris Fenno at length came back. He was staying with the Joe Tresseltons now, and there was a constant coming and going of the young people between the two houses. Opportunities were not lacking to see Mrs. Clephane in private, and for the first days after his return she waited in numb terror for the inevitable, the incalculable moment. But it did not come; and gradually she understood that it never would.

His little speech had been a mere formula; he had nothing to say to her; no desire was farther from him than the wish to speak with her alone. What she had dreaded past expression, but supposed to be inevitable, he had probably never even seriously considered. Explanations? What was the use of explanations? He had gained his point, and the thing now was to live at peace with everybody.

She saw that all her calculations had been mistaken. She had fancied that her tactics would render his situation intolerable; that if only she could bear to spend a few weeks in his presence she would demonstrate to him the impossibility of his spending the rest of his life in hers. But his reasoning reached a good deal farther, and embraced certain essential elements in human nature that hers had left out. He had said to himself—she was sure of it now: "The next few weeks will be pretty bad, but after that I'll have the upper hand."

He had only to hold out till the wedding; after that she would be a mere mother-in-law, and mothers-in-law are not a serious problem in modern life. How could she ever have imagined that he would not see through her game and outmaneuver her, when he had done it so often before, and when his whole future depended on his doing it just once more? She felt herself beaten at every point.

Unless—unless she told the truth to Anne. Every day was making that impossible thing more impossible; yet every day was bringing them nearer to the day when not to do so—if all other measures failed—would be most impossible of all. She seemed to have reached that moment when, one morning, Anne came into her room and caught her gaily by the hand.

"Dearest—you've got to come with me."

Kate, rising, yielded to the girl's hand and was drawn along the corridor to her bedroom. There, on the bed, in a dazzle of whiteness, lay the wedding-dress.

"Will you help me to try it on?" Anne asked.

KATE CLEPHANE rang the rectory bell and found herself in the rectory sitting-room. As she sat there among photogravures of Botticelli Virgins and etchings of English cathedrals, she could not immediately remember why she had come, and looked with a kind of detached curiosity at the volumes of memoirs and sermons on the table at her elbow, at the perpendicular Gothic chairs against the wall, and the Morris armchairs which had superseded them. She had not been in a rectory sitting-room since the committee meeting at the Merrimans', on the day when she had received Anne's cable.

Her lapse of memory lasted for only a few seconds, but during that time she relived with intensity the sensations of that other day, she felt her happy heart dancing against the message folded under her dress, she saw the glint of Southern sunlight across the dull faces about the table, and smelled the violets and mimosa in Mrs. Merriman's vases. Then she woke again to the present, just as an austere parlor-maid was requesting her to step this way.

Dr. Arklow's study was full of books, of signed photographs of church dignitaries, of worn leather armchairs and scattered pipes and tobacco-pouches. The Rector himself, on the hearth, loomed before her at once bland and formidable. He had guessed, of course, that she had come to talk about the date and hour of the wedding, and all the formulas incidental to such visits fell trippingly from his large, benevolent lips. The visit really passed off more easily than she had expected, and she was on her feet again and feeling him behind her like a gentle trade-wind accustomed to waft a succession of visitors safely to the door, when she stopped and faced him.

"Dr. Arklow——"

He hovered benevolently.

"There's something else—a case I've always wanted to put to you."

"Dear Mrs. Clephane—do put it now." He was waving her back into her armchair; but she stood before him without noticing his gesture.

"It's about a friend of mine——"

"Yes; a friend? Do sit down."

She sat down, still unconscious of her movements or his.

"A most unhappy woman. I told her I would ask—ask what could be done. She had an idea that you could tell her."

He bowed expectantly.

Her parched lips brought out: "Of course it's confidential," and his gesture replied that communications, in that room, were always held to be so. "Whatever I can do—" he added affably.

"Yes. She thought—her position is really desperate." She stopped, her voice failing her; then the words hurried forth in panting jerks. "She was most unhappily married—things went against her—everything did. She tried—tried her best. Then she met him—it was too difficult. He was her lover; only for a short time. After that her life was perfectly—was all it should be. She never saw him—oh, for years. Now her daughter wants to marry him."

"Marry him? *The same man?*" The Rector's voice swelled above her like a wave; his presence towered, blurred and gigantic. She felt the tears strangling in her throat; but again she was seized by the besetting desire that her secret should not be guessed, and a desperate effort at self-control drove the tears back and cleared her voice.

Dr. Arklow still loomed and brooded. "And the man——?"

A slow flush of agony rose to her forehead; but she remembered that she was seated with her back to the light, and took courage. "He—he is determined." She paused, and then went on: "It's too horrible. But at first he didn't know—when he first met the girl. Neither of them knew. And when he found out——"

"Yes?"

"Then—it was too late," she said. "The girl doesn't know now; she doesn't dream; and she's grown to care—care desperately."

"That's his defense?"

Her voice failed her again, and she signed her assent.

There was another long pause. She sat motionless, looking down at her own interlocked hands. She felt that Dr. Arklow was uneasily pacing the hearth-rug; at last she was aware that he was once more standing before her.

"The lady you speak of—your friend—is she here?"

She started. "*Here?*"

"In New York, I mean?"

"No, no; she's not here," Kate cried precipitately. "That's the reason why I offered to come——"

"I see." She thought she caught a faint note of relief in his voice. "She wished you to consult me?"

"Yes."

"And she's done everything—everything, of course, to stop this abomination?"

"Oh, everything—everything."

"Except to tell her daughter?"

She made another sign of assent.

Dr. Arklow cleared his throat, and declared with emphasis: "It is her duty to tell her daughter."

"Yes," Kate Clephane faltered. She got to her feet and looked about her blindly for the door.

"She must tell her daughter," the Rector repeated with rising vehemence. "Such a shocking situation must be avoided; avoided at all costs."

"Yes," she repeated. She was on the threshold now; automatically she held out her hand.

"Unless," the Rector continued slowly, his eyes upon her, "she is absolutely convinced that less harm will come to all concerned if she has the courage to keep silence—always." There was a pause. "As far as I can see into the blackness of it," he went on, "the whole problem turns on that. I may be mistaken; perhaps I am. But when a man has looked for thirty or forty years into pretty nearly every phase of human suffering and error, as men of my cloth have to do, he comes to see that there must be adjustments—adjustments in the balance of evil. Compromises, politicians would call them. Well, I'm not afraid of the word." He stood leaning against the jamb of the door; her hand was on the door-knob, and she listened with lowered head.

"The thing in the world I'm most afraid of is sterile pain," he said after a moment. "I should never want any one to be the cause of that."

She lifted her eyes with an effort, and saw in his face the same look of understanding she had caught there for a moment while she talked with him at the Drovers' after dinner.

"Sterile pain—" she murmured. She had crossed the threshold now; she felt that he was holding out his hand.

Song of the Road

By ELEANOR SAWYER CHASE

At dawn your heart is too light for your load:
This is the song of the winding road.

Up the road, where the mists hang low,
And down the road, the people go,

Whistling a bit when the road is blue.
(Strange what a whistle will do for you!)

Whistling, with darkness just ahead,
Glad of the way that the road has led.

All day long the feet pass by,
Trampling the dust that rises high;

Feet that bravely march to song;
Wistful feet that trudge along;

Feet that lag when the sun has set
And the road is dark and the wind is wet;

Vagabond feet that sadly still
Must follow the night across the hill.

(For the feet that keep to the hardest track
Are the feet that never are coming back.)

But when the orange lamps shine warm
From roadside house and roadside farm,

There are happy feet that cease to roam;
Turn in at the gate—and stay at home.

For your heart grows heavy at night with your load:
This is the song of the winding road.

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His face once more wore the expression of worldly benevolence that was as much the badge of his profession as his dress. After all, she perceived, he was glad that she had said nothing more definite, glad that their talk was safely over. Yet she had caught that other look on his face.

"If your friend were here; if there were anything I could do for her, or say to her—anything to help——"

"Oh, she's not here; she won't be here," Kate repeated hastily.

"In that case—" Again she caught the relief in his voice.

"But I will tell her—tell her what you've said." She was aware that they were shaking hands, and that he was averting his apprehensive eyes from hers. "For pity's sake," the eyes seemed to entreat her, "let's get through with this before you betray yourself—if there's anything further to betray."

At the front door he bowed her out, repeating cordially: "And about a date for Anne's wedding; as soon as you and she are absolutely decided, remember I'm completely at your service."

The door closed, and she found herself in the street.

SHE turned away from the rectory and walked aimlessly up Madison Avenue. It was a warm, Summer-colored October day. At Fifty-seventh Street she turned into the Park and wandered on over the yellowing leaf-drifts of the Ramble. In just such a state of blind bewilderment she had followed those paths on the day when she had first caught sight of Chris Fenno and Lilla Gates in the twilight ahead of her. That was less than a year ago, and she looked back with amazement at the effect which that chance encounter had had on her. She seemed hardly to be suffering more now than she had suffered then. It had seemed unbearable, impossible, at the moment, that Chris Fenno should enter, even so episodically, so remotely, into her new life; and here he was, ensconced in its very center, in complete possession of it.

She tried to think the situation out; but, as always, her trembling thoughts recoiled, just as she had seen Dr. Arklow's recoil.

Every one to whom she had tried to communicate her secret without betraying it had had the same instantaneous revulsion. "Not that—don't tell me *that!*" their averted eyes, their shrinking voices seemed to say. It was too horrible—too horrible for any ears.

How then was she to obey Dr. Arklow's bidding and impart it to Anne? Yet he had said it as positively as if he were handing down a commandment from Mount Sinai: "The daughter must be told."

How easy to lay down abstract rules for other people's guidance! "The daughter" was just an imaginary person—a convenient conversational pawn. But Kate Clephane's daughter—her own Anne! She closed her eyes and tried to face the look in Anne's as the truth dawned on her

"You—*you*, Mother? The mother I've come to adore—the mother I can't live without, even with all my other happiness? *You?*"

Yes—perhaps that would be the worst of it, the way Anne would look at her and say "*You?*" For, once the girl knew the truth, her healthy youth might so revolt from Chris's baseness, Chris's duplicity, that the shock of the discovery would be its own cure. But when the blow had fallen, when Anne's life had crashed about her, and the ruins been cleared away—what then of her mother? Why, her mother would be buried under those ruins; her life would be over; but a hideous, indestructible image of her would remain, overshadowing, darkening the daughter's future.

"This man you are going to marry has——"

No; Kate Clephane could go no farther than that. Such confessions were not to be made; were not for a daughter's ears. She began the phrase to herself again and again, but could not end it.

She had left the Park, aimlessly, unseeingly, and was walking eastward through a half-built street in the upper Nineties. The thought of returning home—reentering that house where the white dress still lay on the bed—was unbearable. She walked on and on. Suddenly she came upon an ugly sandstone church-front with a cross above the doorway. The leathern swing-doors were flapping back and forth, women passing in and out. Kate Clephane pushed open one of the doors and looked in. The day was fading, and in the dusky interior lights fluttered like butterflies about the paper flowers of the altar.

There was no service, but praying figures were scattered here and there down the nave. Against the brown-washed walls of the aisles stood a row of confessionals of varnished wood; before one or two, women were expectantly kneeling. Mrs. Clephane wondered what they had to tell.

Leaning against one of the sham stone piers of the nave, she evoked those imaginary confessions, and thought how trivial, how childish they would seem compared to what she carried in her breast. What a help it must be to turn to somebody who could tell one firmly, positively what to do—to be able to lay down one's moral torture like a heavy load at the end of the day!

Dr. Arklow had none of the authority which the habit of the confessional must give. He could only vaguely sympathize and deplore, and try to shuffle the horror out of sight as soon as he caught an unwilling glimpse of it. But these men whose office it was to bind and to unbind—who spoke as the mere impersonal mouthpieces of a mighty Arbitrator, letting neither moral repugnance nor false delicacy interfere with the sacred task of alleviation and purification—how different must they be! Her eyes filled at the thought of laying her burden in such hands.

AND why not? Why not entrust her anonymous secret to one of those anonymous ears? In talking to Dr. Arklow she had felt that both he and she were paralyzed by the personal relation, and all the embarrassments and complications arising from it. When she spoke of her friend in distress, and he replied with the same evasive formula, both were conscious of the evasion, and hampered by it. And so it had been from the first—there was not an ear into which she dared pour her agony. What if, now, at once, she were to join those unknown penitents? It was possible, she knew—she had but a step to take.

She did not take it. Her unrest drove her forth again into the darkening street, drove her homeward with uncertain steps, in the mood of forlorn expectancy of those who, having failed to exert their will, wait helplessly on the unforeseen. After all, how could one tell? Chris must, in his own degree, be suffering as she was suffering. Why not stick to her old plan of waiting, holding on, enduring everything, in the hope of wearing him out? She reached the door of her house, set her teeth, and went in. Overhead, she remembered with a shudder, the white dress waited, with all that it implied.

She found the drawing-room empty, and went up to her own room. There, as usual, the fire shone invitingly, fresh flowers opened in the lamplight. All was warmth, peace, intimacy. As she sat down by the fireside she seemed to see Fred Landers's heavy figure in the opposite armchair, his sturdy, square-toed boots turned to the hearth. She remembered how, one day, as he sat there, she had said to herself that it might be pleasant to see him there always. Now, in the extremity of her loneliness, the thought returned. Since then, he had confessed his own hope to her—shyly, obliquely, apologetically; but under his awkward, stammering words she had felt the echo of a long desire.

"THERE, ON THE BED, IN A DAZZLE OF WHITENESS, LAY THE WEDDING-DRESS. 'WILL YOU HELP ME TO TRY IT ON?' ANNE ASKED"

She knew he had always loved her; had not Anne betrayed the fact that it was owing to her guardian's influence that she had recalled her unknown mother?

Kate Clephane owed him everything, then—all her happiness and all her sorrow! He knew everything of her life—or nearly everything. To whom else could she

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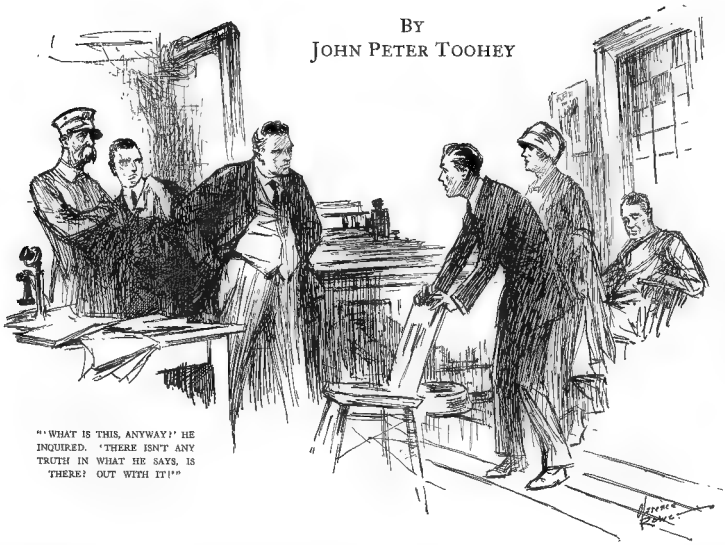
The Little Old Boat

By
John Peter Toohey



Illustrations by Clarence Rowe

"'WHAT IS THIS, ANYWAY?' HE INQUIRED. 'THERE ISN'T ANY TRUTH IN WHAT HE SAYS, IS THERE? OUT WITH IT!'"

No Matter How High a Bird May Fly It Always Has to Light

MRS. JONES'S curiosity was aroused by the shrill insistence of Wilbur's voice as he talked to some mysterious unknown on the telephone. The apparently immersed in the morning paper on the other side of the room, she was really giving no attention whatever to the printed page in front of her.

"I guess I know as much about honor and such things as anybody else," he was saying. "I guess I understand my duty in such matters and I guess that particular matter will be attended to right away."

He hung up the phone and gazed dejectedly out of the window.

"Oh, gee!" he murmured. "Oh, my gosh!"

His mother dropped the paper on her lap and sighed resignedly.

"What is it now, Son?" she inquired. "Anything specially serious?"

He turned a strained and worried face toward her.

"It's the most serious thing that ever happened to me," he said with impressive solemnity, "but it's something you wouldn't understand, I guess."

Mrs. Jones was prepared, as usual, for the worst. She got up and came toward him, her whole body limp and sagging as befitted one who feels herself a patient martyr to the disturbing cares of motherhood.

"Well, my dear," she said meekly, "let's hear all about it."

He got up and carefully closed and locked the door leading into the hall. He followed this precautionary movement by pulling down the window, and when he finally faced her she was visibly impressed by the apparent gravity of the situation. He had intended that she should be.

"Mother," he said, after a momentary pause, "do you feel that you can properly appreciate the idea of honor between men and things like that?"

"Why, yes—yes, I suppose I can—but I—I don't understand!"

"I'm glad to know that. you have some sense of the importance of a thing like that, because maybe it will make it easier for me to tell you about what's on my mind, and maybe it will make you able to see that I must be helped in this difficulty if I am to go through life without a stigma or anything like that on my reputation."

"A stigma on your reputation? Why, that's—that's nonsense!" Mrs. Jones was bravely trying to defend herself against an instinctive feeling that something really alarming was about to be revealed.

"It isn't nonsense," he continued, "or anything funny like that. You will probably criticize me for what I have done. I suppose that I deserve it—*I know* that I do—but criticism or lectures or such talk as that isn't going to help me out. I need something more than mere talk. Gosh, I should say so!"

He laughed bitterly and tossed his head in a manner that was intended to convey a suggestion of desperation. Mrs. Jones became slightly impatient.

"We're not getting anywhere with all this speech-making," she said with a touch of irritation. "What is it all about? Tell me quickly."

Wilbur gave vent to a dry cough and twisted uncomfortably as he stood before her.

"I guess I'd better get the part you won't like over with right away," he said, gulping a little on his words. "I've lost a lot of money."

"You've lost a lot of money?" his mother echoed; "but you couldn't have done that. You didn't have it to lose."

"That's just it. I didn't have it to lose and I've got to get it."

"I don't understand a word you're saying, Wilbur; not a word. It sounds perfectly silly to me. What do you mean?"

"Just what I said—I lost a lot of money gambling and I didn't——"

"Gambling? You don't mean to tell me you've been gambling."

"Of course I mean to tell you that—that's what I'm trying to tell you, and it isn't going to do any good lecturing and all that."

Mrs. Jones tried desperately hard to be patient.

"Just how much money did you lose?" she inquired with an attempt at calmness.

"Five hundred and eighty-three dollars and twenty-five cents."

"Five hundred and eighty—" she gasped incredulously. "Why, that's utterly impossible. No *boy* could lose any such sum as that. It's ridiculous."

"Huh, I guess I'm not a boy or anything like that any more and, besides, I guess a boy of maybe six or seven could lose *twenty-five* hundred if the cards didn't come to him. I guess the age hasn't got anything to do with the cards coming."

Mrs. Jones found it impossible to voice her feelings. She contented herself with a demand for further information.

"Tell me all about it," she said. "Who did you lose it to and when and how?"

He flopped into a chair and wiped a moist forehead.

"Well," he began, flounderingly, "I didn't mean to do it when I started. We got playing in a little game over at Jimmie Bartlett's the other night—five or six of us, and that Larry Stanhope was in the crowd—he's that banker's son from New York who's spending a few weeks with the Allisons—kind of a stuck-up bird who thinks we're a lot of rubes here and all that—and—and—well, it started as a twenty-five-cent-limit game and he said that was too tame and we might as well be playing old maid or authors, and he kidded us into boosting it, and it got up to a dollar, and I started losing, and I couldn't stop, and——"

"You couldn't stop? Why couldn't you just say you'd had enough, and walk away?"

"Oh, say, Mother, you can't do that with a crowd of men. Why, they'd think you were just a mollycoddle or a milk-fed simp or something like that. Well, I kept losing and losing and trying to win back my losings, and when Larry said he'd give me a chance to get even by raising the limit to five dollars, I just got desperate and agreed to it. That's how it is when you gamble—you get desperate sometimes and lose your head—all the big gamblers do that every now and then—well, that's how it is. I never did get any of it back and I lost a lot more. Larry was the big winner and I had to give him an I. O. U. for what I lost, all except fifty dollars that I drew out of the bank before I started."

"Well, that settles it," remarked his mother with finality. "He's got your I. O. U. He can whistle for his money, can't he? You don't have to pay a debt like that."

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Wilbur permitted himself the luxury of a disdainful laugh.

"That's just the kind of a debt you *do* have to pay before anything else," he said emphatically. "That's a debt of honor, that is, and it comes before everything else. Women don't understand things like that. I don't blame you for taking that attitude, but, of course, there's no way of getting out of it, absolutely no way. I'll be disgraced if it isn't paid. I couldn't hold my head up in this town again."

"I've heard that before," remarked his mother complacently.

"Well, it's true this time"—his words came tumbling out in a vehement rush. "Why, I'd be a marked man. I'd be a welsher. I'd just have to go away and live some place else and I'd do it, too, you can bet. Why, that Stanhope fellow has been pestering the life out of me, writing me nasty letters and calling me up on the telephone and kidding me and everything. Do you think I can stand that? And he's threatening to expose me all over town. I wonder how you'd like that—your son branded as a welsher and a man without honor or any of the qualities that go to make up a gentleman, and so on, and the neighbors all making remarks and everything. I guess that'd be fine, wouldn't it?"

Mrs. Jones seemed impressed by this last suggestion.

"Of course, I wouldn't want that," she admitted. "It would be terrible. But there isn't anything to be done about it that I can see. I suppose you didn't have much more than that fifty dollars in the bank, did you?"

"Just eleven dollars and eighty-five cents more. I paid him that. That was ridiculous, too, paying a childish sum like that on a debt of nearly six hundred dollars. Maybe he didn't rub it into me about that! You've just got to help me out, Mother. You've just got to loan me that money and I'll go to work and earn it back for you. I'll work my fingers to the bone and starve myself if necessary and——"

"Don't be silly, Wilbur," replied his mother. "I guess it's a little too early in life for you to think of starving just yet. I can't help you, tho. I haven't got the money to give you."

He straightened up quickly in a panic of anxious fear. "You haven't got it?" he exclaimed. "But you've got your own bank-account. You've got—why, you must have three thousand dollars or more in the bank. Didn't I deposit that check last month when you sold that lot out in Auburndale that you owned?"

"I *did* have it, but I haven't got it now. Your poor uncle Dick in Morgantown got into business difficulties just a couple of weeks ago and he borrowed it on a note. You've got to keep that a secret, Wilbur. You mustn't let your father hear about it. He doesn't approve of Uncle Dick and he says he's the poorest man in the State and I'm sure he wouldn't like it, but I had to do something for my poor brother when he came to me with tears in his eyes."

Wilbur stood up and plunged about the room, snorting.

"Huh!" he ejaculated with fine scorn, "you'd do something for your poor brother, but you wouldn't think of doing anything for your poor son. I guess when all is said and done that a son is closer to a mother than a mere brother. Huh, brothers can have anything they want when they're in difficulties, but when a son is up against it and liable to be ruined in disgrace in the entire community and branded as a man of dishonor and all that—why, when a son is in difficulty like that he doesn't get any show at all—not any show at all—he doesn't even get a crust thrown to him like you'd throw to even an ordinary beggar."

"But, Wilbur, be reasonable—please. I don't know anything about this thing until just now. Of course, if I had I wouldn't have given Uncle Dick all the money. We'll have to see if there isn't some other way out of this terrible tangle. You can't go to your father about it, I suppose."

"Of course not. I've got a certain standing with father now and this'd ruin everything between us, just ruin everything. You've got to see me out of this mess, Mother dear—please."

She found him almost sobbing on her breast again just as if he were a frightened child once more, and the feel of him there filled her with a tenderness he had not permitted her to feel for him for many years.

"I'll find a way, dear," she said softly. But she didn't. She was obliged to confess as much after dinner when Henry Jones had drifted down to the Calumet Club and she was left alone in the twilight on the porch with her erring offspring. Borrowing the money was out of the question, she explained. The only persons she would even think of borrowing from were her relatives, and none of them were in a position to render any aid. Wilbur groaned and slouched to the doorway, where he paused with his hand on the knob.

"I'm going up to my room," he said dramatically, "to think up some scheme for solving this problem, and I'll tell you right now, Mother, that if I *don't* think of one I'm going to do something terribly desperate."

"All right, dear, and in the meantime don't hold that screen door open and let in all the bugs in the neighborhood."

He passed into the hall and slammed the door behind him with a terrific bang. She could hear him pounding up the stairs like a spoiled child, and she wondered how the situation would clear up. Situations always did clear up somehow, but this one looked particularly dark and full of ominous portents.

It looked even darker when Wilbur imparted to her the next morning the details of the "scheme" which he had evolved during the disturbed watches of the night. He made a cautious approach to a revelation of them when they had the house to themselves after breakfast.

"I'm going to suggest something that'll probably startle you and all that," he began, "and I guess maybe you'll figure out that it can't be done and raise all kinds of objections, but I'm going to prove to you that it *can* be done all right, and I guess maybe I'll prove to you, too, that your objections don't amount to anything at all."

"All right, dear," replied Mrs. Jones. "I'll try to be reasonable. What is this grand scheme?"

"Well, it's this way—we've got to sell the car and raise the money that way."

"Sell the car? Why, we couldn't do that. That's out of the question."

"Why is it out of the question? I ask you the plain question –why is it out of the question?"

"Because—because—why, what would your father say? You said you didn't want him to know about this."

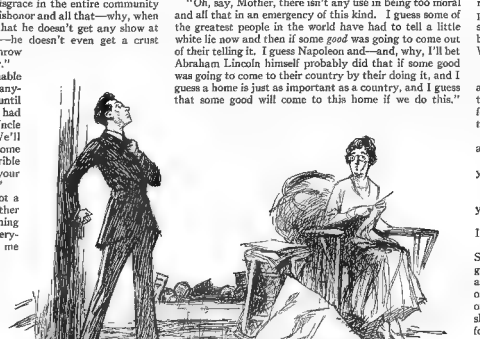
Wilbur smiled tolerantly at his mother.

"Of course, I don't want him to know and he doesn't have to know. We'll pretend it's been stolen—the car, I mean."

Mrs. Jones gasped.

"You mean you'd lie about it? You'd want me to be a party to a lie?"

"Oh, Mother, there isn't any use in being too moral and all that in an emergency of this kind. I guess some of the greatest people in the world have had to tell a little white lie now and then if some *good* was going to come out of their telling it. I guess Napoleon and—and, why, I'll bet Abraham Lincoln himself probably did that if some good was going to come to their country by their doing it, and I guess a home is just as important as a country, and I guess that some good will come to this home if we do this."

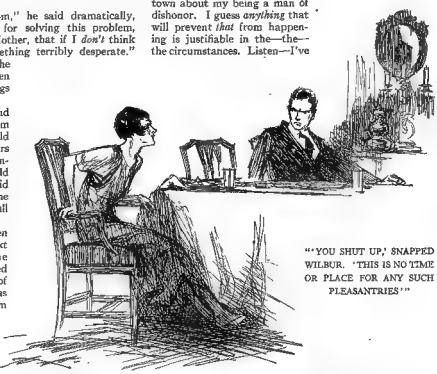


"'MOTHER,' HE SAID, 'DO YOU FEEL THAT YOU CAN PROPERLY APPRECIATE THE IDEA OF HONOR BETWEEN MEN AND THINGS LIKE THAT?'"

Mrs. Jones shook her head incredulously.

"I can't understand what's come over you, Wilbur," she said reproachfully, "suggesting an outrageous thing like that."

"I guess maybe you want me to do something really desperate," he continued at a headlong pace. "I guess you don't even realize yet what will happen to this family if this news gets out all over town about my being a man of dishonor. I guess *anything* that will prevent *that* from happening is justifiable in the—the—the circumstances. Listen—I've got it all worked out. There was an ad in the *Sentinel* last night. That's where I got the idea. It said a traveling salesman who's at the Arlington Hotel and covering the towns around here wanted to rent a car for the Summer or buy one.



"'YOU SHUT UP,' SNAPPED WILBUR. 'THIS IS NO TIME OR PLACE FOR ANY SUCH PLEASANTRIES'"

"Listen—I figure that I can go to him and get him to buy ours and promise to sell it back to us in a month or six weeks or so at the same price he paid for it. That'll give him the use of it free, and that's a pretty good inducement. Then when Uncle Dick pays you back that money we can buy it back, and I'll pretend I found it again and father'll never know. You don't need to do any lying or anything. I'll do that. All you've got to do is to shut your eyes and act as if you didn't know anything about it. And I'll pay you back the money. I'll earn it some way if it's the last act of my life on this earth."

Mrs. Jones found herself weakening under the fierce and fiery earnestness of his plea.

"I don't think," she said nervously, "that I should be a party to any such—well, to any such immoral thing —that's what it is—immoral."

"Say," he returned, "I'm not going to *steal* anything or murder some one. I guess after all is said and done it's partly *my* car anyway, and I guess I'd ought to have some say about it. All I want you to do is to agree that you'll buy it back when you get the money from Uncle Dick. Will you?"

"But supposing your father sees it some place or——"

"Oh, he wouldn't be sure about it. I'll bet you there are a hundred and fifty Darlingtons just like it in this town, and it hasn't got our name on it, and besides this fellow is going to be in the surrounding towns most of the time, I guess. I'm going right down there now to see him."

He bolted for the door before she could reply and paused at the threshold for a moment.

"You'll buy it back when you get the money, won't you?" he asked.

"Wilbur, I wouldn't do this if I were you."

"You'll buy it back when you get the money, won't you?" he insisted.

"Of course, but Wilbur, listen—you mustn't do this. It isn't wise and——"

She stopped short, realizing that he was out of ear-shot. She heard the front door slam, caught the click of the iron gate a moment later, and then the soft purr of the motor as the family car sped down the street, guided by the hand of a young man who felt strangely elated at the prospect of being snatched from the brink of disaster. Mrs. Jones shook her head dolefully and felt certain that she was in for a long period of dissimulation that would inevitably end in exposure and dire consequences.

The deal was consummated the next morning. Mrs. Jones, atremble with anxiety, signed the bill of sale in the ladies' writing-room at the Arlington Hotel and received from Mr. Herman Rothstein, special traveling representative of the Acme Toilet Preparations Corporation, a check

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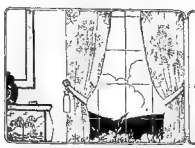


BEAUTY IN THE HOME

A Practical Department of Furnishing and Decorating

Conducted by WINNIFRED FALES

The Right Pictures for Our Walls

By RALPH TRACY HALE

SOME pictures we are born with, some we acquire, and some we have thrust upon us. In general it is a mistake to "furnish" a home with pictures, once and for all. As well might we place on our book-shelves the number of books required to fill them and let it go at that.

By what rule, then, shall we abide? "Whatsoever things are lovely and of good report"—that is the short and simple rule. By it every choice can be tested; without it every choice is haphazard. Through it a new meaning can be given to the hackneyed phrase: "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like." The pictures that the judgment of time has approved are the safe first choice. You will like them, not because you *ought* to like them who ever *likes* anything for that reason?—but because you can not help liking them, once you allow yourself to find out how lovely they are.

Not every picture, of course, is good to look upon merely because it is by an old master. But among the pictures that the world has lived with happily for years, you, the puzzled purchaser, can let your natural impulse lead you to the individual pictures that are clearly for *you*, with the consciousness that on the main question you can not go astray. And then from the perception of form and color which comes from living with the great pictures of all time comes the power to know *what* you like and *why* you like it, among the admirable things that are being done by the painters of to-day.

The processes of modern science are now giving us masterly reproductions of the best work of the painters of both past and present, many of them in the colors of the originals, suitable for the decoration of almost any home at moderate expense.

For a living-room, or a music-room, or similar room for general social purposes, the choice is particularly wide. You may have, for example, such lovely Madonnas as Raffael's "Madonna of the Chair" and "Madonna Gran Duca," such a brilliantly decorative painting as Botticelli's "Spring," Titian's noble "Portrait of a Man," Ter Borch's "The Letter," Giorgione's "Castelfranco Madonna," Rembrandt's vigorous "Young Warrior" and "The Night Watch," the lovely and charming interiors of Pieter de Hoogh, such as his "Woman Peeling Apples," "Interior with Soldiers," and "The Buttery"; the entrancing pictures of Jan Vermeer of Delft (who has been called the greatest painter who ever lived), such as his beautiful "Music Lesson," "Little Street in Delft," "Pearl Necklace," "Young Girl with a Water-Jug"; Nattier's graceful and elegant "Madame Sophie de France," the perennially popular "Broken Pitcher," by Greuze; Madame Vigée-Lebrun's lovely portraits of herself and her daughter, Millet's simple and impressive "Angelus" and "The Gleaners," Breton's "Song of the Lark," Corot's "Spring," "The Wood Gatherers," and "Dance of the Nymphs"; Holbein's colorful portrait of "Georg Gisze," Whistler's celebrated "Portrait of the Painter's Mother," George Inness's "Peace and Plenty," "The Home of the Heron," and "The Delaware Valley"; Winslow Homer's "All's Well" and "The Fog Warning," John Singer Sargent's "The Oyster Gatherers"—and many, many others. It is, of course, possible to mention only a few of the outstanding ones. To lighten up a dark corner a colorful wood-block print is a happy choice.

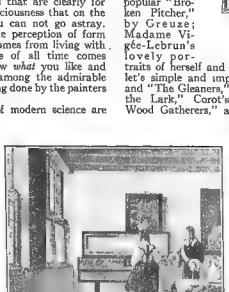
COLORFUL WOOD-BLOCK PRINTS ARE VERY DECORATIVE

For the library, etchings may well form a distinguished part of the decorative scheme. Many of them are expensive, however, and those by great etchers such as Dürer, Rembrandt, Méryon, and Whistler—to name only a few—are difficult to come by at any price. Reproductions of many great etchings are available, but their use is questionable. Reproductions of Holbein's wonderful red-chalk drawings are more wisely chosen, and these more easily harmonize with such desirable subjects in color as Rembrandt's "Old Pole," Stuart's "Washington," Burne-Jones's "Golden Stairs," Sargent's "Prophets," the Stratford "Shakespeare," Frans Hals's "Willem van Heythuysen," or di Michelino's "Dante and His Book." A photograph of a great statue like Saint Gaudens's "Lincoln" is good for your library walls, as is a photograph of a great cathedral, and neither would be out of place in a living-room.

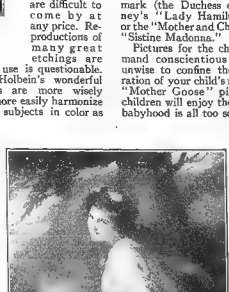
The dining-room needs especially cheerful pictures. They need not all be like the one which James Whitcomb Riley once characterized to the writer as "a spirited picture of a bunch of grapes." Fruit and flower pieces and pictures of defunct birds and rabbits, tho frequently found in dining-rooms, do not seem necessarily the last word in cheerful surroundings for the enjoyment of a meal. A better choice would be a charming landscape—perhaps an enlargement of some photograph of mountains or seashore that you yourself have taken or bought in your travels—or such a scene as "The First Thaw," by P. Mönsted, facing page 16 of this issue.

For the bedroom, the family photograph frequently—and properly—holds first place, and the bedroom is the place for it. But other pictures can be judiciously chosen to foster the atmosphere of permanence which the American home—particularly the apartment-house home—so frequently lacks, for example: Correggio's "Holy Night," Guido Reni's "Aurora," Holbein's "Christine of Denmark (the Duchess of Milan)," Romney's "Lady Hamilton with a Goat," or the "Mother and Child" from Raffael's "Sistine Madonna."

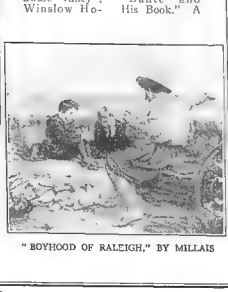
Pictures for the children's rooms demand conscientious attention. It is unwise to confine the deliberate decoration of your child's room to a frieze of "Mother Goose" pictures. The little children will enjoy them, to be sure, but babyhood is all too soon out-grown and the inquiring eye of the child soon demands something more to look at than a perpetual repetition of the picture-books already being cast aside. There are plenty of great pictures that are not too old for the boy and girl and will never be too young. Such, for instance, are Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Love Me, Love My Dog" and "The Age of Innocence," Raeburn's "Boy with a Rabbit," Millais's "Boyhood of Raleigh," Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" and "Ploughing," and Boughton's "The Return of the *Mayflower*." Young children will enjoy the charming pictures of Jessie Willcox Smith or Margaret Tarrant, and they will also like them when they are older.



"THE MUSIC LESSON," BY JAN VERMEER



"LADY HAMILTON," BY ROMNEY



"BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH," BY MILLAIS

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Lady DIANA MANNERS

the most beautiful woman of the English Aristocracy praises this care of the skin

"Beauty is the touchstone of life. Without it we might as well live on the burnt-out Moon! So, for her own, for everybody's sake, it's every woman's duty to foster her beauty. She can effectively accomplish this loveliness by the Pond's Method, by using Pond's Two Creams."

PORTRAIT OF LADY MANNERS BY AMBROSE A. McEVOY

LADY DIANA MANNERS

—daughter of the eighth Duke and Duchess of Rutland. Left, her portrait, as it hangs in her London house, by Ambrose A. McEvoy, in a pose reminiscent of classic statues of Diana, goddess of the hunt.

Below, a portrait of Lady Diana in her wedding gown, painted by Sir James J. Shannon, R. A. The small pictures, from drawings by her mother, show her as the Nun and The Madonna in "The Miracle"

Diana Manners

LADY DIANA MANNERS is the most beautiful woman of her generation, the Lady Hamilton of our day.

Beauty is in her blood. Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, famous beauty of Elizabethan days, was one of her ancestors. And her mother, the Duchess of Rutland, was a creature of rare loveliness when she was lady-in-waiting to the Queen.

Lady Diana's beauty is fabulous. It sets the pulses racing, the imagination afire.

The delicate modeling of her face, the proud lift of her head, the graceful dignity of her figure, declare her "the daughter of a thousand earls." But the glint of gold in her hair, the starry blueness of her eyes, these touch the heart-strings, being heaven-sent.

And the lily's own petals are not more snowy-white, more satin-soft, than Lady Diana's skin. Sculptors and painters have begged her to sit for them, for, as a great English painter said, "she has the most beautiful complexion in the world."

No wonder she's the darling of the most exclusive Society of two continents and, thanks to her gracious ways, beloved of plain folk too. She's "England's best ambassador in making friends of Americans for England."

Lady Diana—whose creed is, "Beauty is the touchstone of life"—knows the need of keeping all her own beauty untouched by wind and cold, the harsh lights and make-up of the theater, and the late hours of her exacting social life. So this exquisite creature literally bathes her face and neck in cold cream and protects them with the delicate finish of a second cream.

For, like so many of the beautiful women of England of America, Lady Diana Manners has found the Two Creams that keep the skin its exquisite best no matter how it's taxed.

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Before you powder, smooth over your newly cleansed face a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It keeps your complexion fresh and protected for hours against any weather, gives it the softest finish imaginable and holds your powder with velvety smoothness and surprisingly long.

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Your Club and Its Programs

How to Review a Novel and Present It to Your Audience

By May Lamberton Becker

I AM to review one of the novels of the year for my club. How shall I go about it?"

This is the question that comes to me most regularly of all the flock of questions that come to a book-adviser. The name of the novel differs, of course, and sometimes I am asked indirectly; for when some one wants to know where to find the best reviews of some novel, I know they are for use in preparing a club paper. I wish I were sure that they would be used to the best advantage.

Printed book-reviews have their own important place in our culture, but so far as writing a club paper goes, they touch that process at only one point, and, as we shall see, by no means at the beginning. Certainly one of them can not be adapted or several of them combined to make a club paper that will be heard with interest and remembered with gratitude. If you consider how different the two types of review are, in purpose and in the methods by which the purpose is accomplished, you will see at once why this should be so.

To begin with, the duty of the professional critic involves not only appreciation but appraisal—appraisal based on wide knowledge and experience of literature in general. A reader who has learned to trust a reviewer depends on his help in selecting from the flood of new books the ones that will be not only good but of the most good for his special needs. He expects to learn from the review not only what kind of book it is, but how good of its kind, and to be warned if it is not good enough.

A critic's duty to his readers as well as to literature requires him to do a great deal of weeding out. With this the club-reviewer has of course no concern; it is taken for granted that she would not talk about the book at all unless it were well worth talking about. But the professional critic has another, higher duty, and this the club-reviewer shares, tho, as we shall see, she must perform it in a different way. This is the duty of interpretation.

Let us look at the means each has at his disposal; the newspaper reviewer first. Briefly—for print-space is precious—he throws, as it were, a spotlight upon the novel so as to bring out its essential character and value. Sometimes he lights up the book with a few sentences; often a single phrase sends a ray upon its meaning. He tells only just enough of the plot to give you an idea of its essential character. For the same reason he quotes, if at all, only brief passages, a sentence or two, that show its quality. When his review is printed it is on the page to stay; after you have read the book it invited you to read you can turn back to the review and read it again with even more enjoyment.

But the club-reviewer reaches her audience through the ears and has just one chance to do it. Always remember that. It is also probable that many in the audience have not read the book; indeed, one of your objects is to induce them to do so. *The problem is, then, to construct a review that when heard for the first and only time shall be entertaining in itself whether the hearer has read the book or not, and valuable in itself even if he never does read it.*

Here is how I go about it.

First, read the novel. I would not put this in if once in a while I did not get a letter like this: "Where can I find reviews of 'Told by an Idiot'? I am a very busy woman and will not have time to read the book." I wonder what people like that think will become of their souls, let alone their minds, if they take chances on them like that. Reading a novel, however, does not have to mean reading it straight ahead. Some people chew straight through a book from cover to cover, some skip, and chewers always look down on skippers. Don't let that worry you.

The first time I read "Riceyman Steps" I realized before it was well under

LET Mrs. Becker help you with your club programs. Send her your questions with a stamped, addressed envelop. This new department begins an unusually practical service for the club-women who read Pictorial Review. In it Mrs. Becker will give you the benefit of her long experience as a literary adviser on books and reading and a lecturer to women's clubs.

way that it was a novel worth my careful attention—and that I was not giving it that attention because I was too anxious to find out whether *Joe* was coming back. So I turned over to the last few pages and in two minutes took off the strain, and used them to get through the book at a speed that let me enjoy the landscape

But by whatever method, I assume that before you begin your review you will have read every word of the novel and marked or if it is a library book, otherwise indicated—every passage that seems to you significant, whether paragraph, sentence, or single phrase.

It will be worth while for you to copy what you have marked; you will not have an abstract of the novel, but evidence of how the novel has impressed you. Also, when later on you want to make quotations, you can cut out what you choose from this and paste it into your paper instead of reading from the book. For nothing is more dismaying to an audience than to see you set on the table before you a book bristling with little slips of paper. At the best they keep watching to see how many are left: at the worst you get them mixed and the break is fatal.

By this time you will have found that there is in this novel some central idea that gives it unity, some vital force that keeps it going. It is with this idea and this force that your review is to be concerned. Your duty is to get it over to the audience.

Books are like windows, not only to look at but to look through. Some, like some windows, open on nothing but a dead wall, in which case they are often prettily draped and decorated; and if you must say something about them you will have to talk about the decorations. Some look on a historical period: "Henry Esmond" is a window on the age of Queen Anne; "Little Women" looks into the great American home at a time when it did not have the competition it now has.

Now, any one who has lived in a hill-country knows that some windows have both a near and a far view. A short-sighted person or one whose interests are all in the dooryard can get a good view of that, but, to the long sighted, vistas open to the far hills. Many people are mentally short-sighted, in life and in literature: they see only the foreground, and some books, written especially for them, are nothing but foreground. But if a book does have a long view, and if you can not quite get it with your unassisted vision, the true critic offers you his spectacles and sometimes you can see with them clear into the eternal verities.

For instance, in "Lulu Bett" is an account of what happened in one family; that is, you can take it for granted that from *Dwight* to the child *Monona* they did what Miss Gale says they did. But what gave this book its swift appeal was that back of *Lulu* we seemed to see a long line of mild domestic martyrs, slowly suffocating under some dominant personality. She seemed to speak for all of them, and when at last she spoke out for herself they all seemed to draw a long breath.

"Main Street" was a composite photograph of an American small town as it appeared to one restless reformer obliged to live in it. But the force of the book was Mr. Lewis's rage at the power of entrenched and complacent mediocrity, that would, if it could, "dress the high gods in Klassy Kollege Klothes."

"Alice Adams" is, as it stands, a few months in the life of an awful liar. Yes, but why does *Alice* lie? Look into that and you will see *Mrs. Adams* as the unconscious villain of the piece, and the piece itself a tragedy of one generation's pathetic effort to provide another with its own kind of happiness, when after all each generation must provide its own.

Here is the point in your preparation where the printed review comes in. This quality of vision grows by practise: a review written by a critic with vision may in a single sentence point out to you something that reveals the novel to you in a new light. Read half a dozen good reviews, and often you will be the most stimulated by those with which you least agree.

Now, keeping this central idea of the novel in mind, tell its story to your audience so as to bring out that idea. Choose from the plot only such incidents as bring it out. Let the quotations intensify it. Don't try to tell all the story: tell only enough to get the idea clear and plain. Your paper will then have unity and force.

I hope I have given no one a notion that a novel is a sermon and that you are to find the text and preach from it. This is the last and worst treatment to give any work of art. May Sinclair's "A Cure of Souls" is a portrait study of a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

2 NEW SALADS

paste these recipes in your cook book

ARAB'S DELIGHT: For each individual service, arrange two slices of Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple upon a lettuce leaf, and sprinkle with finely-cut celery and chopped walnuts. Top with two or more dates stuffed with cream cheese, and serve with French Dressing.

PARADISE SALAD: Mix 1 cup marshmallows (cut in pieces), 2 diced oranges, 2 sliced bananas and ½ cup chopped nuts; add a little salt and allow to stand for about an hour. Cut 2 small heads of lettuce into fourths and arrange around outside of a salad bowl, filling in the center with the fruit mixture. Top with Maraschino Cherries and serve with whipped cream.

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So to a wintry land is brought Hawaiian sunshine

Pineapple Torte

This is one of those "just-right" desserts—not too heavy, and not too light, so pretty to look at, and when your fork cuts down through the double layer of tender pineapple and cake—! It's easy to make, too: and a very good way to use up left-over cake.

Cut a piece of cake—any kind—into a ring the size and thickness of a slice of pineapple. Frost with butter frosting, and rol the sides in chopped browned almonds, or other chopped nuts. Drain a ring of Libby's Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple; place it on the cake, and garnish with a candied cherry

Pineapple Divinity

Divinity is a fitting name for this dessert—it does have the *best* flavor! Try it.

Cut Libby's Sliced Pineapple in cubes; mix with ½ cup grated cocoanut and 1 cup quartered marshmallows. (If you are in a special hurry, use Libby's Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, drained.) Mix well, and let stand in a cool place long enough for the delicate pineapple flavor to blend thoroughly with the other ingredients. Garnish with walnut halves or cherries

Butterfly Salad

This is a delightful little concoct. Put together in a moment's thinking, it makes, nevertheless, a really satisfying salad

Split a banana lengthwise and cut in half Place one of these pieces on a crisp leaf of lettuce On each side of the banana place a half ring of Libby's Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple, to form butterfly wings. Garnish there with bits of candied fruit and serve with French dressing

Isle of Oahu in Hawaii, where Honolulu is, and the famous shining beach of Waikiki. Did you know that the best pineapple in all the world grows there?

So far away; yet on your own table every day you may serve this choice tropical fruit—have it with all its matchless tenderness and sweet, sparkling flavor!

For Libby packs it for you right where it grows; cuts it just when the hot sun has coaxed it to perfection there in the fields, and packs it at once to preserve for you all its wonderful delicacy and fragrance.

Endless ways to serve it

Served just as it is, Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple is a never failing appetizer. Every taste makes you hungry for whatever else is served, then for one more taste of the fruit itself.

And no end to the dainty salads and desserts you can make with it. That is why so many women like to have a can or two always on hand. Get a can yourself today—be sure it's Libby's Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple—and try it in these recipes.

There are other delicious pineapple dishes, too, in our booklet, "Libby's Luscious Fruits." It's free—just tell me you'd like a copy.

A puzzle party

Have you had a cross-word puzzle party yet? They're great fun!

I can tell you where to get the puzzles. And I have some nice new recipes that would make a lovely "surprise" menu for such a party. Write me!

Mary Hale Martin

Cooking Correspondent
Libby, McNeill & Libby, 552 Welfare Building, Chicago

What's the Matter with Georgia?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

resolution to the effect that "The members of the association, representing thirty-one States, unanimously urge the passage at this session of Congress of the child labor constitutional amendment without modification in the form in which it passed the House of Representatives on April 26th."

Why does this amendment give Congress power to legislate for persons up to eighteen years?

The word "child" or "minor" could not be used for the reason that existing statutes contain so many definitions of the word that its use in a constitutional amendment would be sure to cause confusion perhaps for many years. According to various statutes, the word "child" may mean a person under twenty-one years, under eighteen years, under fourteen years, under seven years, or "one who has not yet reached the age of discretion"—a stage which some people never reach.

A DEFINITE limit should be set to the power of Congress, and eighteen years was regarded as covering the period over which Congress should ever exercise jurisdiction.

This is no novel expression of governmental power. Already every State possesses the unquestioned power to legislate to "limit, regulate, or prohibit" the labor not only of persons under eighteen years but of those above that age. No age limit is set to the application of such power by any State.

These are laws that already exist. None claim that they are abused. Now it is simply proposed that Congress shall be given the same kind of power the States already possess—with this radical difference: that whereas the power of the States extends over the entire span of human life, the power of Congress shall be cut off sharply at eighteen years.

Some people have become much excited over the possibility of Congress attempting to regulate employment of children on farms. On this point the National Child Labor Committee has said:

"We believe that the employment of children in general agriculture by their parents or guardians on the home farm differs so materially from that found in manufacturing, mining, and commercial pursuits that its control and correction require different methods.

"Here abuses against childhood incidental to their employment by their parents or guardians on their own farms may be corrected by health, educational, and other protective agencies more easily than by prohibitive legislation. Where these methods fail and where cases of abuse, neglect, delinquency, or truancy may be traced to the employment of children in agriculture, the problem should preferably be handled by juvenile courts and their attendant probation services, by boards of public welfare, by the public school authorities, or by citizens' committees established for this purpose.

"The National Child Labor Committee in advocating a Federal constitutional child labor amendment does not understand that such amendment contemplates or would make desirable Federal legislation to prohibit the normal employment of children by parents or guardians on their own farms. On the other hand, the National Child Labor Committee seeks to co-operate with all public and private educational, health, and other agencies in the several States and localities organized to promote the welfare of the farmer and insure justice to children living in rural communities."

It seems highly improbable that Congress would ever consider passing such a law for the reason that public opinion—organized and unorganized—would be against it. Many of the largest and strongest national organizations in the country are co-operating with the National Child Labor Committee in supporting the amendment, yet every one of them is averse to any such exercise of Federal power.

The attempt to legislate against employment of children on farms would likewise be opposed, we believe, by the National Manufacturers' Association, the National Grange, Farmers' Alliance, American Farm Bureau, Moderation League, etc., and would be fought by the entire press of the country. Congress does not pass laws that every one opposes.

There is a fundamental distinction between efforts to regulate employment in agriculture and industrial pursuits.

Tho the conservation of child life is our business, it is a humiliating fact that we have sat still and allowed men to do the work. We have not even given them our whole-hearted support.

TWENTY years ago a majority of the States allowed children of fourteen to work nine, ten, eleven, or twelve hours a day, and in many States night-work was common. Extensive lists of occupations in which children were employed were entirely outside the scope of State laws or local ordinances, and the number of child laborers had become so great as to cause national alarm.

What did we mothers do about it? Nothing at all. We just sat still, as many of us are doing to-day, about the child labor amendment. We left it for the men to do. Dr. Felix Adler, the Reverend Edgar Gardner Murphy, and other men organized the National Child Labor Committee. We didn't do it. The general secretary, all the officers, and three-fourths of the executive council of this committee are men. Not a mother among them!

Pictorial Review puts it squarely up to the women citizens of Georgia and to the women citizens of every other State in the Union that has not ratified the amendment. Whatever we may neglect, whatever business we may leave unfinished at the end of this club year, let us see to it that the child labor amendment is not that business.

The Little Old Boat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

for $650, and a promise that at the end of a period of six weeks the car could be bought back for the same price.

"We're a little embarrassed financially at the present time," she explained, "but we get so much pleasure out of our car that we wouldn't like to sacrifice it permanently unless it is absolutely necessary."

"It'll be all right with me, lady," replied the affable Mr. Rothstein, a dapper and self-satisfied young man in a pepper-and-salt suit. "It's a fine little wagon and I know how you feel. I've been broke myself three or four times and it certainly takes the edge off of things to feel that you haven't got a bean and don't know where the next eats are coming from."

"My son tells me that you're going to use the car in the near-by towns," Mrs. Jones remarked with an attempt at a casual manner.

"That's right," the salesman returned. "I'm going to try and load up all the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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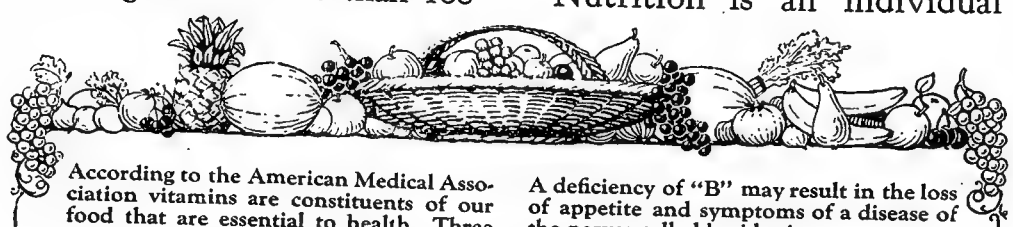
Eat your ABC's

THE most daring raider that sailed the seas during the World War was forced to dash for port after more than eight months of buccaneering—with more than 100 of the crew sick unto death and the remainder on the verge of the same peculiar illness.

What had happened? All had been rugged, picked men. They had lived well, seemingly, during their months at sea on a fare consisting mainly of meat, mashed potatoes, white bread, sweet cakes, tea and coffee, with occasional treats of fat and cheese. Yet it was found that the lack of certain vital food elements had made these strong men sick! The minerals and vitamins that must be part of a life-sustaining diet were missing. When these were supplied in the form of fresh vegetables, eggs, whole wheat bread, fresh milk and the juice of oranges the men quickly recovered.

Medical authorities are giving more and more study to the prevention and cure of disease by use of proper foods. If we wish to be well, happy and efficient, we must eat the right food.

We eat three supposedly good meals a day—and still we may be starving for the vital elements our bodies need. Some of the "prepared" foods of today have been robbed of important health-giving elements which Nature put in them. It is very easy to over-eat and still be under-nourished.



According to the American Medical Association vitamins are constituents of our food that are essential to health. Three are known at present designated as Vitamins A, B and C. (see chart below.)

A deficiency of "A" in the diet may result in symptoms of rickets and a disease of the eyes as well as lack of normal development.

A deficiency of "B" may result in the loss of appetite and symptoms of a disease of the nerves called beri-beri.

A deficiency of "C" may result in symptoms of scurvy.

A deficiency of *any* of the vitamins in the diet of children will result in impaired growth and health.

Vitamins in Foods

	"A"	"B"	"C"
BREAD, WHITE (WATER)	?	+	—
" " (MILK)	+	+	?
" WHOLE WHEAT (WATER)	+	++	?
" " " (MILK)	++	++	?
BARLEY (WHOLE)	+	++	—
CORN, YELLOW	+	++	—
OATS	+	++	—
MEAT, LEAN	—to+	+?	+?
BEEF FAT	+	—	—
MUTTON FAT	+	—	—
PIG KIDNEY FAT	++	—	—
OLEOMARGARINE	+	—	—
LIVER	++	++	+
KIDNEY	++	++	+?
BRAINS	+	++	+?
SWEETBREADS	+	+	*
FISH, LEAN	—	+	*
" , FAT	+	+	*
" , ROE	+	++	+?
MILK, FRESH	+++	++	+V
" , CONDENSED	+++	++	+V
" , DRIED (WHOLE)	+++	++	+V
" , SKIMMED	+	++	+V
BUTTERMILK	+	++	+V
CREAM	+++	++	+V
BUTTER	+++	—	—
CHEESE	++	*	*
COTTAGE CHEESE	+	*	*
EGGS	++	+	+?
ALMONDS	+	+	*
COCONUT	+	++	*
HICKORY NUTS	*	++	*
PEANUTS	+	++	*
PECANS	*	+	*
WALNUTS	*	++	*

	"A"	"B"	"C"
TOMATOES (RAW OR CANNED)	++	+++	+++
BEANS, KIDNEY	*	+++	*
" , NAVY	*	+++	—
" , STRING (FRESH)	++	++	++
CABBAGE, FRESH, RAW	+	+++	+?
" , COOKED	+	++	+?
CARROTS, FRESH, RAW	++	++	++
" , COOKED	++	+	+
CAULIFLOWER	+	++	+
CELERY	*	+	*
CUCUMBER	*	+	*
DANDELION GREENS	++	++	+
EGGPLANT, DRIED	*	++	*
LETTUCE	++	++	+++
ONIONS	*	++	++
PARSNIP	—?	++	*
PEAS	++	++	+?
POTATOES (BOILED IS MIN.)	*	++	+?
" (" 1 HOUR)	*	++	+?
" (BAKED)	*	++	+
SWEET POTATOES	++	+	*
RADISH	*	+	*
RUTABAGA	—?	++	+++?
SPINACH, FRESH	+++	+++	*
" , DRIED	+++	++	*
SQUASH, HUBBARD	++	*	*
TURNIPS	—?	++	*
APPLES	+	+	+
BANANAS	+?	+?	+
GRAPE JUICE	*	+	+
GRAPEFRUIT	*	++	++
LEMON JUICE	*	++	+++
ORANGE JUICE	+	++	+++
PRUNES	*	+	—
RASPBERRIES (FRESH OR CANNED)	*	*	+++

\+ contains the Vitamin
++ good source of the Vitamin
+++ excellent source of the Vitamin
— no appreciable amount of the Vitamin
? doubt as to presence or relative amount
* evidence lacking or insufficient
V variable

A WELL BALANCED DAILY DIET

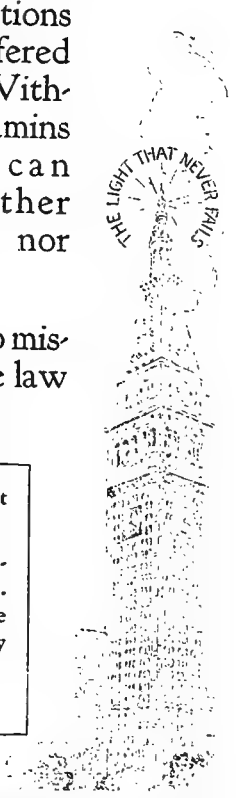
1. Milk—a quart for a child, a pint for an adult—as a beverage or used in cooking.
2. Vegetables—Two daily.
3. Fresh Fruits—At least once daily.
4. Meat, or Fish, or Eggs or Cheese or Beans or Lentils.
5. Bread and Cereals—Preferably whole wheat and other entire grain.
6. Fat—Butter or other fat in some form every day.
7. Sweets—Best when taken in a moderate amount at mealtime.

Many of our physical ailments could be avoided by giving proper attention to the selection of food. Nutrition is an individual problem and it varies according to age. For instance, the person of advancing years needs a greater amount and a greater proportion of "roughage" than a child. "Roughage" in the form of whole wheat, whole cereals, bran or bulky vegetables and fruits is necessary for health.

Variety in the diet is absolutely essential. Children, especially, need pure milk, vegetables and fruit. An insufficiency of these foods is frequently the cause of thinness and stunted growth.

The mistake that many people make is in neglecting to use enough milk, whole wheat bread, fruits, vegetables and whole grain cereals from which the outer covering has not been removed—rice, wheat, oats, corn, barley—the *natural* foods in which vitamins and minerals are most plentiful. Without them the teeth, blood and bones will suffer, and bodily functions will be interfered with. Without vitamins there can be neither growth nor health.

Make no mistake—the most important health law is the law of keeping well by eating the right food.



Keep this page where you can refer to it readily for guidance. If upon your judgment depends the choice of food for your family, remember that you have their health in your keeping.

Good food is not necessarily expensive. The cheapest food is often most nutritious. The most expensive food is frequently harmful. The important thing is wise selection. Select your diet from the Vitamin Chart on this page so that the proportions of Vitamins A, B, C are equally well balanced.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes the great importance of making certain that good food is not spoiled in the cooking and has prepared a practical new Cook Book which tells how to prepare food to obtain the greatest amount of nutriment.

This book, containing hundreds of delicious, economical recipes, is free to all. Your name on a post-card asking for the Metropolitan Cook Book will bring it by return mail.

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The Little Old Boat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

drug-stores in the county with my line of beauty stuff—the finest line now being sold anywhere in the world, if I do say it myself."

He escorted them to the main entrance of the hotel and shook hands cordially as they departed. At the curb the Joneses' Darlington, trim-looking and shiny as the result of a vigorous two hours' cleaning by Wilbur, caught their eye. Mrs. Jones sighed as they passed it.

Mrs. Jones cashed the check at her bank, and Wilbur's debt of honor was formally canceled that afternoon. There remained only the problem of breaking the news to father. Wilbur tried to affect an offhand manner in telling his mother that he would attend to that at the dinner-hour, but, his self-assurance was decidedly pumped up. As six o'clock drew near he retired to the seclusion of his chamber and began to formulate a set speech in which the bad news would be broached to the head of the family. He was distinctly worried at the prospect.

HENRY JONES rudely crashed in upon his plans by making a remark at the table which prevented him from adroitly leading up to the subject.

"Well, folks," he remarked genially, "this looks like a fine night for a spin in the car. What do you all say to a little run around the lake?"

Mrs. Jones remained silent and looked apprehensively at her son. Her daughter Anne received the suggestion with enthusiasm. Wilbur coughed nervously.

"I guess that'd be a grand idea, Father," he remarked tremblingly, "if we only *had* a car."

"If we only *had* a car," repeated Mr. Jones. "What happened to it?"

"Well, it's this way—now there's no use in getting all heated up about it and all that because that won't do any good at all and won't help us get it back, and if we all kind of hold our heads and refuse to be carried away by excitement and all that and if we—"

"That'll be about all the beating about the bush that we want to hear from you, young gentleman," broke in Mr. Jones with an unusual touch of acerbity in his voice. "What's happened to the car?"

"It's—it's been stolen, Father."

"Stolen, eh—when, where, and how?"

"This afternoon. I was down on State Street and I went into a place to get an ice-cream soda and I thought I'd locked it carefully—I'm pretty sure I did, but I suppose maybe I didn't—anyway, when I came out there wasn't any sign of it in sight and I spent a couple of hours trying to trail it in Billy Morgan's car.

"We drove up and down nearly every street in the central city trying to see if we could find any trace of it, but there wasn't, and finally I decided that it was a kind of wild-goose chase and I gave it up. But I'll find it yet if I have to comb this town with a fine-tooth comb, and I guess maybe I'll comb the county, too, if necessary, and then if I can't find it I'll work my fingers to just mere skin and bones to earn money enough to buy another one."

Mr. Jones bored his son with a look of devastating contempt.

"Work your fingers to skin and bones, eh?" he remarked with nasty sarcasm. "If you did that I guess the doctors' bills would cost about as much as a new car. If you've got any more fool things you want to do this Summer I wish you'd get 'em all off your chest this week so that we can have some assurance of at least a few days of relaxation before you go back to college. I don't suppose you had sense enough to notify the police, did you?"

"Well, no—I forgot—you see——"

"Why didn't you look in on your dear old chum, Chief Driscoll?" remarked Anne maliciously. "I'm sure he'd welcome you with open arms and do everything in his power to help you."

"You shut up!" snapped Wilbur "This is no time or place for any such pleasantries."

"You seem to take this thing pretty calmly, Grace," said Mr. Jones, turning to his wife. "I haven't heard a peep out of you. Did you know about it?"

Mrs. Jones's mouth worked tremulously as she replied.

"Why, yes—yes—he told me about it. I think it's terrible—simply terrible, and I told him so. Didn't I tell you I thought it was terrible, Wilbur?"

"Yes—of course you did, and you said a lot of more things. I guess mother just about worked off all her steam before you came in, Father."

Mr. Jones gulped down the last of his coffee and looked at his watch.

"I suppose it's too late to call up the insurance people," he said. "If you had the common sense of an ordinary insect you'd have got in touch with them right away after this thing happened or let me know about it and they could have had a detective on the job to-night."

"A detective!" gasped Mrs. Jones. "I never thought of that. Do the insurance companies have detectives?"

"You just bet they do," replied her husband. "They've got detectives that make a specialty of running down car thieves and they're pretty darned successful at it, too."

He went into the other room, and they could hear him getting police headquarters on the telephone. Mrs. Jones, when Anne had gone up-stairs, turned a frightened look on Wilbur.

"I never thought of this possibility. Did *you* know anything about it?"

"I guess maybe I never considered it much," he replied, "but I don't think there's much chance of their finding it, and there's no use in worrying about it because the thing is done now, and even if they do find it I guess they can't put us in jail or anything."

Having delivered himself of this reassuring message, Wilbur vanished into the twilight before his father could return with more recriminations. Mrs. Jones sighed and indulged herself for a minute or two in a dream fantasy in which she was a serene and happy spinster unburdened by a family and living in quiet seclusion in a charming little house all by herself. This particular fantasy in various forms always obtruded itself when the household was passing through one of its weekly crises.

NO LESS than two detectives called at the house the next day, one from the police department and the other from the insurance company. They found Wilbur extremely vague as to any identifying mark on the car beyond the license-plate, but Mrs. Jones obligingly supplied one of them with a detail.

"The upholstering on the back seat has got a red stain on it about as big as your hand," she remarked. "Don't you remember, Wilbur, that day you spilled the canned cherries at the picnic?"

"No, I guess I don't," he snapped in reply as he watched the detective making a note in a little book.

The tension in the Joneses' household continued unrelieved for several days. Henry Jones developed an unpleasant friendliness with both the police department and the private detective agency, and his constant telephone-calls on the subject of the car were a source of such incessant irritation to his wife that she felt herself on the verge of a complete nervous collapse. Wilbur, nursing his own worries, was in no mood to offer her consolation, and managed to keep out of the way of both his parents with almost complete success.

At the end of a week, however, things had settled down to a more normal level The detectives had been unable to trace

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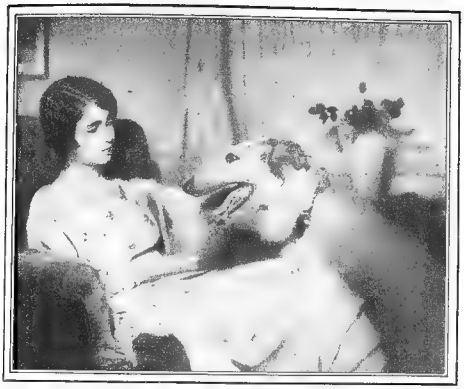
BELOW PAR..?



from constipation, lowered vitality, skin and stomach disorders?

Boundless energy in this simple fresh food!

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active.

At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

DISSOLVE ONE CAKE IN A GLASS OF WATER
(just hot enough to drink)

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast when taken this way is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain. Write us for further information, or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health.

Address: Health Research Dept. A-13, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I WAS a wreck and I knew it. Although young, scarcely twenty, indigestion had taken a firm hold; my complexion was bad, vitality gone and life looked black. I had tried everything and yeast had been recommended to me. 'How absurd,' I mused. 'Yet if I only dared hope!' At the end of a month my complexion was noticeably improved, my stomach working properly and my entire system rejuvenated. Miracles like this cannot happen in a day; but now I am the picture of health."

(An extract from a letter from Mrs. Arthur R. Pagram, R. F. D. No. 29, Stamford, Conn.)

"AT the age of forty I found myself slipping in health. I was troubled with indigestion, constipation and nervous debility. I had read about people taking Fleischmann's Yeast, and ordered some. A while later, in answer to a friend's inquiry, I was surprised to hear myself reply, 'I feel like a prize-fighter' and realized then that I had not felt any sign of indigestion for some time, and was putting in ten to twelve hours' hard brain work daily. I knew I was back again."

(A letter from Mr. W. L. King of Washington, D. C.)

"FIVE years ago as an office worker in Milwaukee, I could answer to the description of the 'rundown, nervous, suffering woman' in the patent medicine ads. My sallow complexion was my greatest worry and I was always troubled with constipation. I had taken medicine for four years, but the doctor said that drugs could not effect a permanent cure. Two years ago I learned from the girls in the office to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I am frequently complimented on my fresh complexion and am told I don't look more than twenty-two. I hold the championship record for swimming and tennis in our club. I still have one incurable habit—half a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast daily with a glass of milk."

(Extract from a letter of Mrs. Ella Fitzgerald, of Ypsilanti, Michigan.)

Yeast is especially delicious on toasted crackers or as a sandwich "filler" with jam or peanut butter.

"I WENT fishing up North about 250 miles from Vancouver in the Spring of 1920, and had an attack of boils in a very bad form, which lasted for one year and five months—from 7 to 10 at a time. I tried all kinds of remedies. A fisherman friend made me a bet that Fleischmann's Yeast would cure the boils if I took 3 cakes a day. He said he would buy the yeast cakes. In 10 days my boils began to dry up, in 4 weeks only the marks were left and no new boils coming. I lost the bet and paid for the cakes, but I have not been troubled with boils since."

(Extract from a letter of Mr. John Faulkner, of Nanaimo, B. C.)

"WHEN I commenced to eat yeast about two years ago, I was the grouchiest grouch that ever nursed a grouch. I realized that my Nemesis was that curse of mankind—constipation. About every cathartic on the market went through my system. My grocer suggested that I give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. Since I began eating it my bowels function perfectly night and morning—the proverbial kitten has nothing on me for sound slumber. I do not claim Yeast to be a universal 'cure-all'—but it certainly gave me an excellent start on the road to health."

(A letter from Mr. Cyril A. Gendermann of 1022 Tenth Avenue, Brooklyn)

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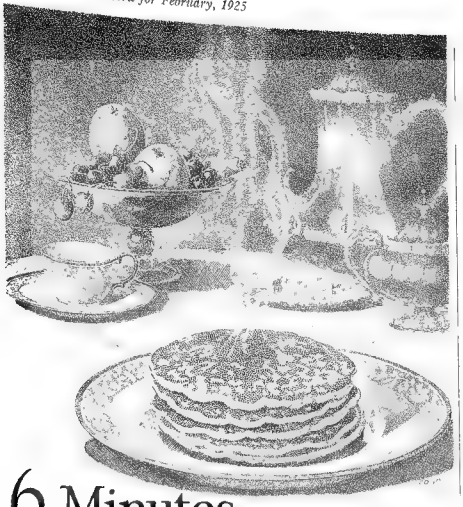

6 Minutes *from package to table*

Tempting, golden-brown pancakes while the coffee steeps . . . with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour.

First put on your griddle or pan. While it heats, add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and your batter is done. Pour on this creamy batter, let the heat puff it to a delicate brown, and your cakes are ready to serve.

Pillsbury's pancakes are so quickly made, and so digestible, because the powder fineness of Pillsbury's Pancake Flour insures instant, thorough cooking.

Highest grade flours make fluffy, golden-brown Pillsbury's pancakes both sustaining and delicious.

Just a postcard request will bring "Better Pancakes and How to Make Them," a little book of helpful recipes.

Make This Test Yourself
Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand. Note the creamy-white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. Rub it with your finger—see how smooth it is—its fine, velvety texture. Now you know why Pillsbury's makes such perfect pancakes.

Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour makes equally delicious cakes with a real old-fashioned buckwheat flavor.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods
Pillsbury's Best Flour Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour Health Bran Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour Graham Flour Farina

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

One of the family

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The Little Old Boat

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the car, and Henry Jones seemed content to wait for a reasonable length of time and then collect the insurance. Mrs. Jones managed to relax a bit, but deep down in her mind, just below the threshold of consciousness, there still lurked a vague fear that all was not well. Wilbur found life a shade more bearable, tho he continued to limit his presence in the home to such intervals as coincided with his father's absence.

IT WAS on one of these occasions that the storm-clouds broke, justifying the complete thoroughness of Mrs. Jones's faith in her "presentments." Her husband had gone to the near-by town of Norwood on business early in the morning, and Wilbur, secure in the realization that his father would not be home for lunch, was lounging about the house, indifferent for the moment to the disturbing cares of existence. It was just before noon that the telephone rang. Wilbur lazily answered it.

"Hello," his mother heard him drawl. "Yes—yes—this is Henry Jones's home —what?—he's what?—say, don't kid me —I say, don't kid me—you're not?—well, I can't believe it, that's all—yes, his wife's here—I'll tell her right away—I—"

"Wilbur Jones, what's happened?" broke in his mother, alarmed at the anxious note which had crept into his voice.

"Sh-h!" he cautioned, and then resumed his telephone conversation. "All right, tell him we'll come right over—yes, right away, just as soon as we can catch a car."

He looked strangely disturbed as he hung up the phone, and his mother darted to him.

"What is it, dear?" she murmured, her voice pathetically weak and choky. "Something's happened to your father. I know it. Has he been hurt?"

"No," he replied dolefully, "just arrested."

"Arrested? Where? What for?"

"Over in Norwood. They said he'd been arrested for assault and that he wanted us over there right away."

"Arrested for assault your *father?* Wilbur, it's got something to do with that car. I can feel it in my bones. Oh, why did you get us all mixed up in this mess? I regret the day that I ever taught you how to play cards. I'll regret it to the end of my life, I'm sure."

"It hasn't got anything to do with the car at all. That's just mere imagination. I guess maybe he punched a street-car conductor or somebody else who got fresh with him."

He continued to reassure her as she made hurried preparations for the trip, but somehow his words didn't carry a sense of conviction. No one knew that better than himself, for he was certain that his mother was correct in her diagnosis of the situation and that he was in for quite the most disagreeable afternoon of his crowded life.

They were a melancholy pair as they waited in the Interurban station for the Norwood express. Mrs. Jones was indulging herself with another fantasy. This one concerned the monthly visits which she would make to the penitentiary after her husband had been convicted and sentenced.

"What are you weeping about?" inquired Wilbur, bringing her back to reality with brutal suddenness. "I guess it isn't serious enough to take on like that about. I guess if it's about what you think it is I'm the one that ought to do the crying. I'll be the goat."

"Was I crying, dear?" inquired Mrs. Jones, smiling wanly through her tears. "I'm just a poor foolish woman, I guess. I know I'll go all to pieces when I see your poor dear father in a cell."

She was denied that emotional thrill. Henry Jones wasn't in a cell. He was pacing up and down the office of Norwood's chief of police in the dilapidated brick building which had served as city hall since Civil War days. He was puffing vigorously at a cigar, and his face wore an expression of chastened resignation. A sloppy-looking elderly policeman in his shirt-sleeves was sitting at the window.

"Hello, Mother," remarked Mr. Jones with a feeble attempt at joviality. "As you'll observe, I'm jugged. Let me introduce you to my personal custodian, Mr. Atkinson."

The elderly policeman nodded and took off his cap. Mrs. Jones clutched excitedly at her husband and implanted a kiss on the lower corner of his right ear. He felt a rain of tears and beckoned to Wilbur, who was standing in the doorway.

"Here, old scout," he said, gently pushing his wife away. "Take charge of your mother. No scenes now, Grace. I'm not going to the chair, you know."

Mrs. Jones gulped back her sobs as Wilbur, with an air of dignified restraint, laid what was intended to be a reassuring hand on her arm.

"I'm sorry I had to send for you folks," continued Mr. Jones, "but I didn't see any other way of clearing up this mess. I've telephoned for Jessup and he's bringing cash bail. He'd ought to be over here very soon so that at least I'll be able to eat dinner in the old home to-night. It's been the darnedest mix-up you ever heard of. I've had a run-in with the nerviest bird I ever ran up against. Here he comes now with the chief, a little damaged, but still in the ring apparently."

He pointed out of the window. Mrs. Jones and Wilbur, following his direction, saw a familiar looking figure in a pepper-and-salt suit crossing the street with the head of Norwood's police force, a tall, raw-boned man with a long walrus mustache and a sad, disillusioned face.

"I knew it," whispered Wilbur. "It's Mr. Rothstein."

Mrs. Jones gave utterance to a low moan of anguish.

"He's got a black eye," continued Wilbur as the figure drew nearer.

Mrs. Jones had already observed that detail. It could hardly have escaped her notice. It was an obtrusive black eye or, more properly speaking, an obtrusive light-purple eye edged with deep red, and it was apparently giving Mr. Rothstein great concern.

"Henry," said Mrs. Jones, making an effort to steady herself, "I feel that this is going to be most unpleasant and I think you should know that—"

FURTHER utterance on her part was shut off by the entrance of the chief and Mr. Rothstein. Both she and Wilbur instinctively turned away.

"Well," drawled the chief, "here we are. Doc Lawson put some stuff on this fellow's shiner, but he says there ain't much can be done. Nature's got to take her regular course. These your folks?"

"Yes," replied Jones. "Grace, meet Chief Norris—my wife and son."

"Glad to know you," remarked the chief, nodding his head almost imperceptibly.

Mrs. Jones and Wilbur, obliged to turn, found themselves facing Mr. Rothstein. That gentleman eyed them nastily.

"This fellow here," remarked Mr. Jones, "is a Mr. Rothberg or Rosenstein or——"

"Rothstein," corrected the gentleman indicated. "You don't need to introduce me. I've met these people before."

"Yes, what do you know about that, Grace?" questioned Mr. Jones. "Just think of that for nerve. I found a car that looked like ours outside a drug-store down the block and just as I'd satisfied

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"You Can See a Dish Pan Anytime ~ ~ !"

"Doll up and let's see a Paramount Picture"

Kitchens are places to quit after supper.

Tonight's the night, so let the dish pan go!

Take hat and powder puff, and man on arm, and go where the lights paint P-a-r-a-m-o-u-n-t against the sky.

There's a thrilling show to be seen, made and backed by the greatest entertainment organization ever known.

See it and share it and make the night mean life, because tomorrow's another day and the dish pan won't run away!

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PRODUCED BY FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP. ADOLPH ZUKOR—PRES. DENT

Paramount Pictures

10 Current Paramount Pictures

Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present

"THE GOLDEN BED"

A CECIL B. De MILLE PRODUCTION

Screen play by Jeanie Macpherson. With Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, Lillian Rich, Warner Baxter, Theodore Kosloff and Julia Faye. From the book entitled "The Golden Bed," by Wallace Irwin. *The Golden Bed" was in Pictorial Review under the title "Tomorrow's Bread"*

"TONGUES OF FLAME"

Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN

A JOSEPH HENABERY Production

From the story by Peter Clark Macfarlane. Screen play by Townsend Martin.

J. M. BARRIE'S

"PETER PAN"

A HERBERT BRENON Production

From the immortal story and play. Assisted by Roy Pomeroy. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

"NORTH OF 36"

An IRVIN WILLAT Production

With Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery. From the story by Emerson Hough. Screen play by James Hamilton.

"ARGENTINE LOVE"

An ALLAN DWAN Production

With BEBE DANIELS, Ricardo Cortez. From the story by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Adapted by John Russell. Scenario by Gerald Duffy.

"LOCKED DOORS"

A WM. de MILLE PRODUCTION

With Betty Compson, Theodore Roberts, Kathlyn Williams, Theodore Von Eltz and Robert Edeson. Written and adapted by Clara Beranger.

REX BEACH'S

"A SAINTED DEVIL"

Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO

A JOSEPH HENABERY Production. From the Rex Beach novel "Rope's End." Adapted by Forrest Halsey.

"MISS BLUEBEARD"

Starring BEBE DANIELS. From the play "Little Miss Bluebeard," by Avery Hopwood and Gabriel Drogelv. Directed by Frank Tuttle

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"Like a cool, sparkling snowflake under the black of her partner's sleeve"

Secrets in the Tower Room

By MARJORIE DIXON

DESCENDING the stairs in her slim soft silk, one white hand sweeping the bannister . . . standing on the balcony in Dutch blue crepe, all its pleated ribbons fluttering . . . dancing in white like a cool, sparkling snowflake under the black of her partner's sleeve—these were the pictures I associated with Coralie. The most envied among us. And the most popular.

She would gaze into a shop window. "That darling blue velvet! I want one like that . . . only with bronze lace instead of gold, and long tight sleeves." And in two weeks she would have it! She would see Marjorie Daw in motion pictures, in a black satin that had only lace for sleeves, and a great white streamer of ribbon touched with rosettes. "I need something like that for the Festival Dance." And she'd have it!

She was mysterious; removed from us, yet sharing in our pleasures; not even inviting us to her tower room in the dormitory, though we dared each other to go unasked.

The girls got to coming to my room at night and estimating the cost of her clothes. "That new twill suit now—at least $90. And the gray crepe with pipings of blue and red? Surely $50. And that yellow silk? $35 at least!"

And mail! Times when we were hungering for the thinnest missive, Coralie would get fat letters and packages from that fairy godmother that kept sending her wonderful things.

The climax came the night before the Festival Dance. I was to go with Bruce Norton, and wanting to look unusually well, had trusted my one dance dress to the hall cleaner. It came back, shrunken and lifeless. I simply *couldn't* wear it. My eyes were too red with crying to go down to dinner. Coralie missed me and came straight to my room.

The glory of that evening with Coralie! While the girls were still downstairs, we slipped up to her room, locked the door, and Coralie unwrapped a package. Pale pink like tinted moonlight! Material by the yard —enough for an evening dress she said she was going to make for me.

"But you can't!" I cried. "You don't know any more about sewing than I do."

"Don't I?" She opened the closet door. There hung all the lovely dresses we had been admiring. The blue velvet, the yellow silk, the Dutch crepe with its pleated ribbons . . . and she had made them, every one! That fairy godmother was the Woman's Institute in Scranton, that can teach you to make anything you want in the shortest time imaginable. All the time Coralie had refrained from inviting us to her room, she had been making her beautiful clothes. She didn't even need a pattern, she said, Institute methods were so easy.

And she proved it . . . the way she draped that soft pink on me, and caught it here and there, and achieved such flow of line that I gasped at myself in the mirror. We had to stuff cloth in the keyhole and along the door to work long after the lights were supposed to go out . . . but how Coralie's fingers flew. She knew exactly what she should do, and at three o'clock it was finished. My first real evening dress! I tried it on and almost cried, I looked so beautiful. Then I grew a little frightened. "But what do I owe you? This gorgeous material . . . your time?"

"Forget the time," she laughed deliciously. "The material cost $9." Then I realized. All her princess-like dresses had cost just such small amounts too. That blue velvet only $18 and it looked like $68. That black satin only $9.50 and it would be a bargain at $45. I suddenly glimpsed a happiness I'd never known. How much I could have . . . could earn, too, if I could make beautiful things for the girls as easily as Coralie made this for me . . . and how beautiful I could look—always.

"Coralie, tell me how to get in touch with the Woman's Institute."

Coralie laughed and turned to a page in a magazine. "Just send in this coupon. It will bring you an attractive booklet which will tell you everything you want to know. It doesn't cost a cent, and I know you'll enjoy every word."

* * *

DON'T you want to write the Woman's Institute too? Just a word of interest will bring you free the 48-page booklet mentioned above.

It tells how you can have lovely dresses just in free minutes at home—make them at tiniest cost . . . give them little striking touches that make them distinctively becoming to you . . . be ready for happy times . . . make money.

A stamp may bring you, too, more happiness than you ever had before. Won't you send this coupon so we can start the booklet to you by return mail?

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 2-P, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your 48-page booklet. I am most interested in learning:

☐ Home Dressmaking
☐ Professional Dressmaking
☐ Millinery
☐ Cooking

Name..... (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

The Little Old Boat

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myself that it *was* ours by a crack on the windshield and other identifying marks, this fellow came out and wanted to know what I was doing with *his* car. 'Your car?' I said. 'This is *my* car!' 'Your car nothing,' he said; 'it's mine!' 'You're crazy,' I said, 'this is our car that's been stolen and I guess you're the thief.' He got pretty mad at that and wanted to know what my name was. When I told him he said he guessed he knew who I was, all right, and that he'd bought the car for $650 from my wife and son.

"I told him he was several kinds of an almighty liar and he made a pass at me, and I landed on him where it would do the most good. The chief here happened to be taking a morning stroll and he interfered and brought me here, charged with assault. I claimed legitimate provocation and told him this fellow was a thief, and so we sent for you folks to clear it all up. I'll show him that he can't get away with any cock-and-bull story like that while I've got my health. You just deny everything, Grace, and we'll have *him* locked up."

"Look here," cut in Chief Norris, "no prompting of witnesses. I ain't agoin' to allow anything like that."

"I guess that *was* leading her a little," admitted Mr. Jones. "I apologize. Go right ahead, Grace, and make any statement you care to."

Mrs. Jones felt as if the end of all things seen and unseen had arrived. She turned helplessly to Wilbur.

"I think perhaps you'd better explain everything to father, dear," she remarked tremblingly.

"No, I think maybe it'd be better if you did," returned that miserable young gentleman.

Henry Jones let a suspicious eye rove from his wife to his son.

"What is this, anyway?" he inquired. "There isn't much truth in what he says, is there? Out with it, young man!"

Wilbur braced himself, clutching fiercely at a chair in front of him.

"I guess it's my place to do the manly thing in this terrible situation," he blurted out. "We did sell the car to Mr. Rothstein, but it was all my fault. I lost a lot of money playing poker and I didn't want to tell you, and I was going to be branded as a person of no reputation and all that in my own community if I didn't pay it, and so I got mother to sell the car because she didn't have any money, having loaned all she had to Uncle Dick and——"

"Wilbur," broke in his mother, "you don't need to mention that."

"Uncle Dick saved from the poorhouse again, eh?" remarked Henry Jones. "That's a nice added touch, that is. So you did sell the car to Mr. Rothstein?"

"Yes, sir," replied Wilbur humbly, "but he's going to let us buy it back for just what we sold it to him for."

MR. JONES seemed to be slowly becoming apoplectic. "Oh," he commented sarcastically. "He isn't going to charge you a profit, eh? Well, well—that's nice, I must say. You're a couple of fine business people, you are."

"Listen, Father," continued Wilbur, "it isn't going to do any good getting all worked up about this. It's finished and over, and all that and you'd better try and be patient. I guess I feel a lot worse about this than you do."

"Like Sam Hill you do! Here I've been deliberately making seventeen kinds of a darned fool out of myself before a lot of strangers while you've been just your —well, just your own darned fool self. I'm sorry, gentlemen. This makes me feel like thirty cents in counterfeit Confederate currency."

"Didn't I tell you?" commented Mr. Rothstein, smiling triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you all along? And for telling you I got a black eye!"

He patted his injured optic with a crumpled handkerchief. Chief Norris put an arm about his shoulder.

"You'd ought to take this gentleman's apology," he remarked in a conciliatory tone. "There ain't no use in prosecuting this case. I'd have done the same thing in his case, only I think I'd have cleaned you up a little more thoroughly. I ain't tellin' you what I'd say and do to my missis and my boy, Mr. Jones, in a like case, but it'd be aplenty and then some."

The salesman finally begrudgingly consented to shake hands with Mr. Jones and to consider the incident closed. The chief fired a parting shot at Wilbur as the Jones family filed out of his office.

"Better stick to checkers and tiddledy-winks, young fellow," he remarked. "Poker's a he-man's game."

Henry Jones didn't have a word to say on the journey back home in the trolley-car. His wife tried once or twice to break the silence which seemed to foreboode unmentionable possibilities, but he shut her up each time with a stern "Don't talk now." He sat looking straight ahead, his face a grim and menacing mask. He got off the car at the corner nearest his office without a word.

Henry Jones delivered his sentence at the dinner-table that evening.

"There's no use going into this thing any more," he said sternly. "You all know how I feel about it. I've got just two things to say—one is that this family isn't going to have another car with my money for exactly five years, and the other is that if this young hopeful of ours gets in any other mess he's going to have his choice of going into the marine corps or starting as a day-laborer in the steel-plant down the valley."

SOME three weeks later Mrs. Jones, trying to compose herself on the front porch, heard a motor stop in front of the house. Glancing up, she saw Wilbur stepping out of a familiar-looking gray car. He came swinging joyously up the gravel walk.

"Here it is, Mother!" he shouted. "He didn't want to sell it back at first, but I showed him where he'd agreed to in the bill of sale, and he finally did. Do you want to go down to father's office right away?"

"Why, yes, dear, of course," replied his mother. "I know it'll please him beyond words to know that we've got it back."

They jointly invaded Henry Jones's office fifteen minutes later. Mrs. Jones was beaming.

"We've got a wonderful surprize for you, Henry," she said pleasantly. "Just come to the window and look out."

She took him by the arm and led him over to the side of the room, pointing with pride in her eyes to the Darling ton which was parked just below at the curb.

"It's our own dear car," she said. "We've got it back."

Her husband turned toward her, astonishment written large upon his face.

"Where did you get the money?" he asked. "I know Dick hasn't paid it back. He tried to touch me for another thousand yesterday."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Jones airily, "there are ways and ways. Trust a woman always to find some way out of a difficulty."

"Come now, Grace—no secrets. Where did you get the money?"

She opened her hand bag and took out a letter. She unfolded it with great deliberation and handed it to her husband.

"Just read that," she said with a touch of triumph, "and when you've finished it don't ever accuse me again of not being a good business woman."

Mr. Jones adjusted his glasses and read, with ever-mounting emotion, the

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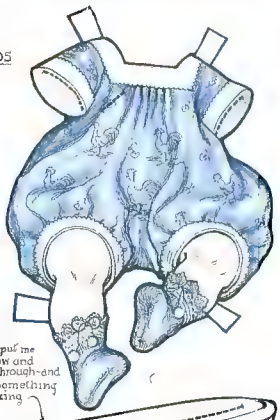
· THE · BETTY · BOBBS · FAMILY ·

Betty's baby brother Buddy Bobbs

Drawings by Orpha Klinker

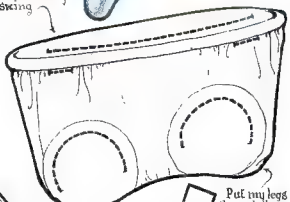
Cut my nighty on both sides for my arms



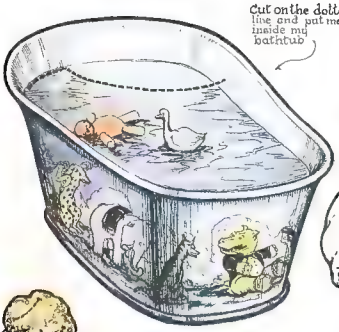
My rompers

This is the funny bob-wig they took my picture in

My swing! Cut here and put me in. Cut below and put string through and fasten to something so I can swing



Cut on the dotted line and put me inside my bathtub

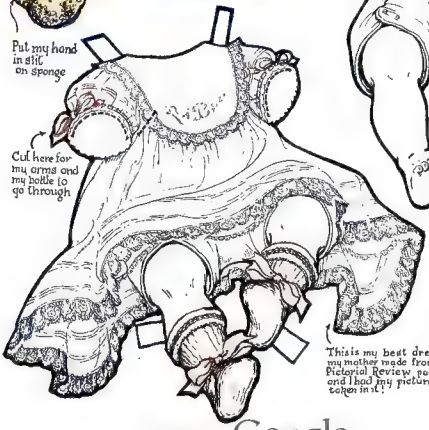


My bottle

Put my legs through these holes

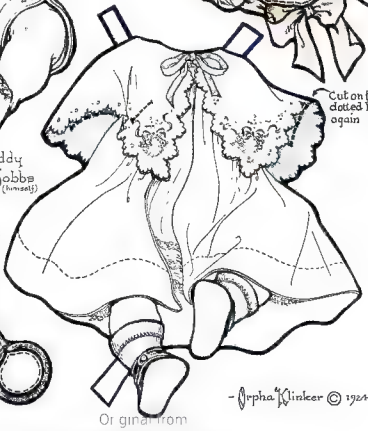
Cut out inside of the hood for my face

Put my hand in still on sponge



Cut here for my arms and my bottle to go through

Buddy Bobbs (himself)



Cut on the dotted lines again

My rattle slips over my hand too!

This is my best dress my mother made from a Pictorial Review pattern and I had my picture taken in it!

- Orpha Klinker © 1925

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Celebrities of the Winter Season

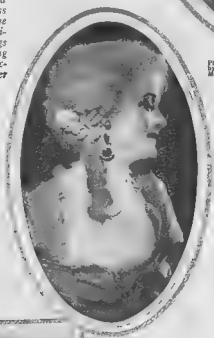
Photographed by Ira L. Hill's Studio

IN "Grounds for Divorce," Ina Claire gives a flawless performance as the divorced wife of a divorce lawyer who begs his aid in gaining freedom from her second husband in order to marry a third.

Photographed by Edward Thayer Monroe

KENDALL LEE eclipses her previous dancing triumphs with success at the Club Mirador.

"PETER PAN," the everlasting play of Sir James Barrie, has been revived with charming Marilyn Miller playing the title role, asking large audiences, "Do you believe in fairies?" The production has made a most favorable impression.



Photographed by White Studio

LOVELY Billie Burke, foremost among America's comediennes, is appearing in "Annie Dear," tuneful musical version of Clare Kummer's comedy, "Good Gracious Annabelle"

Photographed by Nickolas Muray

LYNN FONTANNE co-stars with her husband, Alfred Lunt, in "The Guardsman," by Molnar, produced by the Theater Guild.

Photographed by White Studio

"THE Passing Show of 1924" is the best of this series of revues produced by the Shuberts. Gracing the large cast is piquant Nancy Carroll.

Photographed by De Mirjian Studio

MARY ELLIS, formerly with Metropolitan Opera House, is the gifted star of Arthur Hammerstein's operetta, "Rose-Marie."

Photographed by G. Maillard Kesslere, N.P.

"HASSARD SHORT'S RITZ REVUE" boasts of a notably large and splendid cast, including versatile Adele McHatton.

Photographed by Mebbin

KATHARINE CORNELL scores another dramatic triumph as Suzanne Chaumont in David Belasco's "Tiger Cats."

Photographed by Wide World Studio

CHARMING Frances Howard is one of the very good reasons why "The Best People" ranks as one of the best comedies in several seasons.

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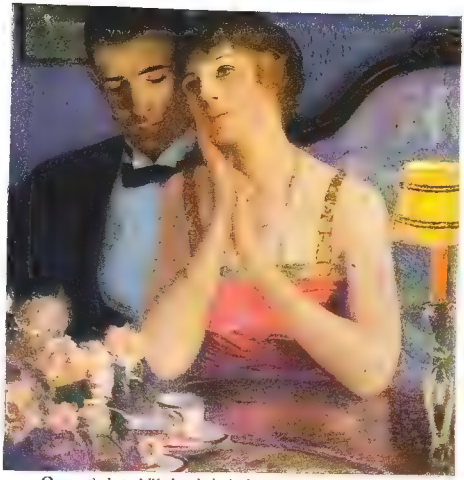
AFTER THIRTY - can a woman still gain the charm of "A skin you Love to Touch?"



OFTEN *the best of life doesn't begin for a woman until she is thirty. Often it is only then that she begins to realize herself and her own possibilities. Don't think of your age, whatever it is, as a limitation —think of it as an opportunity! Use the knowledge you have gained from life to overcome past faults and disadvantages. Make up your mind to be lovelier every year—and you will be!*

SOME women have a better complexion at thirty or thirty-five than they ever had in their twenties.

The reason is simply that they have learned to take better care of their skin.

At twenty, contrary to popular tradition, a girl's complexion is often at its worst.

Too many sweets—late hours—and above all, neglect of a few simple rules of skin hygiene, result in a dull, sallow color, disfiguring blemishes, and ugly little blackheads.

By giving your skin the right care you can often gain a lovelier skin at thirty than you ever had before.

Remember that each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Whatever your complexion has been in the past—by beginning, now, to give this new skin the treatment it needs, you can gradually build up a fresh, clear, radiant complexion.

How you can free your skin from blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes; then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment to overcome blackheads

Every night before retiring apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

A special treatment for an oily skin

First, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

How to give a sallow skin color and life

Once or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

What particular skin problem are you facing?

No matter what your type of skin happens to be—you will find the treatment that exactly meets its needs in the booklet of famous skin treatments, "*A Skin you Love to Touch,*" which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin your treatment tonight. See what a marked improvement the daily use of Woodbury's will make in your complexion. Faults that have troubled you for years will disappear. The whole tone of your skin will become younger, fresher, cleaner.

* * *

You can get Woodbury's Facial Soap at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. For convenience—get Woodbury's in 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size—for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
302 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:
A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 302 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.
English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name_____

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Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

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Why the Beauty of Children's Hair Depends upon Shampooing

Try this quick and simple method which thousands of mothers now use.

See the difference it will make in the appearance of YOUR CHILD'S hair.

Note how it gives life and lustre, how it brings out all the natural wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking the hair will look.

ANY child can have hair that is beautiful, healthy and luxuriant.

It is NO LONGER a matter of luck.

The beauty of a child's hair depends ALMOST ENTIRELY upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When a child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

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The Little Old Boat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

typewritten message on the heavily embossed note-paper of the Fidelity and Guarantee Corporation of New York City.

NEW YORK, August 15, 1924.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES: I was astonished beyond words at the information contained in your letter and thankful to you for advising me about the conduct of my son. As you truly say, it was outrageous that he should have won any such sum of money in a gambling game from a boy of such tender years as your son. I have had him on the carpet already and I have taken great pleasure in announcing to him that I propose to cut down his allowance for the coming school year until this money has been repaid to me. In the meantime I take great pleasure in enclosing you my check for $583.25. He has verified the correctness of the amount. Gambling is a pernicious evil and is particularly ruinous to the morale of young men. I am glad that you did not hesitate to advise me of this affair. Thanking you, and assuring you of my esteem I remain.

Sincerely yours,
MORTIMER C. STANHOPE, President.

Mr. Jones laid the letter down and slowly took off his glasses. He looked up and caught the eager glance of his wife.

"There, Henry," she said. "Wasn't that a stroke of business? I wrote him three days ago and told him that I was certain he wouldn't approve of his son's winning such an amount from a mere youth. I'm going to write him again this evening and thank him."

"I'll do that," replied her husband in a coldly formal voice as he reached for a push-button on his desk.

He waved the stenographer who answered his summons to a chair.

"Take this letter, Miss Johnson," he said briskly.

Mortimer C. Stanhope, President, Fidelity and Guarantee Corporation, 96 Broad Street, New York City.

MY DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find my personal check for $583.25, the same being the amount of the check which you sent my wife covering the gambling losses incurred by my son, Wilbur Jones, in a poker game with your son. The Jones family wishes to be under no obligation to you in this matter. We can take our loss with the next man. I have just been apprized of the mistaken zeal of my wife in the premises. You must understand that had I known of her intention her letter would never have been sent.

Sincerely yours.

Mr. Jones took his check-book out of a drawer as the stenographer left the room.

"You don't actually mean that you are going to pay him back?" gasped his wife incredulously.

"I certainly do. You heard the letter. Did you know all the time what your mother was doing, Wilbur?"

Wilbur grinned a little sheepishly.

"Yes, I did," he admitted.

"Well, take my advice, young man, and don't ever forget it. A gambling debt is a debt of honor and the meanest skunk that lives is the welsher. Put that down in your memory-book. Of course, I don't want you to gamble, but if you ever do it again and try to sneak out of paying or cook up any scheme to get your money back, I'll order you out of the house."

"Yes, sir—that's the way I felt about it at first, and I told mother, but then, women don't understand about such things. Can we keep the car?"

"Why, of course; what else is there to do?"

"But, Henry," remarked the now thoroughly flabbergasted Mrs. Jones, "if we do you'll—let me see—why, of course, if we do *you'll* be paying for it, and it isn't five years yet."

"Don't rub it in, please," grunted her husband as he opened his check-book and reached for a pen.

Elephantasm: By David Freedman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

half an hour and the day's nearly through!"

Matthew, startled, heard various unintelligible word-muddles stammer through his lips. "My father—I—I'll be done in a minute—twenty-eight, thirty-seven, forty-one—I—"

The big man snatched the papers roughly from him.

"Oh, no! You can't start doing that now! Your neglect has cost the firm a nice lump. Day-dreaming, eh? Mr. Small, how long have you been working here?" Matthew had a scooped-out feeling under the heart.

"Twenty-seven years, sir."

"That's twenty-seven years too much!" growled the big man. "You're fired!" And he walked out with a sharp snap of the door behind him. The trap had opened and shot Matthew down into the bottomless ravine. What would Judith do when she found him falling deeper and deeper and at last lying bleeding, gasping for breath? She would join the rest, thought Matthew, and step on him harder.

Out of a fantasm was steadily, slowly emerging a fact. An elephant lurked somewhere in the shadow of the town. Matthew felt its tons of leather flesh weigh like a cystic growth upon his brain. Sometimes the identity of the elephant was merged with that of the town, sometimes its brutal face resembled Nolan Kudger, sometimes its little eyes reminded him of Judith, and now it had the same bleary, asthmatic expression as the head bookkeeper; as if his neighbor, his wife, his employer, and even his children had all combined to weigh him down with the burdens and cares of a weary existence. And to whom could he turn for a soothing gesture? Who would take his hot bony head in her soft white hands and cool it with tears?

Judith? She had not married him for that. Something soothing about the nothingness of his presence had attracted her. He was a glass, not a microscope or magnifying-lens, but a plain glass that could neither minimize her virtues nor magnify her faults. She could see herself in him as she pleased. But love? That had never entered into their understanding. He was the little Matthew hitched to her dray.

Only once as a lad Matthew had caught a glimpse of that elusive gleam of the heart which flickered an instant in his consciousness, then darkened forever. His teacher had selected him to clean the board-rubbers. She was not fair to look upon. She was lean and the bones showed through her skin, but she was the first to notice him, to give him a friendly nod, a gentle smile. Out of a class of stronger, brighter, healthier children she had deliberately picked him as her pet. Why? He could not understand, but he could never forget it.

He often called her "Berenice" in his dreams, tho that perhaps was not her name. He liked to imagine her pretty as well as kind, like the sweet little wife of the stableman. He could remember one day the superintendent and the principal came in to examine the class, and "Berenice" stood by her desk flushed and faint with excitement.

Everything seemed to go wrong as she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

Beautiful waxed floors cost so little—

why have unattractive floors?

Why put up with easily scratched floors when beautiful, waxed floors cost less and are much easier to have? Why, particularly, when Old English Wax is not only the easiest finish to put down, but also the easiest to keep up, and the most economical by long odds?

Old English Wax costs a third of other finishes. It is heavier-bodied; so it goes farther, lasts longer. It will not scratch or heel-mark—and as for complete refinishing, floors finished with Old English Wax never need it. Just go over the walk-spots occasionally and your floors will always be as lustrous as they were the first day you waxed them.

A still easier way to wax

Apply Old English Wax with an Old English Waxer-Polisher—and you'll save effort. Here is a real economy appliance—a single unit device that both waxes and polishes. How easily it glides over the floor and how quickly your work glides away with its use! Do you bend when you use it? You do not. Do you kneel? You do not. There is no other device on the market like it. It is low in cost and it lasts a lifetime. Hundreds of thousands of women are using it.

FREE TO YOU

You will receive a can of Old English Wax free if you buy an Old English Waxer-Polisher now. This new labor-saving device does two things—it waxes, then polishes the floor. It's a great improvement over any weighted brush, which does not apply the wax, but merely polishes. Lasts a lifetime. Take advantage of our short-time offer. If your dealer can't supply you, mail the coupon below.

Beautiful floors at slight expense

But whether you use the Old English Waxer-Polisher or apply it with a cloth, you can be certain that Old English Wax will give your floors the utmost in beauty, with the least work and expense.

Sold at paint, hardware, drug, department and housefurnishing stores.

THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO. CANADIAN FACTORY: TORONTO

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PASTE LIQUID POWDER

FOR FLOORS, LINOLEUM, WOODWORK, FURNITURE, DANCING

Send for this Valuable Book—*Free*

It is full of home-beauty secrets and authoritative information on how to beautify and care for floors, linoleum, woodwork, furniture, etc.—all, in fact, that we have learned in twenty-eight years, condensed into easy reading. A valuable reference book. Mail the coupon

THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY, 1512 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

☐ **Check here for free book only**
Send me your free book, "Beautiful Floors, Woodwork and Furniture—Their Finish and Care."

☐ **Check here for Waxer-Polisher**
Send me, all charges paid, an Old English Waxer-Polisher with a can of Wax Free at the special time-limited price of $3.90 (Denver and West, $4.25; Canada, $4.60; Winnipeg and West, $5.00), which I enclose.

Name.....

Address.....

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4 out of 5

Dental statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—as well as thousands younger—pay Pyorrhea's toll. Do you want to elude this dread disease?

Your teeth are only as healthy as your gums

The gums are the keys to health. You must keep them firm, strong and healthy or your teeth will begin to loosen and eventually come out. This is one of the penalties of Pyorrhea.

But there are others even worse. Pus pockets form and generate poisons that drain through the whole system, causing much of the rheumatism, neuritis, anaemia, indigestion and other diseases so prevalent in middle life.

Prevent Pyorrhea with Forhan's

Don't wait for tender, bleeding gums to warn you of Pyorrhea's coming. Ward it off by going to your dentist regularly and using Forhan's For the Gums twice a day.

This safe, efficient, pleasant-tasting dentifrice counteracts the effects of harmful bacteria, hardens soft, tender gums, keeps them sound, firm and pink. Furthermore, it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps the mouth fresh, clean and wholesome.

Ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to prevent or check Pyorrhea.

Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start brushing your gums and teeth once a day with Forhan's.

It is a preparation of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Just as the stability of a lighthouse depends upon a firm foundation, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums
Forhan's
TRADE MARK
FOR THE GUMS
"BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"
FORMULA OF
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
N.E.W. YORK
Specialist in DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Elephantasm: By David Freedman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

drilled the children. She looked like a hunted thing, a doe with two huge brutes persecuting her, bloodhounds on the scent. Little Matthew wanted to stand up, cry out against them, defend his teacher. But he too was small, even smaller than she, and just then one of the big, terrible men glared at him and asked him a test-question.

How he would have liked to shoot back the answer like a bullet straight into the tormentor's heart, but his tongue blabbed, his lips parched, a burning sensation darted through his little frame, and he felt tears, hot tears, rolling down his cheeks as he took his seat. In her eyes too there were tears. She had understood him, his suffering for her.

That was the one love of his life. The one contact of his soul with another. For that single moment he had felt he was not alone, not an individual oppressed by an inexplicable weakness, but one of a class, a huge class of suffering, hunted things scattered through the world.

If only he could turn to his "Berenice" now. She would understand. But Judith? When he came home she was scowling and sullen, and when at last he mumbled the bitter news she swooped upon him like a panther with oaths and threats and shaking fists. Were it not for her pride, she said, she would leave him at once.

The cottage they lived in was hers. She had only to lock the door in his face and chase him after his father. But the federated gossips of Necoma were pining away the best years of their life in wait for such a scandal, and rather than have her name on their tongues she was ready to take in washing and support the family herself until Matthew would find something to do.

She sublet half of the cottage to another family, obliging Matthew to sleep in the wood-shed while she doubled up with Sylvia in the big bed. Gradually Matthew came to fill his father's shoes, carrying water, helping with the wash, running errands, until he acquired an alarming resemblance to the old man, and all he lacked was the grinning broom.

IN THE meantime the friends of Judith were all preparing their gaudy best for the great annual carnival, picnic, fair, and what-not that the townfolk of Necoma still celebrated in the sacred spirit of tradition on the central grounds of the town where Dryad Park stood. Despite its hat of brick and steel there was a wisp of new-mown hay in Necoma's hair, and under its stiff shirt-front of cosmopolitanism was a narrow village breast. Old cronies liked to meet. The Hecklers wanted to know whether the Frankforts were still rich, and the Jamisons were curious to see what the Harrigans would wear.

The wealth of the town was laid out at the fair. Church-members joined in a charity bazaar.

Mademoiselle Adèle exhibited her choicest millinery goods. Burdick & Stanton, the leading department store, built a special booth adorned with rarest novelties at bargain prices. And there were toy-counters for the children, doll- and candy-booths, booths of all kinds, games, faro-wheels, a carousel, a Ferris wheel, a side-show, and a circus!

Once every two years the big circus that stopped for a week at Danborough, the nearest city twenty miles east of Necoma, sent detachments from its main vans—one Egyptian princess on a camel, one fire-swallower, one wire-walker, a Chinese trio of acrobats and jugglers, and enough cages and sundries to keep the provincial folk amused. This was one of those years, and not a child in the town would miss the fun except perhaps the children of Matthew Small.

Previously at such gala occasions Judith Costigan Small had glittered like a sun amid dancing satellites. Before her marriage she had once been crowned Queen of Victory and presented a silver hunter's horn to symbolize Diana. Her only rival, Berenice Haigen, had then been acclaimed the Queen of Beauty, but since she became Nolan Kudger's wife, Judith had often heard the remark, "What? She was once the Queen of Beauty? Ha—ha! The stable-keeper must be a hard man!" But Judith had retained her title through the years.

But this year where would she be? The day of the great fair came. With gritted teeth and red hair switched into a knot, Judith was standing over the washtub in her kitchen, scrubbing, scrubbing as if all her neighbors were soaking in the tub and she was crushing them until their idle mouths frothed. She would remain the Queen of Victory still!

BUT to Matthew the fair was an entirely different thing. He would go there much as a child will defy its parent only to receive another blow, as a drunkard will insult the barkeeper who has thrown him into the street only to get another kick. He wanted to be publicly upbraided, pointed at, told to his face, "Look what married the Queen of Victory and brought her down to defeat."

He had acquired an indefinable lust for punishment. He knew that his presence in Dryad Park would provoke laughter or pity, which was worse. But he had to go there. Something drew him irresistibly like a fly to paper. Perhaps there would be his doom. Perhaps there his humiliation would be so great that he would have to bear no more. He would die of shame. But he had long discovered that shame was not fatal.

Besides he would try to steal in the children. Let them hear the music of the carousel. What if they cried to ride on the horses? Let them cry and kick their daddy because he hadn't the money for it. What if they wanted toys and candy? Kick him again; he is to blame! And so he took them to the fair.

What a world of delight there seemed to be just on the border of his little, cramped-in world of misery! He felt as if he had crept out of a dungeon into a flood of daylight. At first the gaiety seemed forced, unnatural, and only grated on him. But soon it seeped through his pores and permeated his whole being with a quivering glow of emotion.

Why was he an exile from this world of song and life? Why did it seem as if he were something to be trodden under while all these whirling, sylph-like figures of the dance appeared to be treading so lithely, freely upon something?

Suddenly there was a noise. A great noise of terror and confusion that swept like a gust of cold air through the carnival grounds. In a flash all those faces lit with a golden gayness paled to sickly shadows. The last rhythmic strains of the band broke in a wail of discord. The men and women who had been treading so lithely on the firm earth's crust, on its myriad ants and other insects of the ground, on the powdered atoms of former generations, had suddenly turned to ants themselves in the dreadful premonition of being trodden underfoot by a greater power!

The terror that for years had haunted the little frame of Matthew Small had suddenly become a universal fear, a current of horror that electrified the town and swept from booth to booth in lightning-streaks, from man to man, to woman and child—the terror that they would be crushed by a descending Juggernaut!

For the tick of half a second the great wide fair with its noises and its people became silent; the barkers, the band, the carousel, the Ferris wheel, the booths

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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IN SPITE OF HOUSEWORK—*you can have smooth, white attractive hands. Use Jergens Lotion whenever you have had your hands in water—and see how it overcomes every trace of roughness and redness, giving the skin a beautiful smooth, supple texture*

Lovely soft smooth hands, full of poetry and charm—you can have them with the right care

Even much-used hands can be *lovely to look at and touch*

YES!—in spite of cleaning, cooking, dishwashing—you can have smooth white hands, beautiful in repose—hands that people admire and remember!

Housework is hard on the hands chiefly because it is hard on the skin. The constant having the hands in and out of water—the hasty, often insufficient drying and consequent rapid evaporation—these dry out the natural oil of the skin, so that it gets rough and hard, breaks and cracks.

No more chapped hands

But today there is a way to counteract this drying, chapping effect of housework. Thousands of women are keeping their hands smooth, white, silky-soft, no matter how hard they use them, by means of a new preparation especially made to heal and protect the skin and to keep it soft and supple under every sort of harsh condition.

This new preparation is Jergens Lotion, a product containing benzoin and almond, two of the most healing skin restoratives known.

Benzoin has been used in medicine from time immemorial because of its wonderful effect in healing the skin and stimulating skin repair. Almond softens and whitens.

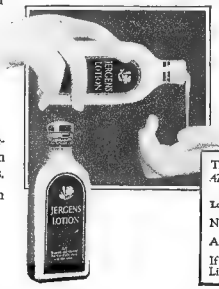
In Jergens Lotion, benzoin and almond, together with other healing ingredients, form a clouded silvery liquid—deliciously fragrant—which has an almost instant effect on a rough chapped skin.

Leaves no trace of stickiness

Jergens Lotion soothes away every trace of irritation, softens rough cuticle, and gives the skin a beautiful smooth white texture. It is delightful to use because it leaves no stickiness—the skin absorbs it instantly.

Begin today to use Jergens Lotion *every time you have had your hands in water* and see what a difference it makes! You will take pride in having hands that are always lovely to touch and look at.

You can get Jergens Lotion for 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Get two bottles at a time! Keep one bottle on the bath room shelf to use for your face—keep another above the kitchen sink, so that it will be convenient when you are using your hands for housework.



Free Offer

Send this coupon today and get the new, large-size trial bottle FREE!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
428 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me FREE your new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion and the booklet "Your Skin and Its Care."

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BUTTERFIELD FABRICS

of Quality and Fashion

SINCE 1837

"Everybody thinks it's silk" if it's made of

Lingette

Your lingerie and negligees, your nightdresses or pajamas —all will have silk's soft texture, silk's shimmering beauty, if they are made of Lingette. Lingette is caressingly soft to your body; it is light in weight, and does not "bunch" under your slender frocks. Yet Lingette—every thread—is long-wearing cotton. Fine, sturdy cotton that defies warm soapy water and hard wear! Insist upon Lingette —it is easily identified by the name on the selvage. Every Lingette garment has in it a special Lingette label.

Gay in color—novel in pattern—the new

Normandy Voiles

For indoor wear now, for outdoor wear as soon as the weather is warm enough—you can find no fabric more charming for your own and your children's frocks. The colorings are indeed lovely and—as always—the little raised dots that form the patterns are guaranteed absolutely fast. If you see "Normandy Fabric" marked on the selvage, or a "Normandy" label sewn in the dress, you know that you are obtaining the genuine fabric.

Reasons why you find such superiority in

Butterfield Fabrics

In 1837, nearly a century ago, Fred Butterfield of Bradford, England, set forth in a sailing ship with two thousand pieces of fine British worsteds, and established himself in business in this country. Even in those days Bradford was noted for its fine textiles—and Fred Butterfield was the youngest of four brothers whose business had long been established there.

For 87 years now Fred Butterfield & Co. have concentrated on the evolution of fine American fabrics—of unusual quality—combining such remarkable beauty and service that you are amply rewarded for selecting them.

FRED BUTTERFIELD & CO., Inc., 361 Broadway, N.Y. C.

Notice the *little fat man* woven in this Butterfield label! It is the trade mark of a superior fabric.

There are special labels for Lingette and Normandy Voile, also with the *little fat man* for your guidance.

Elephantasm: By David Freedman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

stunned for a flash of stillness to harken to the rustle of death's mantle sweeping over the grounds, and the next moment wild panic broke loose, men and women streaming in every direction, screaming mothers with babies in their arms, men helping fainting women out of the grounds toward the cars and carriages.

Then came the crash of the Burdick-Stanton booth, the largest of the fair, and a massive prehistoric-looking monster loomed upon the scene. An elephant! He had broken wild from the circus-ring. Brought away to Necoma that morning from the rest of his herd which remained at Danborough, he had grown stark mad and was spreading black havoc over the grounds. His small watery eyes were pink with bullish rage and the mere destruction of a town a light diversion for his temper.

THIS huge beast who in a moment of kindness might be a child's plaything could in his present mood crush an armed regiment. For an instant he stopped, slightly dazed from his head-on collision, disentangling his bulky body from the shattered booth which lay about him in splinters of wood and glass and twisted steel. Then he swung his trunk aloft with a trumpet-blast as if to say, "You see what I can do with one butt of my head? Beware!" and started again in his charge.

A thousand shrieks answered that threat, and the elephant's increasing terror only grew. He charged like a drunken force of madness, crashing everything before him. He had grazed past the carousel and now reached the open stretch of picnic-grounds, which lay like a deserted heath as the men and women fled for shelter behind the old shade-trees that flanked the field. But in the midst of this wide, desolate arena stood a little figure. The fleeing throngs could not help but stop and turn to stare with horror at the little figure that remained behind, standing as if rooted to the spot, paralyzed to stone in the center of that unprotected plain awaiting destruction.

A pall of breathless silence seized the throngs crouched behind their forts of safety, none brave enough to leap into that circle of death and tear the little being from his doom. And even now the elephant was lumbering down upon him with all his colossal bulk of four tons, a frightful, instantaneous annihilation. A burst of wild cries rent the air as women fainted and men turned away their faces. The circus-trainer, who had run off to the County Sheriff's house for steel-jacket bullets, had not yet returned.

The gun attached to the circus could not but make the elephant wilder. Its bullets would only annoy him like the bites of fleas. But the fatal missiles had not yet arrived and the mammoth beast was already closing in upon his pitiful victim. Coming closer and closer, four tons of gray-black mass, a mountain in motion heaving down upon a little man and the whole town helpless, in full view of the murder. Coming, sinking, sinking and submerged!

"God!" shrieked the people of Necoma. "The Sheriff! He's here with the rifles!"

"Too late! Too late!"

"Wait!"

For an instant the elephant had swooped down, and the next his great black trunk was whirling in the air with the same wild, triumphant blast as before, and suddenly a little figure was seen resting on his back, just behind the elephant's head, a rigid, frozen figure—the figure of Matthew Small sitting on the elephant! At first the bewildered men and women did not understand, but soon the full realization of what had happened burst like a sun-blaze on them. "A mahout! Rider of elephants! Savior of the town! Hooray for Matthew Small!"

Ringing cheers filled the air like a pæan of bells. The crowds emerging from their hiding-places flung their hats in the air and rushed back to the picnic-grounds to circle in breathless wonder about their little hero and the giant he held in leash. The band had retrieved its instruments and burst into waves of song. The elephant began to move and the crowd staggered back, but he had shifted from his fit of madness to a docile swagger. Unconsciously he seemed to drift into one of his circus acts.

The shouts and screams he took for cheers and, fancying himself once more on the circus-stage at Danborough, he went through a charming act, kneeling and bowing in time to the music, a feeling of confidence and safety restored to his troubled mind, once the mahout, driver of elephants, was perched on his back! Huge as this mammoth was, he felt weak and helpless without a little man on his neck to guide him. And of all the men of Necoma he had chosen Matthew Small!

A royal procession of townfolk paraded Matthew through the streets. His name would go down in history as the savior of many lives and the savior of Necoma. People began to feel an almost symbolic majesty in this triumph. A little man in humility had conquered the fierce, blind force of nature! Ministers would take the event as their text for next Sunday's sermon. Men and women and children would cherish the tale and transmit it through the line of the town's generations. The epic of Necoma had been woven. Its meekest citizen had become its foremost figure by a mysterious knot of circumstances that the fates had tied.

But above the joyous tumult, perched like an Eastern Emperor on his seat of state, Matthew's gaze was fixed on a grinning face that stuck somewhere out of the crowds, the grinning face of straw that he recognized as his father's broom. It swung aloft like a victory banner, the head that once was in the dust now held high and mighty.

AT LAST the procession stranded near Matthew's home, and amid the rousing cheers and parting strains of music Matthew entered with an exultant feeling of new security. Judith, who had heard him come in, was still standing in the kitchen wringing the wash.

"M-a-t-t-h-e-w!" came her voice, concise and commanding as it echoed through the rooms and made the old rafters tremble. She waited for the customary patter of quick, responding footsteps, but they did not come.

"M-a-t-t-h-e-w!" came her voice a second time with the accelerating pitch of ominous impatience. But there was no reply. Slowly with her lips compressed she dried her hands on her apron and walked leisurely into the living-room. On the threshold she stopped. Her eyes opened to a stare and her lower lip drooped lamely. Matthew was sitting with his chair swung back and his feet on the table, a pipe hung from his mouth and a *Picture Gazette* lay across his knees. He was the image of Nolan Kudger!

Outside the band was still playing, and sporadically cheers could be heard for Matthew Small. Judith's gaze drifted to the window, then to the amazing vision on the chair before her, then as if she too had been inculcated with the feeling, Matthew could hear her speak; but it was not Judith's voice that floated like a tender solo above the diminuendo of the receding band. It was the soft, undulating voice of Berenice as she might speak to Nolan Kudger on his return from a day of hardy achievement. And in this voice, with a gentleness he had never known she possessed, Judith asked him for the first time, "Matthew, are you tired? Would you like a cup of coffee, dear?"

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Unnoticed, unfelt – Dry Mouth is the real cause of modern tooth decay

The only way to keep your teeth both white and safe is to restore the normal action of the Mouth Glands

Pebeco not only makes your smile lovelier, it keeps your teeth strong and safe

YOU cannot see Dry Mouth. And, except in extreme cases, you cannot even feel it.

Yet this curious condition, dentists say, is the underlying cause of most tooth decay.

Nature intended the mouth glands to flow continuously. But the glands today cannot get sufficient exercise from the soft, cooked foods we eat.

Gradually they dry up.

And when their alkaline fluids no longer bathe your mouth the acids that cause decay inevitably collect on your teeth.

How ordinary cleaning fails

You may remove the acids temporarily —by scouring with gritty pastes which endanger the unreplaceable enamel, by washing with strong substances that damage the gums and delicate mouth lining.

These methods whiten your teeth—*but five minutes after you stop brushing the acids begin to form again.* The baffling decay goes on.

It is only recently that dentists and physicians have recognized that there is a way to fight tooth decay by preventing its underlying cause—Dry Mouth. They know now that the mouth glands can be successfully stimulated. Today you can keep your teeth naturally safe with a tooth paste that restores the normal protective flow of the mouth glands.

What Pebeco does

The basic ingredient used in Pebeco was first employed by physicians years ago in the treatment of serious mouth conditions, where the teeth were already badly affected. It proved so remarkable in its effects on the teeth and the entire mouth, yet so gentle in its action, that it was made available in tooth paste form—now offered to you in Pebeco.

* * *

Pebeco is the simple, natural way to prevent tooth decay. It acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form. And the deadly mucin and tartar deposits are gently softened and removed.

Pebeco leaves your gums clean and soothed—your whole mouth, normal and healthy. *And in this healthy mouth, your teeth are kept not only white and shining, but safe.*

Start today to overcome Dry Mouth. Send for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc., N. Y. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto. At all druggists.

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Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

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Every mother should tell her daughter this

A new way in woman's hygiene, today adopted by 5 million women
The scientifically correct way approved by Doctors and Nurses

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Graduate Nurse*

If five million women adopt, practically overnight, a new way in personal hygiene, surely it is worth knowing about—at least worth giving a trial.

Today mothers everywhere are telling their daughters of this new way which has revolutionized woman's personal life. They give thanks *their* daughters need never know the old-fashioned makeshifts—unhygienic, dangerous to health—that this new way supplanted.

This new way is Kotex, widely urged by doctors and nurses. And it is as a nurse that I urge you to try it. Kotex is used in practically all hospitals today. And by eight women in ten in the better walks of life.

The advantages of Kotex

Many discomforts common to women, doctors say, are directly traceable to makeshift sanitary methods. Much of the loss of charm, of the feminine immaculacy expected at *all* times, is chiefly due to the same reason. Every woman knows this to be true.

Kotex is a sanitary pad made of Cellucotton, the world's super-absorbent. It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

Besides that, each Kotex pad is impregnated with a new secret deodorant which our scientists recently discovered. It is the result of years of laboratory experiment and research.

Another important advantage is that it can be discarded simply, without the least bother or embarrassment—just like a piece of tissue.

Kotex is germ-proof, packed in sanitary sealed packages of twelve. In two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

All drug and department stores have Kotex—ready-wrapped in plain paper. There are no questions to ask or answer, no needless conversation. Simply pay the clerk and walk out, that is all.

Easy to get—anywhere

Today, get Kotex, deodorized. Learn what it has come to mean to the millions of women who have adopted it. Or if you will write to me, I will send you free, a sample of the new deodorized Kotex, and an interesting booklet, written by an eminent doctor on this important subject. Your letter will be treated confidentially, of course, and the sample will come in plain, unmarked wrapper. Just address me

ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, G. N.
Care of Cellucotton Laboratories
166 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Kotex Regular, now 60c *Kotex-Super, now 90c*

KOTEX
DEODORIZED

The Beauty of Lincoln

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

the side of a mask of the Abbé Lamennais. The old artist exclaimed with delight, "What a beautiful face! Why, it is more beautiful and has more character than the abbé's, and we think that it is the handsomest one in France! What extraordinary construction and what fineness of form!"

Later this bronze-founder showed this mask to all the leading sculptors of Paris. All of them expressed astonishment and delight. They said in substance, "It is unusual in construction. It has new and interesting characters. It is a wonderful specimen." Bartlett then lent the mask, together with some photographs, to the greatest sculptor of living subjects of modern times. He studied them for months. At the end he said, "I can do nothing with that head. I doubt if any one in these times can." The subtle character of its forms is beyond belief. There is no face like it." Frémiet, the famous French sculptor, said to Bartlett, "It seems impossible that a new country like yours could produce such a face. It is unique."

NOW, had Frémiet been a biologist he would never have hazarded such an ingenuous remark. *Just because America is a new country Lincoln belongs to the biologically expected.* A great deal of evidence indicates that there is a distinct Lincoln type in the American population, the result of a new evolution. It is found nowhere else in the world. Being the culmination of that type, Lincoln is bound to be one of its most beautiful representatives. Consequently while no biologist could have predicted him as an individual he is not surprized at him. For when the biologist studies the selective forces at work upon the American peoples for three hundred years under the new conditions of the western hemisphere—the selective forces of climate, of pioneering, of intensive death-rates and enormous birth-rates, of social, economic, and political forces, all of which are prime factors in evolution—to use a technical phrase, Lincoln falls well within the curve of expectation.

No country but America could have possibly produced him. There wasn't room enough in Europe. This is a literal fact of biology. Washington, Franklin, and Hamilton were merely transplanted Englishmen. But Lincoln is American. He seems to belong to a new zoological phylum. In order to produce both his physique and type of intellect the drama of evolution had to be set upon a new stage of continental breadth and surging with continental forces to which the race had not been previously subjected. Evolution had to have more elbow-room for such a colossal task.

This is neither poetical fantasy nor literary biology. A widely ranging species is nearly always an extremely varied species. A species develops new types in a pretty close ratio to the new varieties of its environment. The great elemental forces of climate, air, soil, and sky beat upon it. And by their very multiplicity they mold great new types of organization that in narrow spaces and limited ranges are impossible.

And so to a biologist Lincoln's appearance is utterly natural. He is neither a freak nor an anomaly. He belongs within the easy range of the expected. The zoological stage was all set for the entrance of a colossus: and had he not entered the play would still seem incomplete. Without him evolution would have seemed unhuman to have been unequal to its task.

Turn now from the mask and statues to the photographs. There is one that I have called the family portrait because it was the one best beloved by his own family. It shows as perhaps no other portrait his innate gentility and breeding. His hair is disheveled, which is unusual. This is because he had just come from the barber, who had slicked down his hair with the barbaric concoctions and hell-brews whose purpose is known only to the profession. As he sat down some one remarked this fact, and Mr. Lincoln—how absurd it would seem to call him Doctor or General or King Lincoln!—ran his fingers through his hair in an effort to restore his likeness to a semblance of reality. But any one who has studied the faces of great men would instantly say it is the face of a born gentleman.

The full face portrait of Lincoln is the one which I believe the American people love best and call the homeliest. Yet artists believe it to be one of the most beautiful portraits of a human being in existence. As Bartlett says, "It is probably the most impressively proportioned portrait ever taken of Lincoln. It would hold its own in space—in the open air."

While the original is small in itself it has a largeness of style and an amplitude and grandeur of construction probably possessed by no other photograph in the world. As a speaking, living exposition of personality it is priceless. The head rises easily and majestically from the neck. And the neck itself, as Borglum says, "does not set on the shoulders but rises out of them." It would decorate the pyramids.

Moreover, this portrait, I think, gives us the best and most clearly modeled view of both eyes that we have. And what eyes, and what a setting! All Lincoln's features are of monumental proportions and all converge with craftsman-like precision toward the eyes, nose, and forehead, which together constitute the capital of any compelling figure.

But note the eyes alone and the immediate surrounding field of construction. The architectural theme is sustained throughout and is one of unexampled perfection. The orbital arch juts out above the eyes with the rugged grandeur of a cliff. The eyebrows run almost straight until they reach the rich proportions of the temples, where they rapidly decline. The eyes are set at a moderate distance apart, the nose-bridge rising high and cleanly chiseled between them.

The high nose, together with the cavernous depths of the orbital arch, sets the eyes amid lights and shadows which give a gentle, harmonious but at the same time imposing perspective. This sustained scheme of deep relief about the eyes, as Daniel French pointed out to the writer, is characteristic of nearly all great heads. Below the eyes the cheeks flow away like a wide-sweeping valley from the mountains.

I CAN think of no eyes like these except Tennyson's, Emerson's, and Dante's. We see this same effect of delicate sensitiveness coupled with large architectonics in the mask of the Greek Jove, and, unless it is Lincoln's, is regarded as the finest in existence. All Lincoln's contemporaries agree on the beauty of his eyes.

And here again the biologist finds what he expects. Not only have artists found that nearly all great men had eyes set deep amid big structural forms, but Havelock Ellis, as a biologist, came to the same conclusion from his famous study of the British men of genius. Among one thousand celebrated men he found a large majority were regarded by their contemporaries as "comely," "handsome," "imposing." But even where their general appearance failed to fulfil the expectations of their genius, practically all had wonderfully beautiful eyes.

The eyes of Burns were "coals of living fire," and Scott said they "literally glowed." Chatterton's eyes had "fire rolling at the bottom of them." So the

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Why have an extra bedroom?

The newest homes are arranged a more convenient way

ONE OF THE INTERIORS SHOWN IN THE "KROEHLER BOOK OF LIVING ROOM ARRANGEMENTS"

An interesting color scheme has been developed for this living room. The walls are finished in ivory, with the woodwork and mantel finished several shades darker and the floor covered with a honey gray-green carpet to offset the height of the ceiling.

The chairs, a part of the Kroehler Suite, are upholstered in plain gray-green damask. The same tone may be chosen for the curtains of figured damask.

The Kroehler Davenport Bed is covered with a tête-de-negre fabric, with cushions of orange and henna for contrast. The same note of henna and orange used in small spots—lamp shades and tassels, for example—afford relief from the general note of green.

This interior is taken from the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," a new booklet, prepared under the direction of an experienced interior decorator. A copy will be sent you on request.

YOU can't help noticing it—the change that has come about in people's ideas of home building. A few years ago all your friends seemed to think that the chief mark of affluence was the size of one's house. Now, apparently, the smarter one is, the smaller one's home.

Today, for example, at Virginia's luncheon. So many of the women were talking about their new homes. But, strange to say, there was no mention of ten- and twelve-room houses. Every house, it seemed, was planned on the most compact scale imaginable.

Reason enough for it, of course. With the cost of building so great, and the servant problem so increasingly hopeless, it is no wonder that even the smartest homes are being built to provide the utmost possible comfort with the least possible care.

VERY cleverly they manage—these wise young home owners—to eliminate all the extra space that eats so voraciously into building costs and furnishing budgets, and that adds a daily burden in the way of care-taking. Where do they make their biggest saving? In the bedroom space.

It's wonderfully interesting the way they arrange for one less bedroom than you would expect. They don't really do without that bedroom. They merely smuggle it into the house, in the guise of a Kroehler Davenport Bed.

Everyone, it seems, has a Kroehler these days. Of course, you don't realize it, for the lovely Kroehler Davenport Beds that you see every where look just like any other fine davenport. They have the same low, easy lines, the same luxuriously soft cushions, the same wide, loungy seat. And they are upholstered just as are all the finest davenports, in the rich fabrics, the lovely soft colorings, that mark the most correct living-room pieces.

YOU see one in Doris' tiny apartment, in Mary's remodeled house, in Louise's redecorated living room. There are handsome, deep-cushioned chairs to match. You think Doris and Mary and Louise lucky girls to have such charming, new pieces. And you never dream that hidden under the soft-cushioned seat of the davenport is the wide, roomy, wonderfully comfortable bed that solves their extra bedroom problem.

How sensible it is—this universal vogue of the Kroehler! Think how much it is saving every month for thousands of people in crowded homes or small apartments—how much extra work every week in the care of an additional room. Think how neatly it would solve your own extra bedroom difficulty.

Perhaps you need this additional sleeping space only for emergency use. Perhaps you need it every night. But whenever you require it, this convenient bed is ready for your use.

It can be made in the morning and folded away beneath the davenport seat. When bedtime comes, a single, easy motion, reveals this comfortable sleeping space with covers all in place.

The Invisible Bedroom

A REAL full-size bed it is. The mattress is thick and soft. The springs are strong but yielding.

For style, you can choose an interesting period design or a soft-cushioned, overstuffed pattern. For upholstery, there are all the good-looking, long-wearing fabrics that fashion approves—silk damask, tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo, or Baker Cut Pattern Velour, leather or Chase Leatherwove.

Upon the sound construction and hidden quality built into your davenport depend its long life and satisfying service. In the Kroehler Davenport Bed you will find a frame of kiln-dried hardwood; seat springs of heavy, high-carbon wire, flexibly interlocked; spring edges doubly stuffed and stitched. The back is of the soft pillow-spring type; the filling is of germ-cured flax fiber, best moss and cotton; the upholstery is moth-proofed. The seat cushions are filled with closely assembled, fine wire coil springs, made from specially drawn, high-carbon wire, and padded with clean, white, felted cotton. The folding bed frame is all-steel, fitted with sagless cable fabric and helical springs.

DEALERS everywhere sell Kroehler Davenport Beds and Suites for cash or on easy payments. The prices are very moderate. Only the fact that they are made by the largest manufacturer of upholstered furniture in the country, with purchasing power that permits them to secure raw materials at the lowest possible figure, and manufacturing facilities that allow them to keep production costs at the lowest possible point, enables you to have this beautiful furniture at a price so low.

Be sure the Kroehler name plate is on the back of the davenport bed suite you buy. If you do not know where to find Kroehler Davenport Beds and matching chairs, write us. We will send you the name of the nearest dealer and the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," a really fascinating book of interiors, showing the clever, new ideas in living-room arrangement. You will find in it endless useable suggestions for the arrangement, furnishing and color scheme of your own living room.

Address Kroehler Mfg. Co., Chicago, or Stratford, Ontario. Factories at Kankakee, Ill., Bradley, Ill., Naperville, Ill., Binghamton, N. Y., Dallas, Texas, Los Angeles, Calif., San Francisco, Calif. Canadian Factory, Stratford, Ont.

KROEHLER
Davenport Bed

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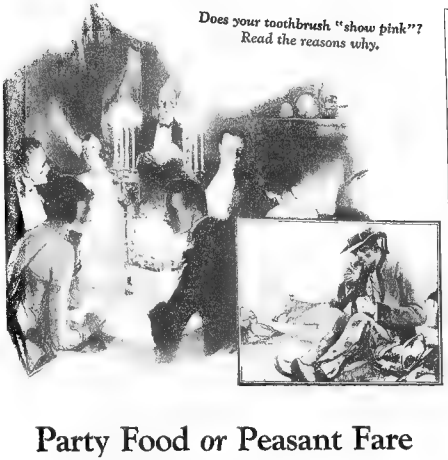
Does your toothbrush "show pink"?
Read the reasons why.



Party Food *or* Peasant Fare

—*which is better for your gums?*

CONSIDERING how little care he devotes to them, the peasant's teeth are in marvelous condition. He eats rough, coarse food which gives his gums plenty of exercise, and his gums are, therefore, firm and healthy.

But this soft, modern food which we eat, these creamy, delicious things which form so great a part of our diet, rob our gums of that blood-rousing stimulation they need to remain in health.

"Pink toothbrush"
—look out for it!

As a result of long years of eating soft food, our gums grow soft, flabby, congested. The toothbrush begins to "show pink"—a warning of trouble to come.

The dentists of America are awake to this situation. Specialists in troubles of the gums tell us that, desirable as it is to keep the surface of our teeth clean and white, that alone is not enough. We must make the care of our gums a part of our daily routine.

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Perhaps your own toothbrush seldom "shows pink"—if so, you are fortunate. But you can build no better foundation for the future health of your teeth and your gums than to brush them twice daily with this splendid dentifrice.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If you are troubled by gums that are soft or tender to the brush, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you will note the improvement. And you will be delighted with its smooth, rich consistency, its delicious flavor, and its clean, refreshing taste.

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The Beauty of Lincoln

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

artist and biologist both find that Lincoln's eyes fulfil genius's promise of the beautiful. There is no doubt that this brilliancy of the eye in persons of genius is due to extraordinary activity of the brain.

Lincoln's nose is a thing of sheer sculptural splendor. The only criticism that could be urged is that it bends slightly to the right. But it rises naturally and easily from the basic forms beneath. It is big, but so were his feet and his intellect big. Lincoln's nose is not low and flat, but high and flat. The narrow plane of the ridge aids the lighting of the whole face and especially adds to the impression of depth to the eyes, and this plane drops naturally from the forehead. The wings are even all round at the base and the septum is not exposed, which is a defect that ruins Washington's nose.

Washington and Lincoln are often compared, or rather contrasted, in "handsomeness." But Washington's eyes, nose, and mouth all lack in grandeur and distinction. Washington has the broad, flatly constructed Saxon face of the middle-class English gentry. We see the type running all through Hotbein's and Rembrandt's paintings. There are thousands of hale, well-built, pleasant-appearing Englishmen like Washington. But there is and can be only one Lincoln.

Washington's mouth is an especial disappointment. It fails to bear out the structural promise about it. As Dr. Frederick Adams Woods, the American biologist, whom I have been assisting for months in some studies of faces, pointed out to me, we meet the same disappointment in the face of Sir Francis Galton. Washington's otherwise beautiful face is, with this exception, a great face. But the mouth is a narrow slit.

Nearly all great men have had excellent, expressive mouths. Woods finds they have almost without exception quite thick lips, the upper lip long, and a goodly surface of exposed mucous membrane. Washington's lips are unexpectedly thin, just as Lafayette had no forehead. Nature works only in averages. Lincoln's lower lip is slightly too thick and turned outward perhaps too freely. But Bartlett argues that this expresses the breadth and richness of his sympathies.

I HAVE never seen a discussion of Lincoln's upper lip, but it is a thing of pure classic chastity. It has thickness and weight without massiveness and is overflowing with mobility and strength. The central depression as well as the entire lower line of exposure—almost a perfect Cupid bow—is as finely chiseled as those of any noble dame of the salon. And flowing away from the center outward toward the cheeks and downward toward the corners of the mouth there is a "graduated emphasis" and due apportionment of delicacy and strength that are peculiarly satisfying.

Beginning with the lower lip, chin, and lower jaws, we come upon formations which require especial study. The vertical distance from the lower lip through the chin is less than in the pure Greek and much less than in the great historic political figures such as the Cæsars and Napoleons. Lincoln did not have the overweighted and obtrusively powerful chin and jaws popularly ascribed to the prize-fighter and the great autocrats.

While "character-reading" is a very hazy study and largely a bundle of hazardous guesses, yet there are certain large general characteristics which seem to appear in typical individuals and which form the basis of popular impressions. And beginning with the point of Lincoln's chin outward and upward are great folds—not wrinkles—which give a breadth and a sort of opulent openness which Barnard argues are the expression of his immense democracy. Certainly the mouth and lower part of the face impress the reverent student with a feeling of easily touched sympathies and spacious tenderness.

This impression is strengthened as we study the two great sides of the face. As Borglum has pointed out, Lincoln laughed with the right side of his face, and rippling all over it are delicate streams of humor, as from some freshening spring. They pour toward the right corner of his mouth, where his laughter issued with a loud, hearty guffaw. The left side is the side of melancholy, and written all over it are the sufferings of a great, lonely soul.

TO STUDY Lincoln's body requires a volume. Perhaps we see it best—at least one of its innumerable aspects—in the famous sitting portrait. Lincoln was his own statue. As Bartlett says, "This portrait is truly a ready-made statue. The most easy, dignified, and impressive representation of any man of modern times." Carved in marble, it would complete a great capitol. Place such a statue on the ruggedest mountain side and it would humanize it all. Bartlett showed this photograph to Rodin, Frémiet, and Aube, three of the greatest of modern sculptors. They all exclaimed, "He is a new man. He is a tremendous character."

And here we come upon the problem of his "angularity." Find any angularity in this portrait if you can. Angularity, if it be concordant angularity, is the very essence of beauty. A globe has no beauty because it has no angles. "Nobody loves a fat man" because he has no angles to rouse our esthetic esteem. The observer can not detect easily the structural purpose of his features. Isolate any small detail of him and you can not tell what it is for. But even Lincoln's knee-caps were carved like cameos.

A race-horse is all angles and for that reason is a thing of speed and beauty. A draft-horse has all angles suppressed and for that reason is a draft-horse. Lower savages are mostly built like draft-horses—the great angles of muscle and movement concealed. An athlete is clean-cut.

We see this principle easily in caricature. Caricature is angularity carried too far. Lincoln's body was a wonderful thing because everywhere it is angularity carried just to the point of proper functional objective.

I issue here a gentle defy to the reader. Point out if you can Lincoln's "angularity." Is it in the forehead? It rises as grandly and easily as a capitol dome. Is it in the nose? It is the simplest possible development from all the underlying foundation. Is it about the eyes? I have shown that their setting has hardly its like among men. Are the cheek-bones really too high? Slightly so. But this impression rises mainly from the marble-like economy of the muscular development throughout the entire face. Is it the chin? Or the jaws? They sweep outward and upward, informed with all the broad and humane instincts of democracy.

Is it in his body? Was Lincoln really awkward? Any man would seem awkward who all his life had to sit in chairs six inches too low for him. Borglum has pointed this out. Common chairs were not made for Lincolns, but for common men.

Lincoln could no more look graceful in a common chair than could a tomtit look regal upon a throne. His anatomical structure was perfectly proportioned. And as with any machine, however gigantic, if it be duly proportioned and have space for action, every movement is bound to be informed with the grace of certainty. Thus it was with Lincoln.

But upon this point of Lincoln's superb bodily structure I am able to present

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

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Won't redden your hands~

won't coarsen or roughen them...Lux suds free you from that tell-tale-in-the-dishpan-look

HOW ruefully you have looked at your hands after dishwashing. Red and stinging and rough!

No wonder you hated the job.

You were careful to use fine toilet soap—but what good could that do when three times a day your hands went into strong suds of kitchen soap. Of course your hands looked it!

You don't have to let your hands suffer from dishwashing one day longer. Use Lux in your dishpan. All over the country women are saving their hands by using Lux.

Lux is just as kind to your hands as it is to your fine silks and woolens. Kitchen soap, with its free alkali, burns out the natural oils that keep your skin smooth and velvety. Lux will never do this—as you know, it won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm. There is nothing in it to dry out those essential oils in your skin. It is as gentle as fine toilet soap.

Your hands will be grateful for Lux. Even your finger-nails will look different.

Just one teaspoonful for dishes

You will find one single teaspoonful of Lux is plenty for breakfast or lunch dishes. Maybe you will want a little more for the dinner dishes. But one teaspoonful in the dishpan and you have all the fine rich suds you want to leave your dishes with shining faces. You can safely trust your finest gold decorated dishes to the mild Lux suds.

Put a package of Lux on the shelf near the sink. Use it for a little while and watch the difference in the way your hands look and feel. You can get the big new package now as well as the regular size. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

"Now my hands are beautiful—before I was often ashamed of them," writes one woman

For Curtains and Draperies

Filmy curtains and silken or cretonne draperies—Lux is so safe for them. Dip them gently into the suds, pressing it through them, then rinse and hang where they will dry quickly. Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't harm.

Paint, Porcelain and Tile

It's a joy the way Lux restores the soft gleaming surface of fine paint or porcelain or tile. Do a small surface at a time, rinsing off the ample Lux suds with clear water the same temperature. Then dry with a soft cloth. You can do all the cleaning you want with Lux and your hands won't feel it.

Keep Woolens unshrunken

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into thick lather in half a basin of hot water. Cool to lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds through soiled spots. Never rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out and dry in even temperature.

For fine Silks

Wash in ample lukewarm Lux suds as you would woolens. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—never wring. When nearly dry press with a warm iron—never a hot one. For colored silk wash quickly and in almost cool water.

ALWAYS wash the glass before the silver or dishes. With the abundant Lux suds one rinsing will leave things clear. There is no semi-dissolved soap to streak and stick. Wipe with a soft, lintless cloth and see the sparkle and polish. Dishwashing seems only half the work with Lux.

Just one teaspoonful is enough

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of representative New England Doctors *say*

"Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is the most healthful"

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Leaves no bitter taste

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HOT MOLASSES CAKE
Care should be taken not to bake any molasses mixture in too hot an oven as it browns more quickly than other mixtures. Oiled paper in the bottom of the pan makes the cake easier to turn out and helps prevent burning.

Complete recipes for the foods illustrated are in the Royal Cook Book

ROYAL CINNAMON BUNS
Many people prefer buns that are more crusty than the kind usually served. For crusty buns bake in individual muffin tins.

PRINCESS CAKE
All fine-grained white cakes require careful mixing of ingredients rather than beating. Beating causes the air bubbles which make this kind of cake coarse-textured.

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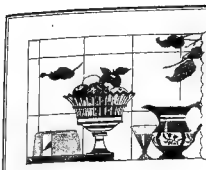
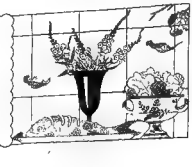


THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by Marie Sellers



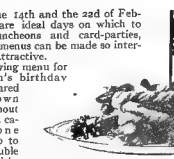
Fancy Foods for February Feasts

By Mary Rodgers DeMotte

Photos by Dana B. Merrill

BOTH the 14th and the 22d of February are ideal days on which to give luncheons and card-parties, because the menus can be made so interesting and attractive.

The following menu for Washington's birthday can be prepared in one's own kitchen without the help of a caterer if one wishes to go to a bit of trouble in the garnishing and serving of the dishes. Tho these dishes appear fancy when completed in reality they are little more trouble to prepare than the "ordinary" party menu.



BLOCKHOUSE SALAD WILL GIVE A MILITARY LOOK TO YOUR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON

Fruit Cocktail

MAKE this entirely of the light-colored fruits, white grapes, grapefruit, and pineapple, and pour over it a little white grape-juice. Serve it in blue glasses if possible (colored glass is so extremely fashionable just now), and hang over the edge of the glass three or four of the hard red candy cherries, the sort with the wire stems. The wires may be bent so that they will hang prettily. If you do not own any blue glass, tie a blue bow onto the stems of the cherries where they go over the glass, being careful it does not touch the fruit, of course.

Tomato Soup

TOMATO soup served in blue cups if possible, with whipped cream on top, makes a very good first course if you prefer it to the fruit. For an accompaniment cut little hatchet-shaped pieces of buttered bread from thin slices and brown them in the oven, or make slender toast-fingers and tie several of them together with narrow red, white, and blue ribbons. Stuff crisp pieces of celery with cream cheese and dot with tiny pieces of red radishes and capers. The capers, while not blue, of course, do give, when combined with the red and white, the idea of the three colors.

Bombe Croquettes

USE equal parts of chicken and macaroni put through a food-chopper and then mixed with a cream sauce made of part milk and part broth, in which the chicken was cooked. Add a little chopped green pepper, pimiento, and just a suspicion of minced onion. Shape into round balls, dip into egg and crums, and fry in deep fat. Just before serving, stick into each ball a tiny candle such as is used on birthday-cakes. Some of the candles can be white, some blue, and some red. Wrap the end of each one in a piece of wax-paper to keep the wax from running down onto the croquette, because, of course, they must be lighted before the platter is brought into the dining-room. Be sure and make the hole for the candle in the croquette with a fork or something sharp so that it won't have to be forced in and spoil the shape of the ball.

A rice fort filled with hot cherries accompanies the croquettes. Boil the rice until tender, drain, season with butter, pepper, and salt, and mold in a square cake-pan or cracker-tin. Turn out on a platter, and either cut a well in the center or make a deep depression in it. Fill with Royal Ann, maraschino, or sour red cherries that have been heated in their own sirup, which has been sweetened a little more and slightly thickened with corn-starch. At the four corners of the "fort" insert little silk flags. Creamed peas may be served in the rice mold, and preserved cherries used on the side.

Blockhouse Salad

FOR a blockhouse salad build an enclosure of cheese straws, with here and there a gherkin sticking out at the proper angle for a cannon. Inside heap shrimp or salmon salad. Make this on a large platter and let the guests help themselves to the salad and the straws.

Washington Cream Pie

SERVE a Washington cream pie for dessert, made of sponge-cake with whipped cream garnished with cherries.

SERVE the refreshments for a Washington's Birthday card-party on plates from the kitchen. An oyster croquette, made cone-shaped, with a little silk flag floating from the top, and an open-faced sandwich make an attractive combination. Try to use blue plates if possible.

For the sandwich cut a circle of brown bread, spread thickly with softened and seasoned cream cheese, and stripe with pimiento so it will have red and white stripes alternating. A tiny mold of tomato aspic may be served on the side of the plate, if you wish something a bit more elaborate. For dessert, altho a second course is not necessary if this substantial one is served after the game instead of before, you might have vanilla ice-cream in tall glasses, with a layer of big black cherries in the center, chocolate sauce, whipped cream, and a maraschino cherry on top. This with sponge-cake would be enough to serve at an afternoon affair, if you did not wish to serve the hot dish.

A FRENCH CHOP ON A HEART OF HAM MAKES AN UNUSUAL VALENTINE DISH

Instead of serving candy buy very large candied cherries and insert a large blanched almond in each one, allowing part of it to show. These red-and-white confections are not only delicious but they are very effective decorations. Arrange on a shallow blue glass dish.

A VALENTINE LUNCHEON TABLE WITH CRÊPE-PAPER DECORATIONS

A VALENTINE LUNCHEON

FOR the centerpiece of a Valentine luncheon use a basket of Spring flowers with red-and-white tulips predominating. Tie a bow of red-and-white striped ribbon to the handle, and in among the flowers place two wire hearts covered with red chenille.

Serve a fruit cocktail first, with little hearts cut from maraschino cherries sprinkled over the top.

With the consommé julienne serve toast-fingers arranged in a circle on a white paper doily around a red card board heart. Celery hearts, radish roses, and stuffed olives may be passed with this.

Valentine Chops

LITTLE French chops with white paper frills, with a red paper heart pasted to each frill, served on heart-shaped pieces of boiled ham, make the *pièce de résistance*. A melon-shaped mold of asparagus mousse is served with this, decorated with strips of green peppers and red peppers and a row of red pimiento hearts cut out with a small cooky-cutter. Asparagus tips may be piled at the ends of the platter. Serve with Hollandaise sauce. Little hot whole-wheat rolls and currant jelly round out this course.

Salad and Cheese

FRENCH endive with French dressing makes a very good salad, with a small square of Philadelphia cream cheese on each plate decorated with a pimiento heart, or little cherry cheese sandwiches may be served with this.

Cherry Sandwiches

MOISTEN a cream cheese with cream until it is soft enough to spread easily. Then add a few finely chopped candied cherries and blanched almonds. Spread very thin slices of fresh bread first with unsalted butter, then with the cheese mixture; roll and tie with red ribbon.

Heart Ice-Cream

HAVE the ice-cream molded into a large heart and pour crushed and sweetened strawberries over it. Serve with small heart-shaped cakes. The mints are white peppermints with tiny red candy hearts fastened to them with sugar-sirup.

Directions for making the Valentine crêpe-paper table favors shown on this page will be sent on receipt of a large stamped, self addressed envelop.

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The HOME BUREAU

Recipes de Luxe

Worked Out and Tested in the Kitchen of a "Born Cook"

DEEP pies with crusts so flaky that you want to eat every crum! Pancakes so tender that they fairly melt in your mouth! Unusual meats with gravies and sauces that always bring you back for more! Dishes like those appear one after another through the swinging door of one busy kitchen we know. We've asked the cook to let us have the secrets of some of her "different" recipes, and here they are, just as she makes them for a table which is famous for its good things to eat.

Plum-Cake Pie

2 Cupfuls Flour
½ Cupful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Butter
3 Egg Yolks
¼ Cupful Milk
6 Dozen Plums
½ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful Flour
½ to ¾ Cupful Sugar

MIX and sift together the flour, sugar, and salt, rub in the butter, and add one of the egg yolks. If the egg yolk is small a few drops of water may be needed to hold the paste together. Put the paste aside to cool, then roll out the dough to the size of a deep pie-plate. (This recipe will make enough dough to cover two medium-sized plates.) Place in a floured pan and pat to fit the plate, as this is a crumbly mixture. Bake the pie-shells in a moderate oven (300 degrees F.) for ten minutes. Wash the plums, split in halves, remove pits, sprinkle with the sugar and cinnamon, and arrange on the pie-crust. Beat the two remaining egg yolks with the one-fourth cupful of milk and a teaspoonful of flour, pour over the plums, and bake in a moderate oven (300 degrees F.) for about twenty minutes.

Apple-Cake Pie

6 to 8 Apples
¼ Cupful Water
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Tablespoonful Lemon-juice
2 Egg Yolks
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Cupful Seeded Raisins
¼ Cupful Milk
1 Teaspoonful Flour

USE the same dough as in the foregoing recipe. For one pie six to eight apples will be needed for the filling of one shell. Pare and cut the apples lengthwise, parboil with the water and sugar, add the lemon-juice, one-half teaspoonful of the cinnamon, and the raisins. Cover a deep pie-plate with dough and bake for ten minutes in a moderate oven (300 degrees F.). Beat together the egg yolks, milk, flour, the remaining one-half teaspoonful of the cinnamon, and pour over apple mixture. Spread on the shell and bake in a moderate oven (300 degrees F.) for about twenty minutes. Garnish with whipped cream or meringue made from the whites of eggs.

Poor Knights

2 Egg Yolks
1 Cupful Milk
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Bread

CUT slices of stale white bread one-fourth inch thick. Cut off the crusts and trim into shape. Beat together the egg yolks, milk, and salt, pour over the bread, and let soak for a few minutes. Fry in a hot buttered pan to a golden brown. Arrange on a platter and place a teaspoonful of jelly in the center of each piece. Serve hot.

Potato Pancakes

12 Raw Potatoes
3 Egg Yolks
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Flour

PEEL and grate the raw potatoes, drain off the liquid, add the flour, eggs, and salt, and mix thoroughly. Drop in a hot greased frying-pan, a soupspoonful of batter at a time, flatten with the spoon to form little cakes, and sauté on both sides three or four at once in hot fat. Serve apple sauce or any kind of stewed fruit with the cakes.

Apple Pancakes

6 to 8 Apples
1 Cupful Flour
1 Cupful Milk
3 Eggs
1 Tablespoonful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Salt

MIX and sift together the flour, sugar, and salt. Beat the eggs with the milk and add to the other mixture. Pare and cut the apples crosswise, removing the cores. Place in a greased pan a single layer of the apples, fry for a minute, then pour over the apples just enough batter to cover the bottom of the pan; fry for a few minutes; turn and fry on the other side. Repeat the process, and place two or three cakes on the top of each other, sprinkle with sugar, and serve.

Leg of Lamb (Venison Style)

Leg of Lamb
2 Quarts Sour Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Vinegar
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Tablespoonfuls Drippings
1 Onion
Salt and Pepper
1 Cupful Sour Cream

SELECT the leg of lamb, put in a long deep pan and cover with the sour milk and vinegar. Let stand in a cool place for four to five days, turning the meat once a day in order to have it thoroughly cured. When ready to use put in a roasting-pan, add the butter, drippings, and onion, cut into halves, season with the salt and pepper, and bake in a moderate oven (300 degrees F.) for about two hours, basting frequently. When half done pour over the roast the sour cream. Serve with potato dumplings.

Roasted Hare or Rabbit

Rabbit
Fat
1 Small Onion
Bay-leaves
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
½ Cupful Sour Cream
1 Tablespoonful Vinegar

SKIN and clean the rabbit; remove carefully the inner skin. Grease all over with a larding-needle. Place in a small roasting-pan, add the butter, onion, and a few bay-leaves, and roast in a hot oven (475 degrees F.) for thirty-five to forty-five minutes. Baste frequently. At the end of twenty-five minutes add the sour cream and vinegar. This is also an excellent method for cooking venison.

Paprika Veal or Beef Goulash

4 Pounds Veal or Beef
1 Cupful Butter or Other Fat
3 Large Onions
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Paprika
Soup-stock or Water
Flour
2 or 3 Tablespoonfuls Cream

MELT the fat in an iron pot, and add the meat, cut in square pieces, and the finely chopped onions, and fry to a golden brown; stir in the paprika and salt. Cover and let it slowly simmer, add the soup-stock or water from time to time, and stir in a pinch of flour at intervals to produce a rich and rather thick sauce. Cook slowly for one and one-half hour, and when nearly done add the two or three tablespoonfuls of cream.

Milk-Rice

2 Cupfuls Rice
1 Quart Milk
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Butter
Sugar
Cinnamon

WASH and put the rice in a double boiler, cover with the cold milk and a cupful of cold water, and cook slowly with the salt for one hour. Serve on a platter in mounds, with a hollow in the center of each, in which should be placed the melted butter and mixed sugar and cinnamon, when passed as an accompaniment. This is delicious served with pork or veal-chops.

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The Babies' Health Department

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

The Prevention and Cure of Colds

I SHALL try in this article to answer the questions most often asked me about colds.

1. Are colds dangerous? Yes, they are, because the germs that cause colds may develop into something more serious. They may spread to the lungs, ears, heart, joints, kidneys, and even the brain. A cold may be simply the beginning of one of the infectious diseases, such as measles. Hence a cold should never be neglected.

2. How does a child catch cold? A cold is caught from some other person who already has one. Some of the most frequent ways in which colds are contracted are by kissing; by being near a person who has a cold when that person sneezes or coughs; by using the same handkerchief, towel, cup, or dishes as those used by one with a cold; by sleeping in the same bed with or being held closely in the arms of one with a cold.

Germs that are causing the cold in one person are given off in the air and then taken into the noses and mouths of others in the family. They are also found on the hands and toys and thus conveyed to the mouth by little children.

3. Why should a child catch cold sometimes and under the same conditions escape it another time? Because sometimes he is in a condition to throw off the germs that cause colds and at others his resistance is lowered and instead of being thrown off the germs multiply and a cold results.

The following are some of the causes that make a child more susceptible to colds: adenoids and large tonsils, loss of sleep or being tired out, eating too much or the wrong kind of food, eating too little or a badly balanced diet, constipation, lack of pure, fresh air and sunlight; drafts or chilling of the body, especially getting the feet and legs wet or damp; taking a very warm bath and then going out into cold, damp air immediately afterward. Rickets make a child very susceptible to colds and coughs of all types.

4. How may one best prevent colds in babies and children? By keeping them in as good health as possible so that if they are exposed the system will be able to throw off germs; by insisting that every one in the house shall cover the mouth and nose with a handkerchief when he sneezes or coughs; that no one shall handle the baby when he has a bad cold himself, unless it is absolutely necessary. If it is necessary, then the hands must be well washed with soap and water before touching the child or his food or toys.

If the mother has a cold she should wear a piece of gauze over her nose and mouth while she is handling the baby. No kissing should be permitted by a person who has a cold. Another method of prevention is by prompt isolation of a child when he has a bad cold, and keeping the baby and other members of the family out of the sick child's room.

When one member of the family has a cold, pieces of old linen or gauze should be used to wipe the nose, and these should be placed in a paper bag and burned. If handkerchiefs are used, these must be placed in the paper bag and kept there until they can be boiled. Keep all dishes, toys, pencils, etc., used by a child with a cold away from the other children until these articles have been boiled and well washed.

5. How shall a child with a common cold be treated? By putting him to bed in a quiet room by himself and keeping him there for several days at least. If he has any fever he should not be allowed to get up until the doctor has carefully examined him. The child should not go out until all signs of the cold have disappeared. The room should be well ventilated and full of sunlight, but kept at as even a temperature as possible (68 to 70 degrees F.).

IF THE baby with a cold is a bottle baby, dilute the usual formula at least one-third for a few days; if a breast-fed child, give an ounce of boiled water just before the breast and nurse a shorter time than usual; if a child who is taking solids, cut down the diet to broths, fruit-juices, milk, thin cereals, and some strained vegetables for a day or two. Give plenty of pure boiled water to all.

Give a dose of castor-oil at the very first symptoms of the cold and keep the bowels open every day after that. Keep the nose clear by swabbing with a liquid petrolatum. Use a mild antiseptic mouth-wash, and brush the teeth well.

Omit the tub-bath, but give a warm sponge-bath under cover of a blanket morning and evening.

Call the doctor as early as possible, and do not try patent medicines recommended by neighbors or bought in drug-stores.

A leaflet called "First Aid for Colds, Coughs, and Croup" will be sent to any mother who asks for it and sends the required self-addressed, U. S. stamped envelop.

Enroll Your Baby

IF YOU have a baby under *six* months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, receiving free monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you.

If you want general health advice about older children up to the age of twelve, send for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class. Always state the child's age. No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

Enclose a self-addressed, U. S. stamped envelop with every request to DR. E. L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City

The oldest beauty secret in the world

The oldest beauty secret in the world is not a magic formula for renewing the skin overnight, or miraculously remodeling the figure in the slender proportions of girlhood. Yet it may be termed a secret, for although it has been used by women in every age, it is still unknown to millions of women who have lost—and are losing—the beauty which should rightfully be theirs.

BEAUTY—real beauty—comes from within. The enemies of beauty—sallowness, a "muddy" and flabby skin, premature wrinkles, dull eyes—these are but surface evidences of conditions which lie deep, beyond the reach of surface treatment.

Beauty is chiefly associated with youth because the vital organs of youth—the nerves, the digestive system—are usually unimpaired. Children live normally, in most homes. They are required to eat with discrimination—to observe normal hours of rest. They get regular exercise. They are not allowed artificial stimulants. With careful observance of these tried, common-sense rules they emerge into maturity, beautiful.

Then these restrictions are removed. And youth—or most young people—hasten to avail themselves of their new freedom. "Freedom," all too frequently, means disregarding the wise rules of health which have been learned in school, and enforced at home. It means loss of sleep. It means indulgence in any food which tempts the eye—in mealtime beverages formerly denied—beverages which contain caffein. And the fleeting stimulation of caffein is followed, more and more, by headache, sleeplessness, nervousness, digestive disturbances.

A few brief years of beautiful womanhood. Then, for so many, fine lines appear—the tentacles of weariness. Sallowness tarnishes the skin. Flabbiness of flesh and spirit—an indisposition to healthful exercise—have replaced the old resilience and buoyancy. With half of their lives yet before them, these women have lost their most compelling charm—a source of their greatest happiness.

And it could so easily be otherwise! For thousands of women, in this age and every other, by following the safe, simple rules of health they learned in childhood, have retained their freshness and charm straight through the cares and problems of middle life, up to the very threshold of old age.

One of these rules—and a most important one—is to avoid the use of caffein. In 2,000,000 American homes, people do this without sacrificing the enjoyment and benefit of a hot mealtime drink, by using Postum.

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, sweetened a trifle, and skillfully roasted. It contains no trace of caffein or any other artificial stimulant. It has a delightful flavor, the flavor of roasted wheat—and wheat is the best-liked food in the world! The oldest beauty secret is *natural* living—and that includes living without drug stimulation. Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer!

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply, free, and my own directions for preparing it in the most delicious way.

"You will be glad to know, too, that Postum costs much less per cup.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. P. M. 2-25

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM ..... ☐ *Check*
POSTUM CEREAL ..... ☐ *which you prefer*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., 45 FRONT ST., EAST, TORONTO, ONTARIO

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Postum is made by the Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich., also makers of Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Grape Nuts. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

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The same food that has raised a million fine babies —

ALICE AND JOSEPHINE WILSON
Twin daughters of Mr. & Mrs. James J. Wilson
289 Ege Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

WHEN the winners are announced in the health and beauty contests all over this country every year—it is amazing to see how many of them have been raised on Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

Here are two more examples: Alice and Josephine Wilson. They are unusual children for several reasons. Their beauty for one thing; their health for another; and the fact that they have won several prizes, such as the 2nd prize in the Asbury Park Baby Parade in 1922. But most of all they are unusual because *they are identical in height and weight!*

When these twins were put on Eagle Brand they were about three weeks old. They began to thrive at once and have been developing in the ideal fashion ever since. Now at five years they are a wonderful example of what this famous baby food can do.

Eagle Brand has been the leading baby food for generations because it is so safe, so digestible, so easy to use. A million grateful mothers can testify to its value. For Eagle Brand is pure milk combined with sugar, and when properly diluted resembles mother's milk more closely than any other prepared food.

If your baby isn't thriving on his present food, start him on the road to health with Eagle Brand. And once started, keep him on it all through the growing age. It will be equally valuable as a health builder when he is older.

If you would like further proof of the value of Eagle Brand for infant feeding, send to the Borden Company for their new booklet, *What Other Mothers Say*. It gives interesting experiences of other mothers with their babies.

General information on the care of your baby is supplied in another book, *Baby's Welfare*, written for you by a physician.

Check the coupon on the opposite page and you can get both these books free.

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— is proving, daily, its power to build up underweight school children

Just as Eagle Brand has brought health to many babies for generations past, so it is now demonstrating its value as a corrective for malnutrition among *older* children.

Underweight is a common condition at the growing age. But it should never be disregarded just because it *is* common. For underweight is the first symptom of malnutrition—and malnutrition is responsible for more ills among growing children than you ever dreamed of. By all means keep up your child's weight, especially in the winter season when he requires heat and energy to protect him against colds and winter diseases.

How Eagle Brand has met the test

Interesting — and exacting — tests have been made with Eagle Brand Condensed Milk to prove its effectiveness for underweight school children. They show without exception—whether made in comparison either with pasteurized or certified milk—that children fed on Eagle Brand gain wonderfully in weight, appearance, mental alertness, blood count, etc.

In addition thousands of mothers have learned the same thing because they have actually used it with their own children. If you have an underweight child, or a pale, listless child, or a child especially susceptible to colds—you can restore him to complete vigor and protect him, with daily Eagle Brand feedings and correct health habits. Only begin at once—delay may be dangerous.

The DANGER Class

One-third *of our school children are malnourished — 6,000,000 of them! Condemned perhaps to lifelong suffering as a result. Made susceptible to disease — especially tuberculosis. Deprived of normal development.*

And all through carelessness or lack of knowledge on the mother's part! Keep your child out of the danger class—keep him safe with Eagle Brand. Every mother, rich or poor, can afford this protective food. At all grocers and druggists.

What to do and how to do it

Your underweight child should have a daily ration of Eagle Brand served in one of the following ways:

As a drink—diluted in the proportion of 2 tablespoonfuls to ⅓ cup of cold water.

As a spread on bread or crackers. (Have the child drink *more* water in this case.)

Poured over cereal.

Made into custards, egg nog and other simple dishes.

Be sure to give this daily ration between meals so that it does not interfere with the child's appetite for his regular food. For Eagle Brand should be used in addition to a normal diet of plenty of vegetables, fresh fruits, eggs, only a little meat, and a minimum of sweets. And other health habits like plenty of sleep, plenty of fresh air, outdoor exercise, regular bowel movements, plenty of water to drink, frequent baths, etc., are of vital importance in your health program. They give Eagle Brand a better chance to do its work of body building.

More information in the 3 Little Books

More detailed information on diet, health measures, how to serve Eagle Brand, etc., is contained in 3 Little Books which you can get from the Borden Company free of charge.

They contain the latest height and weight charts too—with which you can follow your child's condition carefully.

You need these books. Check them and get your coupon in early. The Borden Company, 477 Borden Bldg., 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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EAGLE BRAND
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Keeping Your Child Fit
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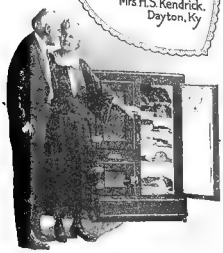
"My best valentine in 27 years"
Mrs. H.S. Kendrick,
Dayton, Ky.



Leonard
CLEANABLE
Refrigerator

"Like a Clean China Dish"

Mrs. Kendrick's Leonard refrigerator was delivered on St. Valentine's Day. She called it the best valentine she had received in 27 years of housekeeping.

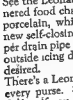
10 Walls and Polar Felt Insulation

Utmost efficiency in home refrigeration is in the Leonard's ten defending walls, insulated with Polar Felt. For keeping cold in and heat out, this insulation has no equal.

See the Leonard's one-piece round-cornered food chamber, triple-coated with porcelain, white or French Gray; the new self-closing lock and patented copper drain pipe and trap. Furnished with outside icing doors and water cooler if desired.

There's a Leonard size and style to suit every purse. See the nearest Leonard dealer; if you cannot find him write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Send for Actual Sample of Porcelain



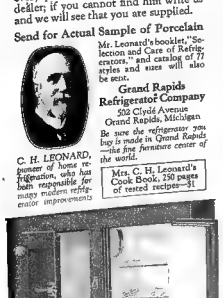
Mr. Leonard's booklet, "Selection and Care of Refrigerators," and catalog of 77 styles and sizes will also be sent.

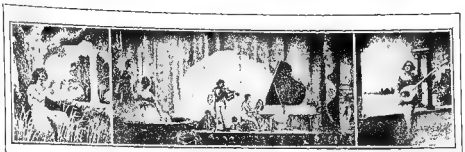
Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company
502 Clyde Avenue
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Be sure the refrigerator you buy is made in Grand Rapids —the fine furniture center of the world.

C. H. LEONARD, pioneer of home refrigeration, who has many modern refrigerator improvements

Mrs. C. H. Leonard's Cook Book, 250 pages of tested recipes—$1





Keeping Step with the Dance

By Ethel Peyser and Marion Bauer

CAN you believe it when you look in to-day at a room full of people dancing that the dance was once a religious rite? Indeed it was, and far from its moorings has it strayed!

From the time of prehistoric man, singing, dancing, and swaying to the tom-tom and stringed instruments have been as necessary as food. They have been used in religious and military ceremonies, medicinal charms, fellowship celebrations, etc. Self-expression in music seems to be inherent in the human being, and no races have existed without some sort of musical accompaniment.

Thus the religious festival with its song and dance developed in this sequence:

1. Religious festival.
2. Sacred drama.
3. Secular drama.
4. Opera.
5. Ballet.
6. Dance of to-day.

If music and the dance have been so highly necessary throughout all the ages to all men and women, then, logically, they must be necessary to-day. The Greeks themselves considered no man or woman educated who could not dance and sing. So let the uplifters rage and let us dance the best way we know how!

Every country has had its folk-songs as well as folk-dances, which have mirrored the people's spirits, their moods, and their aspirations. And right here it might be amusing to take stock and consider whether the thing called "jazz," which all the nations call "American," is what we wish to mirror us.

We are going to tell you some of the origins as well as the names of dance-tunes, in order that you may become more familiar with them when playing them on your pianos, phonographs, violins, harmonicas, saxophones, etc.

The Russian dance, for example, is for the most part recited with an undercurrent of sadness. Russian songs are usually quite sad, and even the Russian waltz has a grayness in it never found in a Viennese waltz. Play, for example, any Strauss waltz; immediately afterward play the waltz movement from Tschaikowsky's "Fifth Symphony," and see what we mean.

Probably the Spanish dances have the "picturesque" quality more emphasized than any other nation. For example, it has the fandango, than which there is no dance quite so full of grace and fire; the tango, which we have taken over; the habanera, which you know from the famous "Habanera" in "Carmen"; the cachucha, etc. Their rhythm is so characteristic that all of us can easily recognize them. Probably no dance has had more effect on modern dances and composers than these Spanish dances.

THE Italian people have a dance called the "tarantella," which is a rapid dance, supposed to have been originated to counteract the bite of the tarantula, a large and poisonous spider. Any one bitten by this insect would be made to dance to this tune, and in this way actually sweat out the poison. So you see our American Indians are not the only ones who have a medicine-dance. Try Sidney Smith's "Tarantella" and Stephen Heller's "Tarantella." They are both delicious bits of medicine-dances.

The Irish people developed the jig and the reel as their bit, as well as their captivating folk-songs, such as "Kathleen Mavourneen," "St. Patrick's Day" (jig), etc. The jig was used also by the great composers in more classic ways, and was called "gigue" by Bach and other masters.

The Scotch gave in their turn the hornpipe, with which you are too familiar for us to enter into any details.

The English have plenty of dance-and folk-tunes, chief among them being the morris-dance, which, strange to say, is taken from the word "Moorish," as it was brought over in the ancient days during the Spanish migrations to Europe. Then their May-pole dances and general May-day festivities set to music originated from the ancient Druids' ceremonies.

IN POLAND we have the polonaise and the mazurka, made famous later by Chopin. In Germany and Austria we have the waltz and the landler or peasant waltz. In Hungary, once a part of Austria-Hungary, is felt the influence of the Gipsy music, from which came the ravishing Hungarian dances and rhapsodies of Liszt, Brahms, Dvořák, and Smetana.

Now, to such old and loved folk-songs and -dances the great composers rallied because here were forms already made which they could idealize and elaborate. So in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries nearly every nation had composers who crystallized these dances into what they called the suite, which was the father of the sonata. Italy had such men as Domenico and Alessandro Scarlatti; in England there were Purcell and Byrd; France had Rameau, Couperin, Grétry (suites and overtures and operas), and Lulli; Germany had the immortal Bach and Handel, the latter living mostly in England.

These suites were merely disconnected collections of all sorts of little dances in contrasting measures: some slow, some fast, some serious, some gay. The names varied with the native tongues of the composers who wrote them. They were as follows: the gavotte, the jig or gigue, the minuet, loure, saltarello, allemande, etc.

Following the suite's popularity came the art dance, which made Vienna, Berlin, and Budapest famous. There were the Schubert dances: waltzes for four hands, "Marche Militaire," etc., and Brahms's "Hungarian Dances," Nos. 1, 5, and 6, and waltzes which are too captivating and tuneful for pen to describe adequately. Any of them with a Brahms label will satisfy you. Then there is Liszt with his rhapsodies (try "Rhapsodies" Nos. 1, 5, 8, 11, and 19). These may be new to you, and that is why we are giving them. They are rapturous on the piano, to say nothing of their value on the phonograph. The tunes from these as from all the rest were taken directly from the folk-music. In this way once unrecorded music goes down through the ages framed in art settings.

Anton Dvořák, like Brahms and Liszt, wrote dances, Slavic and Bohemian (Jugoslovak) for the most part. Grieg wrote with the cool of Norway in his heart and soul and preserved for us the spirit of the Norsemen.

Then there are Johann Strauss and his Viennese waltzes, Gaertner, Waldteufel, and our dear Fritz Kreisler with his "Liebesfreud," "Caprice Viennois," etc.

So much for the actual dances; but we have still as an *action* bit of music the march, used from ancient days as a gatherer for religious rites, thence for war.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

"Don't let your face touch its pillow until your skin has been thoroughly cleansed"

.....The moment my face touched its pillow I knew I had forgotten!

My face felt the caress of the cool, white pillow—and then I remembered.

If my skin were to be clear and fresh looking tomorrow, I must wipe away the day's dirt tonight. I must use the cold cream that cleanses, and revives the skin; the one so pure doctors prescribe it—Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

After this cleansing in "three golden minutes" my skin can rest naturally all night and by morning be radiant.

If you, too, never let your face touch its pillow at night until your skin has been thoroughly cleansed with this perfect cold cream—you'll soon see new clearness and beauty.

For sale at department and drug stores—the white package with the red bands. Tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c. Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c, and $1.50.

There's a "Try-It-Yourself" trial tube for you —Free. Just send the coupon below.

* * *

How to use those "Three Golden Minutes"

I—*Smooth a coat of this perfect cold cream over your face and neck.*

II—*Leave it on a minute to sink in.*

III—*Wipe off the cleansing cold cream with a smooth cloth and finish with a dash of cold water.*

Daggett & Ramsdell's

PERFECT COLD CREAM

Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 601E
214 West 14th St., New York

Please send me the free trial tube of the Perfect Cold Cream you offer above.

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Gain Beauty

And keep it—as I did

By Edna Wallace Hopper

As a girl, I multiplied my beauty until it brought me world-wide fame. After 40 years in a stage career, I have kept that beauty. To the thousands who see me daily I look like a girl of 19.

That is due to cultivation and to scientific care. Not to ordinary beauty helps. I have spent years and fortunes to secure the utmost science offers.

Now I have had those helps combined so a dozen are applied at once. And I am placing them at every woman's call.

One is a super-cream. It is supplied by all druggists and toilet counters as Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Cream.

It is far more than a cream. It contains products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that modern experts know to foster, soften, feed and protect the skin. All in one application. I cannot believe that there exists another beauty help to compare.

My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. They contain the same important ingredients. I use the cold cream as a night cream, the vanishing in the day. Never is my face one hour without it. The result is a complexion for 40 years admired.

I wish I knew how to induce all girls and women to adopt this super-cream. It means so much to them. I will gladly send you some to try if you will mail the coupon. Please do that if you wish to know how much a cream can do.

Trial Tube Free

Edna Wallace Hopper, 866-A. P. R.
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago
I want to try Youth Cream.

....

An Actress

Is a crank on powders

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Movie stars and stage stars, with whom I mingle, are the greatest powder cranks in existence. Fine appearance means everything to them, and they pay any price to get it.

My powders have always been made to order, by famous powder experts. They cost me $5 per box. They are so exquisite that all my friends have always begged me to supply them.

Years ago I began to supply my beauty helps to women. But no powders. I knew that most women would never pay what I paid. But women overwhelmed me with countless requests for my powders.

So I went to the makers. I told them I could use a million boxes if they could supply my identical powder at a price which all could pay.

Now they have done so. These very powders I use are put up for you at 50c and $1. All druggists and toilet counters supply them. Ask for Edna Wallace Hopper's Powders, and you'll get them.

There are two types. One is a heavy, clinging, cold cream powder based on my Youth Cream I like it, because it clings and stays. But many prefer a powder light and fluffy, so both kinds are supplied.

These are exquisite powders. In all my worldsearch of 40 years I have found nothing to compare. I am delighted that I can now supply them to all lovers of fine powder.

Mail the coupon and let me send you samples. You will gain a new conception of what modern powder is.

Sample Free

Edna Wallace Hopper, 858-A. P. R.
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.
I want to try
☐ Youth Cream Powder ☐ Face Powder
White—Flesh—Brunette

....

Beautiful Arms

By Kathleen Eddy

IT'S the evening dress that does it! Cut low in the neck and innocent of any suggestion of sleeves, it just assumes that all the necks, shoulders, arms, elbows, and hands in the whole feminine world are beautiful enough to be displayed.

The price-tag may be the symbol of a gown of grace and beauty, but unless the dress emphasizes the finest features and lines of the wearer and casts a gentle shadow over her defects it will prove to be a disappointing investment. Sometimes we may expect too much of clothes; we seem to expect a dress alone to make us beautiful. But that is not always so, for I have known a few women who determined bravely to live up—or down—to certain gowns. Another pound added to their weight would have destroyed the lines of the gown. So gowns that are rigid in their requirements may be excellent incentives to beauty.

The Price of Beauty

IF THE present style exposes much that is other than beautiful something must be done about it. If it advertises the fact that the Summer sunshine and sports were enjoyed without benefit of long-sleeved sweaters and hats that protect the complexion something must be done about that, too.

Women sometimes accept too many things as being inevitable that could be changed for the better with just a little —oh, so little!—thought and intelligent care.

A comfortable and pleasing world this would be if all of our arms were white, softly rounded, and smooth; all the elbows soft and round instead of being hard and bony, and covered with skin that begs for an occasional oil-bath; all the hands white and smooth, with tapering fingers ending in perfect nails. But beauty is expensive. Not so much in the price of cosmetics as in the demands it makes upon our time. If beauty is a gracious gift of nature it must be dealt with more gently than we deal with our best friends. If it is acquired we must be very hospitable toward it to induce it to remain a permanent guest, giving poise and self-confidence to its hostess and joy to the beholder.

Hands and arms are useful members of society, but it should be borne in mind that no useful thing is ever hurt by being ornamental too. Stooped shoulders with the shoulder blades projecting are neither pretty nor graceful, never were, and, I venture to say, never will be. Exercising the arms, breathing-exercises, walking with the back straight and shoulders thrown back, and swimming are all excellent antidotes for bent and scrawny shoulders and arms.

There is one thing to be remembered about any exercise or beauty-treatment. The coveted reward will not descend upon you suddenly after one treatment or one period of exercise. They must be made part of the day's or week's routine. That is the toll that beauty takes.

The arms may receive their beauty-treatment at the time of the manicure. Both manicure and arm-treatment are more agreeable and effective when given by an expert, but if this is not convenient the treatment can be given at home. Begin with a thorough cleansing with warm water, mild soap, and almond-meal. If the skin on the arm is very rough, powdered pumice should be used also. Follow this by a bath and a generous application of hot olive-oil, with special attention to the elbow. The hot oil is excellent for the nails as it keeps them from becoming too dry and helps to keep the hands soft and flexible, replacing the natural oil that is inevitably washed away as the hands are so often in water.

Massage the arms vigorously but not roughly to encourage the oil to penetrate the pores and increase the circulation. Massage the forearm from the wrist upward, and the upper arm with a rotary movement. Ten to fifteen minutes' massage with the hot oil twice a week will give satisfactory results. This treatment is valuable, too, for relaxing the nerves and muscles—something much needed in this hectic age. Once in four or five weeks would be often enough to use the powdered pumice. The elbows will respond gratefully to an application of nourishing skin-food nearly every night.

A little cold-cream massaged gently into the neck will keep the skin soft and the pores fine.

If the hair on the arms is heavy enough to be noticeable, it should be bleached with peroxid of hydrogen. Its growth may be discouraged by using a pumice-stone occasionally.

Holding a Good Hand

MOST of us read the character of persons we meet by studying some little thing about them. Some persons notice first the expression of the eyes or the shape of the nose, or the ears, or the feet and ankles, and it is interesting to know that a great many persons study the hands first of all. To the keen observer hands reveal many qualities.

The needs for a home manicure are not many. They are a good file, fine emery-boards, olive-oil, orange-wood sticks, nail-brush, cuticle-remover, nail-scissors, cream for softening the cuticle, buffer, nail-polish, and of course soap and warm water. Small manicure sets may now be purchased with most of these things in them.

A weekly manicure is absolutely essential. The time required is at the most thirty minutes, and I know of no other way in which thirty minutes can be spent with such gratifying and enduring results.

Begin with soap and warm water, followed by the bath and massage in hot oil, which must be wiped off with a soft towel. The nails are given a rounded shape by filing from the corner toward the center.

Pumice-stone, peroxid of hydrogen, or lemon-juice remove discolorations. The cuticle should be pushed back gently with the flat end of the stick. Do not use metal to do this, and do not cut the cuticle. A cuticle remover is better than scissors. Dip the fingers into the water again and the nails are ready to be polished. Paste and powder may be used with a buffer, or liquid polish may be applied when the nails are clean and dry.

Do you look as young as your husband

WHY is it that so many men look younger than women of the same age? Some specialists believe that the enforced cleansing of the daily shave keeps a man's skin healthier and more youthful than the average woman's.

Most women lead busy lives in the home, socially or in business but no woman is too busy to spend ten minutes a day in the proper cleansing of her skin. Ten minutes is all that the daily use of Resinol Soap requires to thoroughly cleanse the skin and preserve a youthful complexion.

Used each night before retiring, the absolute purity of Resinol Soap offers to the sensitive skin a non-irritant cleanser, which refines its texture and rids the pores of impurities, imparting a velvety softness and pleasing clearness. It has no heavy perfume—which is only too often a cloak for mediocre quality—but possesses a mild healthy fragrance suggestive of summer woods

For blotches, roughness, etc. try a touch of Resinol. This soothing, healing ointment is not only successful in clearing up facial blemishes, but it has been prescribed by doctors for years in the treatment of more serious itching, burning skin disorders. Keep a jar on hand. All druggists sell it.

Don't let your skin grow old! With a little care you can keep it as young as you are or even a little younger!

RESINOL SOAP

Dept. E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and of Resinol Ointment.
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Why I do not flavor my Gelatine! —Mrs. Knox

MANY, many women have written me asking why I do not add flavoring and sweetening to Knox Sparkling Gelatine. The simple answer is that if I did, some of the most valuable things about Knox Gelatine would be destroyed.

It has always been my aim to make a gelatine so pure, so clean, so wholesome that it would be not only a standard product but a real necessity in every kitchen where the best of foods are used. Knox Sparkling Gelatine is as pure as modern science knows how to make it—no hands touch it,—even the air that blows over it is first *washed* free of impurities.

I have never been willing to add artificial or so-called fruit flavors to this pure natural gelatine—I have always believed that women wanted the *best* for their families and when they made delicious gelatine desserts and salads that they would agree with me these should be made of real fruit and good vegetables, so their families would get the full food value.

And then came the scientific discoveries that made me very happy indeed that I had never flavored my gelatine.

It was proved that pure, unflavored gelatine added to milk will increase the nourishment obtainable from that milk by about 23%. Just think what that means to babies and undernourished children, and how proud I was that those gelatine discoveries were made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. If Knox Gelatine were ready-flavored it would not be suitable for infant feeding because the acid flavoring might *curdle* the milk instead of making it more digestible.

Moreover, the scientists found that pure unflavored gelatine makes all the foods it is combined with easier to digest. That means that every man, woman, and child needs pure gelatine in the daily diet, and because Knox Sparkling Gelatine is unflavored it can be used in an endless variety of ways so that no one ever grows tired of it.

My assistants and myself are continually creating new recipes which women will enjoy making, and now that doctors are using Knox Gelatine in babies' formulas and recommending it for special diets, it won't be long before women everywhere will understand how much it means to them for me to keep Knox Sparkling Gelatine *pure* and *unflavored*.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

How to add gelatine to cow's milk:
Soak for ten minutes one level tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ½ cup of cold milk taken from a quart of milk; cover while soaking; then place the cup in boiling water, stirring until gelatine is fully dissolved; add this dissolved gelatine to the quart of cold milk from which it was taken. For smaller quantities of milk reduce gelatine in proportion. In infant feeding, add the dissolved gelatine to the regular formula prescribed by the physician.

Plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine for general use

Write for these Valuable Books—Free recipe books, with a book on the "Health Value of Gelatine" will be sent upon request, if you will send 4c for postage and mention your grocer's name.

Same Sparkling Gelatine with Lemon Flavoring in separate envelope, but not mixed with the gelatine

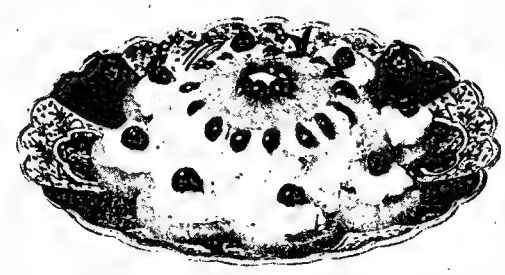
CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO., 135 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

The HOME BUREAU

Some Favorite Fruit Desserts

By Henrietta Jessup

DELICIOUS fruit desserts are year-round standbys for the family that likes plenty of variety in its menus. Fresh fruits in season are always desirable, but canned, dried, and evaporated fruits usually offer a greater variety than the fresh-fruit market. Take so simple a dessert as the ordinary baked apple, which can always be made more elaborate with a filling of chopped raisins, dates, jam, or preserve. If an extra touch is desired, pierce your apple, when half baked, with a few halved blanched almonds; and when it is done garnish the top with a marshmallow, or when cold a tablespoonful of whipped cream and a maraschino cherry.


PINEAPPLE RICE GARNISHED WITH CHERRIES AND WHIPPED CREAM

If you have never turned cranberries into a delicious pudding you have missed a great deal. Pineapple, both fresh and canned, may be made up into dishes that are a little unusual.

The following recipes offer a few suggestions that may be helpful in planning desserts for the Winter menus:

Nutty Prune Whip

- 1 Pound Prunes
- 1½ Cupful Prune-juice
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Gelatin
- ¼ Cupful Orange-juice
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
- ½ Cupful Sugar
- 1 Cupful Chopped Walnuts or Blanched Almonds
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water
- 1 Cupful Whipped Cream

SOAK and cook the prunes, together with the sugar, till very soft. Drain off the prune-juice and force the prunes through a sieve. There should be one and one-half cupful of juice. Soak the gelatin in the cold water. Reheat the prune-juice, bringing it to the boiling-point, and add the soaked gelatin to it. Add the orange-juice, lemon-juice, and grated rind to the prune-pulp, and then to the prune-juice. Cool. When it begins to set add the whipped cream and chopped nuts, beating them in well with a Dover beater.

Peach Float

- 5 Medium-sized Canned Peaches
- ½ Cupful Confectioners' Sugar
- 1 Egg White
- 1 Egg Yolk
- 1 Teaspoonful Cornstarch
- 1 Cupful Milk
- Pinch Salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Granulated Sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice

MAKE a custard of the milk, cornstarch, granulated sugar, egg yolk, and salt. Chill and add the vanilla. Beat the egg white till stiff. Then gradually beat in the confectioners' sugar, pulp of the peaches, and lemon-juice. Beat well. Pour the custard into a glass dish, and just before serving pour the peach mixture over the custard. Serve very cold.

Pineapple Cream

- 2 Cupfuls Crushed Pineapple
- ¼ Cupful Powdered Sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful Gelatin
- 2 Egg Whites
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water
- 1 Tablespoonful Lemon-juice
- 1 Cupful Pineapple-juice
- Whipped Cream

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water and lemon-juice. Heat the pineapple-juice to the boiling-point. Add this to the gelatin. When dissolved add the sugar and fold in the egg whites, beaten stiff. Pour into a mold and stir in the crushed pineapple. Chill. Serve with whipped cream.

Pineapple Rice

- ⅔ Cupful Rice
- ½ Cupful Pineapple-juice
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
- 2 Cupfuls Crushed Pineapple
- ½ Cupful Powdered Sugar
- ½ Cupful Whipped Cream
- Maraschino Cherries
- Sliced Pineapple

COOK the rice in a quart of boiling water until soft. Drain. Put in a double boiler and add the pineapple-juice (heated) and lemon-juice, folding them in lightly with a fork. When thoroughly heated add the sugar. Remove from the fire and cool. Fold in the crushed pineapple and the whipped cream. Put into individual molds or a large one. Chill. Serve with a garnish of canned sliced pineapple, maraschino cherries, cut in pieces, and whipped cream.

Baked Cranberry Pudding

- 2 Cupfuls Flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
- ½ Teaspoonful Salt
- 1 Egg
- 3 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
- 1¼ Cupful Milk
- 1½ Cupful Cranberry Sauce (Sweetened)
- 1 Teaspoonful Lemon-juice
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Melted Butter Cream

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Stir in the milk gradually. Then add the well-beaten egg, and the melted butter last. Butter a baking-dish and cover the bottom with a thick layer of cranberry sauce, to which the lemon-juice has been added. Then a layer of batter, which should be of the consistency of drop-biscuit dough. Bake in the oven at 375 degrees F. for twenty minutes or till brown. Serve with cream.

Cranberry Sponge

- 1¼ Cupful Cranberries
- ½ Cupful Boiling Water
- 1 Tablespoonful Lemon-juice
- ¾ Cupful Sugar
- 1½ Tablespoonful Gelatin
- ¼ Cupful Cold Water
- 2 Egg Whites
- ¾ Cupful Whipped Cream

COOK the cranberries in the boiling water till soft. Strain. Add the sugar and boil for about five minutes. Then add the lemon-juice. Soften the gelatin in the cold water. Remove the cranberries from the fire. When mixture cools a little add the egg whites, beaten stiff, then the whipped cream. Pour into molds. Chill. Serve with a custard sauce made of milk, egg yolks, and sugar. Cool and add a few drops of vanilla.

Apricot Blanc-Mange

- 1 Pound Dried Apricots
- 3 Tablespoonfuls Corn-starch
- ½ Cupful Sugar
- Juice of a Lemon
- 2 Cupfuls Apricot-juice
- 2 Egg Whites
- Pinch Salt
- Whipped Cream

SOAK and cook apricots in enough water to have two cupfuls of hot juice. Put apricots through a strainer. Mix together the corn-starch, sugar, and salt. Then stir in the hot apricot-juice, and stir constantly until it begins to thicken. Steam in a double boiler for about twenty minutes. Add the apricot-pulp and lemon-juice. Reheat and fold in the egg whites, beaten stiff. Chill. Serve with whipped cream.

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—and then

we label it HEINZ

one of the 57

Throughout fifty-five years of achievement in the making of wholesome, nourishing foods, the name Heinz has come to be more than a designation.

It has come to mean a standard of quality, and as such is our greatest asset, to be safeguarded at all times, at all costs.

Every individual package is the gauge of the other millions of packages of Heinz 57 Varieties of Pure Food Products made for world consumption. There must never be the least deviation in quality. To slight one would be to belittle all.

Therefore the label goes on last. It is our own stamp of approval and your assurance that your money could buy nothing better.

Of all the things we make there is no Variety that is better known than HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP. It is different—it is better—it is the best that can be made.

Our Name Is Our Greatest Asset

When you come to Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens

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Deep Fried Foods

A wonderful variety . . . . simple to cook . .

"I prefer deep frying to any other form of cooking"

OF all the ways of cooking foods, I prefer them fried. It is the only way to give vegetables, fish, chicken, fritters, etc., that lovely, golden brown crispness. But I had found deep frying expensive, because I could only use the fat two or three times before I had to throw it away. And I didn't like the smoke and smell of burnt fat in the house. So in spite of my fondness for fried foods I had given up frying.

I had heard of Crisco but never used it, as I thought of it simply as another fat. One day some friends who were very enthusiastic about Crisco told me it was not an animal fat but a wholesome vegetable shortening. This impressed me so favorably that I decided to try it and used it first for French fried potatoes.

They told me Crisco would not smoke at the proper frying temperature. I was rather doubtful, as I had been taught to wait until the fat smoked before putting the food in, otherwise the fat would soak in. However, I took an ordinary saucepan and put into it between two and three pounds of Crisco and heated it slowly. When the Crisco was hot enough to brown a bread cube in 20 seconds I put the potatoes in and they cooked to a most beautiful brown without any smoke. I never saw or tasted better French fried potatoes, a beautiful, crisp, golden brown all over with no scorched ends.

Do you know of anything nicer with a broiled steak? And have you, like many others, thought you could find them in only the best hotels and restaurants? The next time you have steak at home, give your family a real treat. Serve French fried potatoes with it and see how much quicker you can deep fry them in Crisco than you can boil, mash or bake them.

When you are through frying, simply push your kettle of Crisco to the back of the stove where it will cool and be ready for the next time you want to use it. You can use it over and over again for frying all kinds of food. Crisco doesn't absorb food flavors and the moment you put the food in hot Crisco, a crust forms on the outside which prevents the Crisco soaking in and keeps the true flavor inside. Therefore the first two or three pounds you use to start your deep fat kettle will last a long time and you can cook in it a surprising variety of foods, straining it occasionally, if necessary.

I use the same kettle of Crisco for frying doughnuts, fritters, croquettes, chicken, etc., and each one good without a trace of taste from any of the others.

My first really good pie

This first experience with Crisco was so pleasant and helpful and gave such surprising results that I used it for pies. One thing I found particularly helpful was that I did not have to keep Crisco on the ice as I did other shortenings. Therefore, it was always the right consistency to use. I never had such delicious, attractive looking pies, such tender and flaky crust, not greasy as it had been when I used other shortenings. And so simple to make, always with the same results when I followed directions. I never worry any more about how my pie is going to turn out. When I make it with Crisco, I know.

My economical way of making delicious cakes

One day when I wanted to make a loaf of cake I used Crisco instead of butter, although I had always believed that nothing but butter would make good cake. I had also heard people say that they could always tell when a cake was not made with butter. I made the cake with Crisco using my usual recipe. Everyone that tasted it said: "Why, that cake is as good as the cakes you make with butter." The only difference I, myself, could see was that the Crisco cake was a little lighter than the butter cakes, and came out of the pan, which had been greased with Crisco, whole and even, with a beautiful golden brown on all sides.

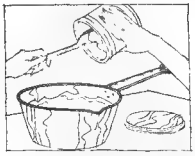
Since then, I have made all my cakes with Crisco—plain, layer, loaf, afternoon tea dainties, cakes of every description. I find it easier to use and more economical. Whenever a recipe calls for shortening I use Crisco, adding one teaspoonful of salt to every cupful.

I like Crisco so much I use nothing else, as it fills every need for shortening, cake making and frying. I find Crisco clean, sweet, economical and wholesome. It is convenient to use. It makes the best pie crust I ever ate; lighter and flakier biscuits; and in frying it keeps my kitchen a delightful place to work in. It helps to make cooking a pleasure instead of a drudgery.

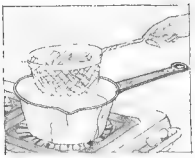
M. S. C.

. . . . . as quick as broiling a steak

(1) All you need is an ordinary saucepan, a strainer and a 3-pound tin of Crisco.



(2) Put your Crisco into a cold saucepan and heat slowly. When a cube of bread browns in 20 seconds your Crisco is ready for frying potatoes. Don't wait for Crisco to smoke.



(3) Fill your strainer half full of potatoes and lower it into the Crisco. Increase the heat, as the cold potatoes naturally cool the Crisco a little.

(4) When brown, lift strainer out of the fat, shake lightly, drain the potatoes on brown paper and sprinkle with salt.

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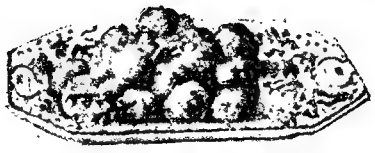
. . lovely to see . . . . delicious to eat



Boulettes

Delicious Meat Balls from Left-Overs

How an old Southern mammy made left-over meats famous in New Orleans. When fried in Crisco they are cooked evenly all over with a crisp outside and tender and juicy inside—no smoke from burnt fat.

1 pound of lean raw meat or left-over meat
1 tablespoon Crisco, melted
1 teaspoon salt — *1 grated onion*
Juice of 1 lemon — *⅛ teaspoon pepper*
Dash of cayenne

Mince and chop the meat very fine. Add the chopped onion, Crisco, salt, pepper, cayenne and lemon juice. Mix together thoroughly with a fork. Form the meat into balls. It will make 6 or 8. Do not use any flour. Drop in deep Crisco kettle when it is hot enough to brown a bread crumb in 60 seconds (360° F.). Cook until well done or leave them rare, as you like. Drain on paper. Serve with Chili Sauce in lemon cups and garnish with parsley.

Nut Croquettes

A Quick Luncheon Dish

When you want something nice for luncheon make these Nut Croquettes. They are easy to make and very good. When fried in Crisco they will keep their shape, brown evenly all over and not be greasy. No smoke, either. You can shape them into pyramids, oblong shapes or balls.

2 cups hot riced potatoes — *3 tablespoons cream*
½ to 1 teaspoon salt — *⅛ teaspoon pepper*
1 small onion, chopped — *½ cup chopped pecans*
1 teaspoon Crisco — *1 egg*
Bread crumbs

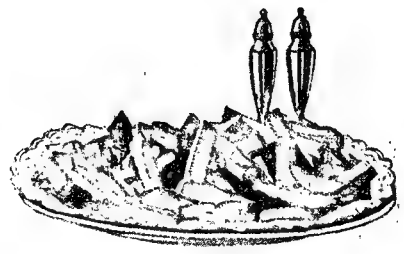
To the hot riced potatoes add the salt, pepper and onion. Add the cream and pecans, and last, the Crisco. Mix all together thoroughly. Roll in bread crumbs, then in beaten egg and then in bread crumbs again. Drop in deep Crisco at 390° F. or when a bread crumb browns in 20 seconds, and cook until brown. Serve hot with any desired sauce. This makes ten croquettes.

Salted Nuts

A New Easier Way

Did you ever hear of browning them in the deep Crisco kettle? Try them once and you will never do them any other way. Crisco will brown them evenly all over, any shade you like, no burnt places and no toasting the face and hands before the hot oven.

Almonds are usually used, but you can use raw peanuts, walnuts, or pecans. Remove skins from the almonds by letting them stand five minutes in boiling water. Then drain; cover with cold water. The skins will slip off easily between the thumb and finger. Drain; then dry in a towel to prevent sputtering when you put them in the hot Crisco. Put the nuts in a wire basket or wire strainer; lower into the deep Crisco heated to 390° F., or when a bread crumb browns in 20 seconds. Keep stirring with a fork until the desired shade of brown. Drain on paper and sprinkle with salt.



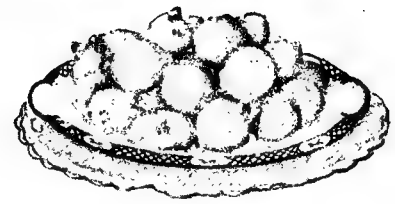
French Fried Potatoes

A real treat at home. When fried in Crisco they will be perfect—a crisp even brown, no greasy outside and no smoke in your kitchen.

Allow one medium-sized potato for each person. Peel potatoes, cut in strips about one-half inch square. Let stand in cold water about an hour, or they can be kept in the ice-box overnight if covered with water. When ready to fry, drain, dry in a towel, and put a few at a time into hot Crisco (395° F.), or when a bread crumb browns in 20 seconds. When brown and tender, drain on brown paper, sprinkle with salt and serve.

Fry raw or cooked sweet potatoes the same way, but do not soak them in water.

Never wait for Crisco to smoke, as it would be too hot to fry if it were hot enough to smoke.



Snowballs

A dainty drop doughnut, dropped from a spoon instead of rolled and cut. When fried in Crisco they will not soak the fat and you will have no smoke in your kitchen, either. Fry them in the same kettle of Crisco you use for everything.

2 eggs — *½ cup sugar*
1 cup milk — *3 cups pastry flour*
1½ teaspoon salt — *3 teaspoons baking powder*
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon melted Crisco (from kettle)

Beat the eggs until light. Add the sugar, milk and vanilla. Stir in the flour, baking powder and salt, sifted together. Add the melted Crisco. Drop by teaspoons into hot Crisco (360° F.), or when a bread crumb browns in 60 seconds, and fry like doughnuts. When cool, dust with powdered sugar. To make perfect balls, hold teaspoon of dough under fat and scrape off quickly with another spoon. Turn as it rises.

Orange Fritters with Mint

A Los Angeles chef made this California Orange Fritter recipe for Crisco. They are as delicious as they are different, with a real chef's touch.

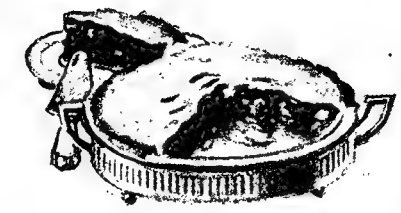
3 or 4 oranges — *Sugar*
Few mint leaves to flavor
*Fritter Batter** — *Hot Crisco*

Peel the oranges as you would an apple. Then pick out each section whole. Place in a bowl, sprinkle with sugar; add the mint leaves and keep marinated for about two hours, taking care not to break the sections. Then take the orange sections out of the syrup and strain out the mint leaves. Dip each section into the batter and drop into the deep Crisco kettle, heated to 375° F. or 385° F., or when a bread crumb browns in 40 seconds. Fry until brown. Drain. Heat the syrup and serve with the fritters.

***Fritter Batter**

2 cups pastry flour — *1 teaspoon baking powder*
1 teaspoon sugar — *¼ teaspoon salt*
3 eggs — *½ cup milk*
1 teaspoon melted Crisco

Beat the eggs; add the milk, flour, baking powder, salt and sugar sifted together. Stir in melted Crisco.



Mock Cherry Pie

Make your pastry with Crisco and see what a tender, flaky crust you have. Brush the inside of the lower crust with melted Crisco and dust with flour to prevent filling from soaking in.

2½ cups pastry flour — *¾ cup Crisco*
1 teaspoon salt — *Cold water*

Sift the flour and salt and cut the Crisco in with two knives. This will make the crust flaky. Finger tips may be used to finish blending materials. Add gradually only enough water to hold together. Cover the pie-plate with one-half the pastry. Add the filling prepared as follows:

Filling

1 cup cut raisins — *1 cup halved cranberries*
1 cup sugar — *1 teaspoon vanilla*
1 tablespoon cornstarch — *¼ teaspoon salt*
1 cup boiling water

Cut cranberries in half, covering with cold water, and let stand until seeds have come out. Drain. Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt. Add boiling water and cook mixture until it boils, stirring constantly. Add rest of ingredients. Cool and fill the pie plate. Cover and bake in hot oven (375° F.).

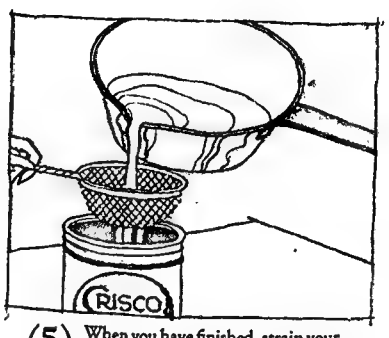
Apple Sauce Cake

You Will Like It

A very good cake which keeps well. Crisco makes a light delicious cake. It is more economical too, easier to cream with the sugar. Grease your pans with Crisco and see your cake slip out easily and whole. Not a break in it.

½ cup Crisco — *1 cup sugar*
1 egg, beaten — *4 tablespoons hot water*
2½ cups pastry flour — *½ teaspoon salt*
1½ cups thick cold apple sauce
1 teaspoon soda — *1 cup raisins (or dates)*
½ cup nuts
1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon each of cloves and nutmeg

Cream the sugar and Crisco, add egg, beat well. Stir in apple sauce and hot water. Add raisins and nuts, then dry ingredients sifted together twice. Bake in a moderate oven (360° F.) 45 minutes to an hour. Makes two small loaves.



(5) When you have finished, strain your Crisco back into the can and set it aside to cool. Then it is ready to use over and over again for anything you want to fry. The taste of one thing will not be carried to another.

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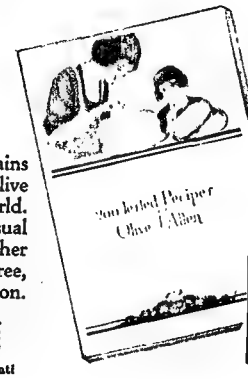
The cook book illustrated contains 200 recipes gathered by Miss Olive Allen from the whole wide world. It contains a great many unusual recipes not to be found in any other cook book. To receive this book, free, simply fill in and mail the coupon.



Crisco is the trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable, by The Procter & Gamble Company. Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.
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The Procter and Gamble Co.,
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PLAIN Lemon Jell-O with whipped cream is a perfect dessert. Its base of pure gelatin, which is so healthful, is enhanced by perfect color, the pure fruit flavor and just enough sugar to make a rational sweet for an adult and a safe sweet for a child.

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THE
HOME BUREAU

Done to a Turn

The How and Why of Successful Roasting and Broiling

By Jenoise Brown Short and Gladys Beckett Jones

AND now for the roast that is done to a turn, and that delicious juicy steak! It is the exceptional person who does not like broiled and roasted meats, but only the tender cuts should be cooked in either of these ways. The dry heat used in broiling and roasting sears the outside of the meat, and the interior literally cooks in its own juices. In the less tender cuts there is not enough moisture to soften the connective tissue and the tough fibers.

The temperature for roasting is most important, for even the tenderest cut may be toughened by too high a temperature, or lose its juices if the oven is not hot enough. For a roast of beef —prime rib, sirloin, back of the rump, tenderloin, chuck-ribs, and porterhouse—the oven should be heated to 550 degrees F. (a very hot oven) and the meat seared for about 15 minutes or until it is well browned, and then the heat should be reduced to 450 degrees F. Add half a cupful of water to keep the fat in the pan from burning, and more later on if it seems necessary, for burned fat will spoil the gravy.

Allow 10 to 12 minutes to the pound if you like your beef rare, 15 minutes if you prefer it "medium done," and 20 minutes if your family insist on well-done beef. Then add 15 minutes to the whole time of cooking. The ideal roast of beef has a crisp layer of fat around the outside, a layer of well-done beef inside of that, shading to a rich pink center. Of course, if you like your beef very well done you will entirely disagree with this; but for your guest dinners the roast that is so cooked will please the largest number of people.

A leg of lamb, a boned and rolled shoulder, and the rack or loin should first be seared in a hot oven (500 degrees F.) until the fat begins to brown, and then the heat reduced to 350-400 degrees F. Continue cooking at this temperature so that the meat will be thoroughly done, but not cooked too rapidly. Allow at least 15 minutes to the pound for Spring lamb and from 20 to 25 minutes to the pound for older lamb and mutton, after searing it well.

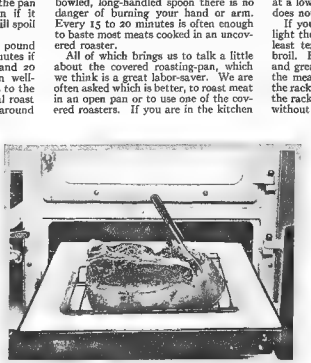
Loin of pork and fresh ham and shoulder should be put in a hot oven (450-500 degrees F.) until seared. Then reduce the heat to 350-400 degrees F., making a time-allowance for cooking of from 25 to 30 minutes to the pound. If you like a crisp fat on your roast do not add any water; simply baste the roast with the fat in the pan, and if the oven is the right temperature the fat will not burn.

Veal is not used nearly as freely in our menus as it would probably be if we realized that it can be prepared without being hard and dry. It is lacking in fat, and so some should be supplied if the meat is to be kept moist and tender. Salt pork, strips of bacon or bacon fat, or some one of the butter substitutes should be used. Either lard the veal with the salt pork or bacon or lay it over the top of the roast, or put some of one of the softer fats in the bottom of the pan for basting. As soon as the fat is melted baste every 20 minutes until the meat is done.

For a veal-roast have an oven of 450-500 degrees F. for searing, and then reduce to 350-400 degrees F. for the remainder of the time. Allow 25 to 30 minutes to the pound after searing. Another of the tender cuts which is lacking in fat and much improved by larding or daubing (making incisions and putting the fat in) is beef-tenderloin.

To the experienced cook an explanation of anything as simple as basting will probably seem absurd, and rightly, but we have seen four girls of average intelligence (but lacking in experience) go after a needle and thread when told to baste a roast. Basting is taking spoonfuls of hot fat and water from the bottom of the pan and pouring it over the meat. Yes, there is spattering and hissing when you pour on the fat, but if you have a large-bowled, long-handled spoon there is no danger of burning your hand or arm. Every 15 to 20 minutes is often enough to baste most meats cooked in an uncovered roaster.

All of which brings us to talk a little about the covered roasting-pan, which we think is a great labor-saver. We are often asked which is better, to roast meat in an open pan or to use one of the covered roasters. If you are in the kitchen doing other work and can conveniently baste your roast often, the open pan gives a rich brown crust and meat with a delightful flavor. But there are many times, particularly when roasting lamb, veal, and pork, when it is much more convenient and satisfactory to use a covered roaster and not be bothered with the necessity of frequent basting.



WHEN TURNING A STEAK PUT THE FORK INTO THE FAT

With the possible exception of a tender roast of beef, which we always cook rapidly in an open pan, for we like it very rare, we feel that, if carefully used, the covered roaster has many advantages. When using a covered roaster our plan is to sear the meat with the cover off in a hot oven, then reduce the temperature of the oven to suit the roast, and put the cover on the roaster and close the vent. During the last 20 to 25 minutes we open the vent and often remove the cover for a short time toward the end if we are especially desirous of having a crisp outside crust. The use of a covered roaster with meat that needs long, slow cooking is a great convenience many times. It makes it possible for the cook to go for a walk, do some shopping, or attend to other duties which take her out of the house.

To broil steaks and chops successfully seems to be the ambition of every bride. Select sirloin, porterhouse, tenderloin, or short cuts for steaks, or, if these are too hard on your budget, buy top of the round or chuck. The most expensive and easily cooked lamb-chops are the loin and rib, but the less expensive shoulder-chops of lamb are very delicious when properly broiled.

The secret of a well-broiled steak or chop is to sear the outside of the meat so quickly that the proteins on the surface are coagulated and all of the meat-juices are retained, and then continue cooking at a lower temperature so that the meat does not become hard and dry.

If you are broiling under a gas-flame, light the flame and turn it up full for at least ten minutes before you begin to broil. Heat the wire rack of the broiler and grease it with a bit of fat cut from the meat. Place the steak or chop on the rack and put the broiling-pan holding the rack as close to the flame as possible without having the flame actually touching the meat. If your broiler is not well ventilated, leave the door open. Many expert cooks never shut the broiler-door. After one minute turn the steak and sear the other side. Be sure to put the fork into the fat rather than the flesh, so that no juice will be lost by piercing the flesh.

When both sides of the steak are well browned, reduce the heat and turn the steak every minute or two so that the juice does not come to the surface and drip off. Cook until the steak is puffy. A steak cut an inch and a half thick will need 10 minutes if it is to be served rare, or 12 to 15 minutes if "well done." Broil the lamb- and mutton-chops exactly as you would steak, but pork-chops are usually pan-broiled, as they are juicier when cooked this way.

Always salt broiled steaks or chops after they are cooked: adding salt before cooking draws out the juices. But we pepper well before broiling and often rub steaks with a seasoned oil. The oil helps to hold in the juices.

When an open flame for broiling is not available, pan-broiling steaks or chops will give very good results. Heat a heavy frying-pan until it is very hot, sprinkle the bottom with salt to keep the meat from sticking, and turn the meat quickly so that it will be seared on both sides. Then reduce the heat and continue cooking until the steak or chop is puffy: the length of time will be about the same as oven-broiling. Never add fat or water when pan-broiling steaks or chops, except in the case of pork-chops, when fat enough is added to grease the pan. The chops are cooked slowly, the fat being drained from the pan as it cooks out

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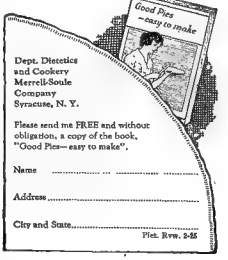

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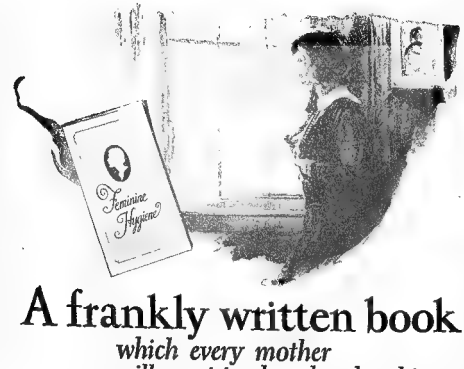

A frankly written book

which every mother will want to show her daughter

WHAT is more difficult for a mother than the instruction of her daughter in the facts about feminine hygiene? No matter how scientific and up-to-date her own information may be, it is hard to know just where to begin, and *how*. This little book solves the problem for mother, daughter or wife. It carries a clear and sensible message for every woman who values her health and peace of mind.

In this age of wholesome frankness there are still far too many women who stumble along unguided. Some have absolutely nobody to tell them what they should know. Some have received wrong or incomplete advice. Others are simply too shy or timid to ask.

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The Beauty of Lincoln

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

probably for the first time new and impressive evidence. It is the testimony of Dr. Charles A. Leale of New York City, an army surgeon of the Civil War, who is probably the only man who ever examined the nude body of Lincoln. His testimony is an important national document. He speaks with authority, and his authority is very great.

He was a specialist in anatomy and had studied under the greatest masters. Any defect or virtue in the human body instantly struck his authoritative attention. He was the first to reach the President in the fatal box. What is not generally known, Dr. Leale removed his entire clothing, searching for dagger-wounds.

"I have never known a man wounded like Lincoln," said Dr. Leale to the writer, "whose heart ever beat again; yet Lincoln's heart kept on beating for many hours. Measured by all human standards his vigor must have been immeasurable. As I searched his body inch by inch the slight that met my gaze was the most extraordinary impression of physical perfection I have ever seen.

"There was not a blemish, not an ounce of superfluous flesh, not a disproportion. Such perfect symmetry of every bone and muscle, such balance between body and limbs, such strength, yet such certainty and delicacy in every line of trunk, chest, neck, hips, and shoulders —I doubt if any human being was ever more absolute. An awkward movement in such a perfect machine would be literally impossible."

AFTER Lincoln's death Dr. Leale went over America and Europe, always watching for some statue, painting, or human figure that would compare with Lincoln's. "But," he added, "I have never found it among the living. However, one day in Rome, passing a statue, I chanced to notice the calf of the leg. Instantly I exclaimed, 'That is Lincoln's leg!' Looking up, I saw for the first time Michelangelo's 'Moses.' While, of course, a colossal statue, yet the likeness to Lincoln in its construction was startling.

"The mighty arms, the noble breast, and the glorious proportions of the trunk, hips, and waist-lines under the drapery, the magnificent muscles, the imposing shoulders, together with the dignity, gentleness, and nobility of the head, while in no sense a copy, yet here, in his stupendous conception of this sage and lawgiver of the ancient world, Angelo had wrought in marble another Lincoln."

Judged by still another standard of easy verification I believe Lincoln was beautiful. Compare him with the "matinée idol," usually described as being "as handsome as a Greek god" by some writer who has never spent an hour examining either the inside or outside of a Greek head. Try to conceive Lincoln's mighty spirit in such an incasement! Or imagine hearing the Gettysburg Speech or Emancipation Proclamation issuing from that so-called "handsome," but usually miraculously stupid, youth who impersonates the hero in a majority of our movies!

Compare the commonplaceness of the rounded but inconsequential symmetry of the one with the majestic and duly proportioned symmetry of the other. There is beauty in them both. But the first is the beauty of the one in hundreds; the second is that of the one in countless millions. Continue your thought, however, on up to the immortal actors, whose office it is to portray epochs and civilizations—the Booths, the Irvings, the Forbes-Robertsons, the Barrymores—and do we not approach closer and closer to that exalted beauty which liberates the spirit and lifts it into a new and freshening spaciousness—the beauty of the type of Lincoln's?

It is no trivial thesis I have advanced. The beauty of Lincoln is a tremendous thing—a tremendous thing in science, in art, in America's contribution to the sum of life. I have said he was democracy made flesh. This is no rhetorical flourish. Written in his face and figure, his stride and gesture are all the authorized symbols of democracy. They are as clearly carved as the symbols of religious worship upon some ancient monument. There are patience with human error, sympathy with human suffering, indignation against human wrong. There are the light of exuberant hope, the far-away melancholy of unfulfilled dreams, the utter reliance upon self coupled with the grace of selflessness, the forgiveness of folly, and the touch of copious, undying humor.

AND what are all these but the adequate and abiding characters which enable men to co-operate with one another toward the great ends of a self-governing civilization? And in symbolizing and formulating these immense facts of life Lincoln fulfils the requirements of the sublime and beautiful. If the beauty of Lincoln were taught in our schools by those who understand it, it would do as much, at least, to Americanize Americans and democratize foreigners as all our flag-waving and singing out of tune to wheezy organs our nationalistic shibboleths.

Summing up, then, I think our evidence proves that Abraham Lincoln was a wonderfully beautiful human being when measured by every test of sound esthetic taste.

First, he satisfies all the great fundamentals of art and all the fundamentals of great art

Second, he was not "awkward," because of the utter impossibility of such a perfectly organized machine moving awkwardly.

Third, he was not "angular," "gaunt," "lanky," "long-legged," "gawky," or "grotesque," because every angle fulfilled its anatomical and physiological purpose without exaggeration.

Fourth, his face is harmonious with itself. Neither his face nor body was a bundle of irrelevant absurdities loosely thrown together. No feature contradicts any other feature.

Fifth, his body throughout was the architectural fulfilment of his head.

Sixth, only a few great men have ever lived. They were nearly all beautiful. Lincoln ranks among the highest both in face and in person as well as intellect.

Seventh, he is a natural product and not a miracle. He fulfils biological prophecy. Evolution expected him and attained him. He is the supreme example of the American type and therefore its most beautiful representative.

Eighth, he satisfies the philosophical and psychological laws that govern the esthetic judgment. Every canon of the esthetic is fulfilled. He epitomizes and concentrates into a simple and consistent statement immense ranges of human emotions and feelings. He lifts us above ourselves toward his own selflessness. A study of his face gives us new knowledge which otherwise we never could have won.

HIS very portrait is a powerful aid to our lives. Carved upon it are symbols that express so much for us, formulas that state so much that is within us. They unify and fructify our great experiences of yesterday and our imaginings of to-morrow—our experiences with men and things, with nature and life. And thus, when tested by our historical knowledge and by every rule of science, philosophy, and art, these symbols fill us with the most exalting and despairing emotion that we know—the emotion which men have agreed to call by the magic name of beauty.

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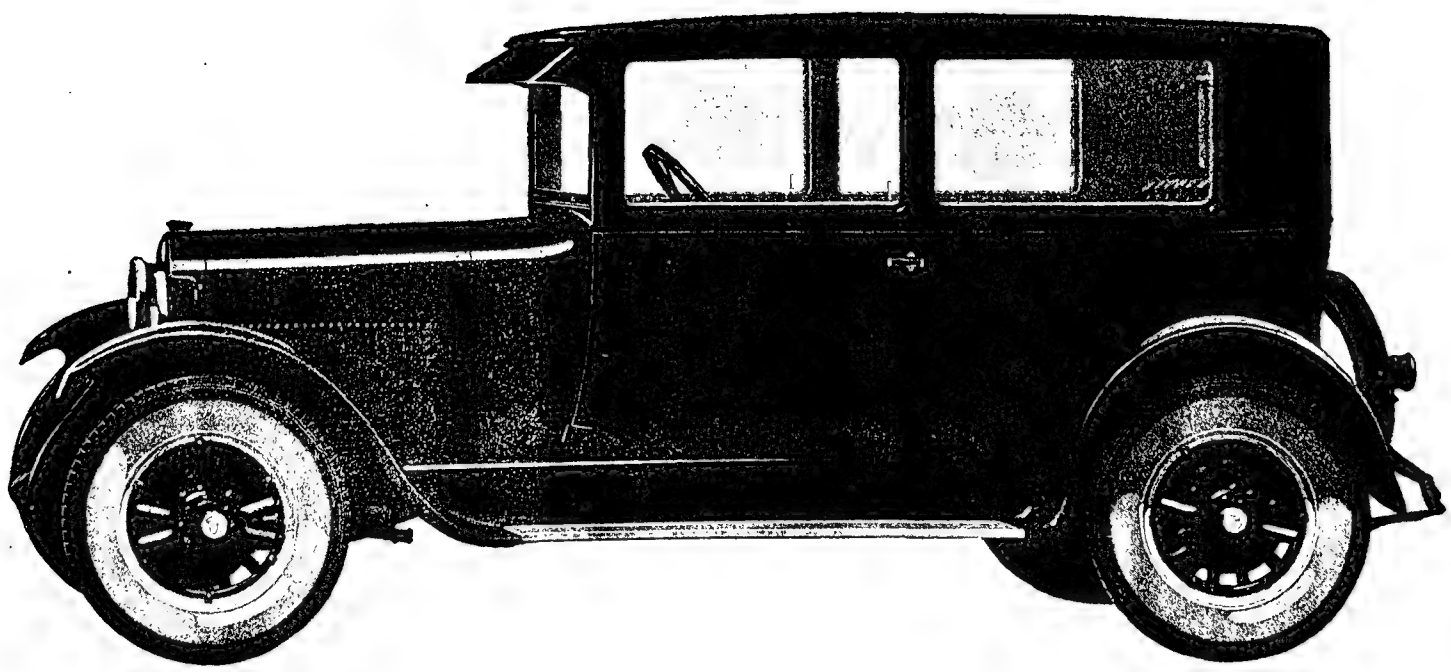

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Your Club and Its Programs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

clergyman who must be comfortable at any cost to other people. He is an artist in selfishness and his technique is wonderful. Show your audience his methods, but don't scold him. Miss Sinclair does not. She does not even make him "come to a bad end"; he just gets more and more comfortable, because, you see, he has fatty degeneration of the soul. Do you need punishment with that?

In "So Big" a man sells himself and then finds that nothing he can buy with the money is worth anything. It takes a long book to make that clear, but Miss Ferber does not put her moral into words.

I have no authority to speak for any of these authors, and I certainly do not require any one writing a paper on any of these books to agree with me in what I have said about them. The novel may have to you, when you read it, a quite different meaning, according to your nature and experience. No matter; you are not trying to settle that book for good, but to give a coherent idea of it as a work of art and as a window on life.

But whatever you do, leave with the audience a sense that there is a good deal more of the novel that you have not told. It isn't fair to the book, the author, and especially the reader, to pick the bones of a novel in a review. The samples you offer in the way of quotations should whet the appetite, and even in telling the story you should make it evident that there is more that is worth telling. The test of a club review is whether the libraries have a run on that novel next day.

If you are expected to include something about the author's life, there are a number of books in which to look up the life and work of a living author. "Contemporary British Literature" and a similar volume for America by Manly and Rickert are worth keeping in a club library. Publishers will send biographical sketches of their authors and often prepare pamphlets with portraits of the better-known ones.

Grant Overton's "Cargoes for Crusoes" and "Authors of To-day" are the most ambitious and satisfactory of these publicity aids; excellent books. My own "A Reader's Guide Book" has a section on books about living authors. Don't try to tell a man's whole life: select what bears on his career as a writer, or better, on his book. If it should be "The Plastic Age," it is important to know the qualifications of Mr. Marks to speak on American college life, so his education and teaching experience are worth telling about. It was important to Arnold Bennett's novels that he once worked on a fashion magazine.

The biographical sketch is usually kept for a separate paper, but if you must include it, put it first; once you have begun the story of the novel, it should rise in interest until it reaches a climax at the close of the paper. End on a high note.

Here, then, is the process summed up:

1. Read the book; mark what impresses you; look for the central idea.
2. Read reviews for further light.
3. Tell the story.
4. If there must be biographical details, put them at the beginning; use them: (1) to show the qualifications of the author for writing this book, (2) to get your audience interested in him.
5. Read the whole thing to the family: what are families for?
6. If over thirty minutes, cut out everything not absolutely necessary. It is better to write freely and cut down afterward than to hold back as you are writing.
7. When you give it at the club, lift your head and read it to some one sitting in the back row.

Mrs. Becker has prepared a list of twenty books suitable for the club book-shelf, which she will send on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelop. The second article, "Plotting the Modern Novel into the Year's Schedule," will appear in the next issue.

This Happens Every Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

with two cars, distinguished friends, time for all sports, a collection of art treasures much valued among those who know, and anything else he fancied. He merely shrugged a little—hardly able to smile—at his praise of this room that Maud had made so curiously, sickeningly, like himself.

And with the thought the idea came to him. He hated his whole house and environment because they had the impress of Maud upon them. He was in no way jaundiced, unreasonable. That explained all.

But for to-night he must put the festering irritation and weariness of it away from him.

"Sir Arthur Wilcox is coming," he said as pleasantly as possible. "Our managing director. He wants to talk business with me. You'll have to take Maud off our hands."

"Why," said Hardcastle, in a slow voice, "charmed."

Next Maud came in. Hardcastle turned swiftly to meet her. She gave him a gracious look and greeting.

She was altogether at her most gracious; she appeared quite serene. She appeared very, very slim and well groomed and polished, yet not hard; no, not in any way hard. She had put on for the first time her quarterly new frock; it was silver. She was thirty-eight and did not look inordinately young for her age, yet she was, in her quiet, soft, kind, subtle way, most attractive. But Wallis, looking at her, was at once angered about the new frock, and the care she was taking to make this evening a success for him. It was almost as if she were doing it to reproach him, he thought. Then he remembered, struck by her insensitiveness to his emanations, that *she did not know*. Of course, she had seen nothing of what was in his heart.

Sir Arthur arrived in a great car that purred to the gate so softly that they hardly heard it. He entered, a stranger to every one but Wallis. Maud received him delightfully, deliciously. She had dignity and sweetness. They went in to dinner.

There was a dinner that only clever, careful women can serve with the help of one maid, and a charwoman dishing up things in the kitchen. First, the table was a delight to look upon. She loved beautiful things and never tired of searching for them. She had once found a tall candelabra of old silver, and now the candle-light and the sunset were the only lighting of the room. She had cut her finest roses. There were iced melon, consommé, cutlets with tender peas, asparagus, the last crop of strawberries, that she had picked herself. The Sauterne was of the right temperature.

Sir Arthur talked to Wallis; made him talk, and listened. Hardcastle took care of Maud for the most part, save when old Wilcox turned to her to catch what she was saying. Several times her wit made him laugh; several times he stopped his talk with Wallis to ask her opinion on what they were discussing; and when she gave it he listened to it. Several

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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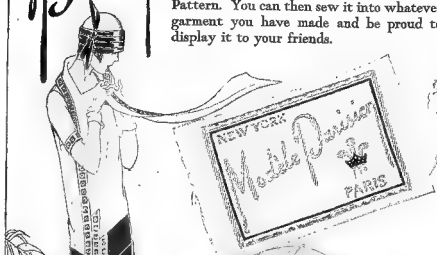
To give that *distingué* touch of finality —that supreme *cachet* of authority—this specially designed label in silk is included free of charge with every Modèle Parisien Pattern. You can then sew it into whatever garment you have made and be proud to display it to your friends.



Modèle Parisien Pattern No. 30
34 to 42 bust—$1.00
Peach-color satin combined with black make this a frock of exceeding chic

Modèle Parisien Pattern No. 31
34 to 42 bust—16 to 20 years—$1.00
This model of very thin and very soft white chiffon velvet varies the slim lines by a cleverly arranged circular tunic in front. A cluster of shaded yellow roses adds color

Modèle Parisien Pattern No. 33
34 to 44 bust—16 to 20 years—$1.00
A youthful costume for sports wear consists of a slender white crêpe dress with graceful jabot collar and a sleeveless jacket of black satin

Modèle Parisien Pattern No. 32
34 to 44 bust—16 to 20 years—$1.00
A wide band of plain material joins the two-piece dress effect, that Paris likes so well, to this model of printed crêpe

Modèle Parisien Pattern No. 34
34 to 44 bust—16 to 20 years—$1.00
Gray and red plaid flannel fashions a modish ensemble costume

Modèle Parisien Pattern No. 35
34 to 44 bust—16 to 20 years—$1.00
A coat of black kasha duvetyne has many points of interest—a flared section in front and embroidered sleeves and collar

Modèle Parisien Pattern No. 36
34 to 44 bust—16 to 20 years—$1.00
Simple—as all French models are—and very smart is this dress of wood-brown and beige crêpe

Modèle Parisien Pattern No. 29
34 to 42 bust—16 to 20 years—$1.00
Graceful lines distinguish this kasha frock

Un Service Exclusif

The advance models illustrated on this page comprise a *chic* collection specially selected by our personal representative resident in Paris through an exclusive arrangement with the greatest *couturiers* of the *Champs Elysées, Rue de la Paix*, and *Place Vendôme*. To meet the requirements of those who demand the most advanced creations of the Paris world of fashion Modèle Parisien Patterns will be shown on this page every month. The first collection of models appeared in the December issue.

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We hope to publish the list of winners in the March issue. Checks, however, will be mailed before that time.

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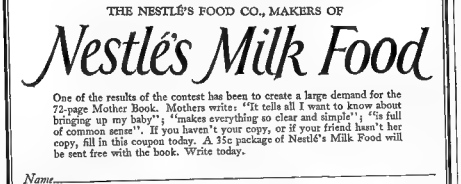
Address..... *Age of baby*.....



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This Happens Every Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

times his eyes, so gray and faded and old and wise, wandered to her as she sat there in the high-backed chair at the head of the table, her well-burnished hair catching the candle-light, rather like a light herself in her silver gown. But for the most part Hardcastle, advised of his rôle beforehand, monopolized her.

Once or twice during the meal Wallis, led by Sir Arthur's wandering eyes, looked at his wife and at his friend and saw that Hardcastle devoted himself. He was a nice fellow, Hardcastle; a little shy with women—or perhaps only with Maud, who was rather orderly and conventional to appeal to the rich bachelor type. One saw how his eyes, sometimes, strained and flickered and fell when she turned suddenly to him. Shy with Maud—poor Hardcastle!—no wonder! She was not a woman who kept herself practised in the arts of pleasing men. She failed—she misunderstood—she——

The service was good; so quiet, so quick and pleasant and efficient. They had certainly a very excellent maid.

"SHALL I make coffee here?" said Maud, "or would Sir Arthur and you like it sent to your study, Richard?"

The old man replied for Wallis: "I should like to see Mrs. Wallis make coffee." She made it at the table, in a coffee-percolator: good coffee, and Sir Arthur said: "How do you buy your coffee, Mrs. Wallis?" and she talked to him about coffee, and he was interested. She had a knack of making her empty remarks sound interesting when often there was nothing in them.

Wallis, trying to join the discussion on coffee, was weary with his frettings of the day. He wished the little ceremony were over; he wished he and Sir Arthur were alone, getting something really settled for the future. An intolerable anxiety filled him. The new branch in the cathedral town was the ambition of so many besides himself; he had no right of seniority, no marvelous abilities, no special attainments to recommend him beyond half a dozen others. Why should—or why should not—Sir Arthur give it to him?

At last—it was not very long by time, but very long indeed by suspense—he and Sir Arthur went to the little room off the hall that was called Wallis's study. Maud had evidently been at work here too. There was another bowl of her roses on the desk, and clean covers on the two big basket chairs in which the two men disposed themselves.

"I like my food, Wallis," said old Wilcox, lighting his cigar. "And you must let me comment on an unusually good dinner."

"Glad you enjoyed it, sir."

"This your own snuggery, eh?"

The old man's shrewd eyes took in the appointments of the little room. Something in the quality of his survey, a surprize, an admiration, touched a dominant chord in Wallis—his vanity—and gratified him exceedingly. He felt warm; suddenly secure.

"You have a nice home, Wallis. Very nice home."

"Glad you think so, sir."

The old man smiled. "I have sometimes had the privilege of visiting others of the bank's officers in their homes. You mustn't mind my being frank; you see, of course, I know the salaries, the circumstances, the personalities, the probabilities, the extractions of most of our employees. And you know, Wallis, it came as an agreeable surprize to me to find you here in this jolly place, to eat such a good dinner so well served, to be in such attractive company." Over the lined gray face came raillery. "I sound a snob. But you know, Wallis, you are aware, of course, that all these things must count. It is so. Why should I conceal it?"

Wallis listened, an answering smile of gratification playing about his lips.

He said: "Admitted, sir," deferentially.

"I have been on various calls of inspection, you know, Wallis, because the matter of our new branch in Bamister should be a most important one."

"I appreciate that, Sir Arthur, and of course I know that you can't choose lightly."

"We can't, Wallis. Sometimes we have to pass over the claims of seniority, mere business ability, and so on, in favor of other considerations."

"No doubt, Sir Arthur."

"It sometimes depends on the exact social circles in which a new manager may find himself."

"Quite so, Sir Arthur."

"Let me see, Wallis; you are a seven-hundred-a-year man, counting bonuses."

"That is quite accurate."

Old Wilcox again looked about him. He smelled the fragrance of a not inconsiderably sized garden through the opened windows. The suburb was not a particularly cheap one. The dinner had been so unexpectedly good; the drawing-room had looked delightful as he came in; he had seen a very well-trained servant. And in his mind's eye was a silver frock.

"I never understood you had a private income, Wallis."

"My wife has between three and four hundred a year, Sir Arthur."

Then over the lined face came a quick flash of satisfaction.

"Ah, yes. You do it so comfortably between you. Splendid! But, Wallis, putting aside the income—you have a charming lady."

Wallis bent his head slowly. He considered the ash of his cigar. He attempted a smile, but failed. In his mind he revolted. It was not necessary to bring Maud into this discussion; she was immaterial—oh! how immaterial she was!—to him.

"Any children, my dear Wallis?"

"One, Sir Arthur, a little girl; at Folajambe Abbey."

"A fine school!"

Uneasily, resentfully, Wallis shifted his thoughts from the little girl.

Old Wilcox was looking into the smoke that ascended into the warm air before him. He lay back, sunk in the chair, a thin, old man, memories in his eyes. He was not heeding Wallis.

"Your wife has made a tremendous impression on me."

THEN slowly, as fragmentarily old Wilcox spoke, through the slight haze of their cigar-smoke, Wallis was listening to:

"To come to your charming home—to meet this charming lady whose association with the bank does us honor—so beautifully arranged—social sense of incalculable value—by no means an ordinary provincial bank-managership—to find that we could pick a man whose wife could most certainly hold her own in the society of a cathedral town—can not but prejudice me most strongly in your favor.

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At last Wallis stammered:

"Many thanks, I'm sure, Sir Arthur.

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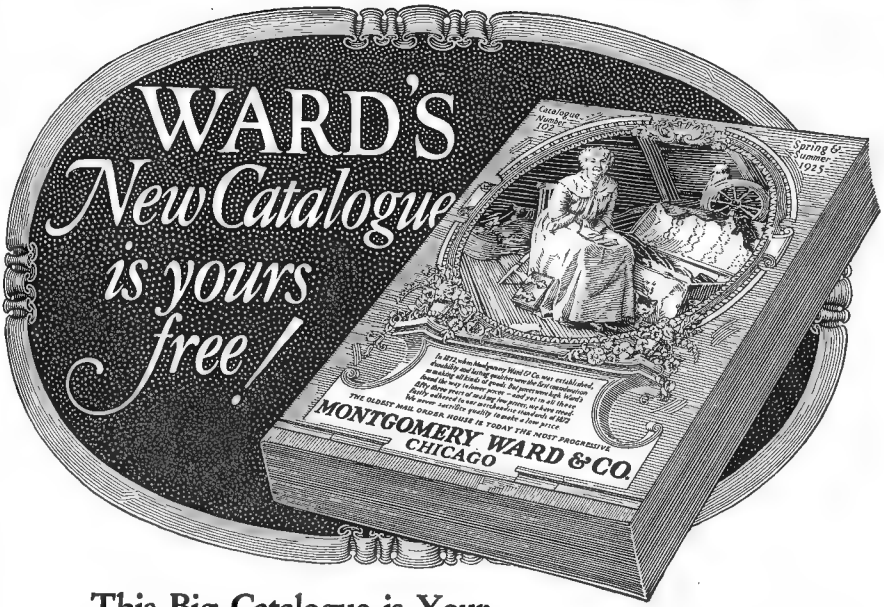

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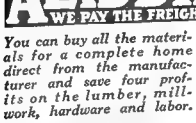

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This Happens Every Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

I'm extremely gratified to know I may expect— But I must confess that aspect of the matter had never occurred to me at all. I hardly know what to say—"

"Nothing," said the old man. "Hush!"

He raised a hand.

"What do I hear?"

With stiff lips Wallis replied: "I think my wife is singing."

Old Wilcox stubbed his cigar ruthlessly into the ash-tray. "Well, our business is done, eh? Let us go and find that sweet—that rare—lady."

In a dream of amaze, frustration, and indecision Wallis rose and opened the door.

He followed his guest across the hall into the drawing-room. Beyond the piano the windows, too, were open wide to a moonless, starry night; and against the dark-blue sky delicate-silhouetted trees of the garden grouped like lovers. A tall lamp with a golden shade made magic. Hardcastle stood back in the shadows somewhere, listening. At the piano Wallis's wife sat singing.

OLD Wilcox made an early—if regretful—departure. It was only ten o'clock. Hardcastle lingered till ten-thirty. Then Wallis began very slowly to lock up the house. This duty he performed with long pauses and an abstraction so deep and so intense that he seemed like a man asleep. At last he had locked all the doors, but not the French windows of the drawing-room, and he returned to bolt those.

His wife was still there. She stood beside the flower-filled hearth, resting an arm on the mantelpiece.

He thought she had gone to bed.

He paused on the threshold automatically, and they stood looking at each other.

His wife smiled.

"Sir Arthur is a dear," she observed.

Wallis advanced into the room. He wavered toward the window.

"Yes."

He felt her eyes on his back as he fumbled with the bolts.

She was asking sympathetically, interestedly: "Do you think you will have the managership at Baminster?"

He nodded.

"The evening went off quite well, Richard? You were pleased?"

"Yes," he answered curtly, sardonically.

Still he stood looking through the dark window into the dark garden, tho he could see nothing.

"You are sure of the managership?"

"Yes."

"In that case," said his wife, "can we have a talk here and now?"

He whipped round.

His heart thudded like an engine in his breast.

"What about? What for?"

"Our future," his wife replied.

Wallis stood stock-still, regarding her. What did she mean? She knew nothing. In any case his own mind was queerly chaotic to-night. His thoughts were tumbled. He was not ready, now, to break his news to her; to decide on dates and facts, and press matters beyond recall. No, after all, he was not ready for anything *to-night.*

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Our future," she said, "you have been hardly bearable to live with. You treat me as tho you hate me. You speak to me—when you speak to me at all—as tho you hate me. You stay out nearly every evening—"

"What if I do—"

"I am making no complaint. But having regard to all these facts, I can only draw one inference. There is another woman. It has lasted a year. Soon you won't be living here any more; the change could be made now, when you are going to a new place, without scandal. I suggest that we should part."

"You suggest——"

"That she should have you."

"It is outrageous——"

"No—no. Not outrageous. For a year now you have not been fit to live with. A year is a long time. I am very, very tired."

"*Of me?*"

His wife inclined her head.

"It is not to be wondered at, Richard."

He opened and closed his mouth.

"There *is* another woman?" she insisted.

Again he opened and closed his mouth. No sound came, but his lips formed "Yes."

"We must make arrangements very quickly and quietly, for your own sake, Richard."

"Surely—I thought—I supposed—you would fight——"

"There is nothing I want to fight for."

Wallis stood, rooted, near the windows.

"You—but—if—we—we part—what would you—and the child do?"

"You forget. I have my little income."

"You think, then, you would be happy without me?"

It was impossible!

But her answer came: "Happier than I've been with you for the last year."

Now as Wallis remained there, looking everywhere but at her, a revelation broke, quite inconsequently, upon him.

The look in Hardcastle's eyes!

He knew suddenly, in a flash, in the curious way that dead certainties come upon people, that his wife would not languish, grow out on small income by herself. Within a year she would be Mrs. Hardcastle, rich, loved, mistress of houses, cars, servants, jewels, all a woman could wish.

Murderous rage seized him by the throat. His mouth opened. But on the very edge of shouting at her, "You think I don't see what you're at! You want Hardcastle!" the rage failed as another revelation burst upon him. She knew nothing of Hardcastle and his love. She had told the truth. She was just very, very tired *—of him.* Now, tho he knew jealousy, the male cunning born of jealousy kept him from shouting Hardcastle's name at her.

He said with immense difficulty:

"You—you can't mean all this."

He looked at her full for the first time since they had begun to say these things to each other. He saw that she meant it. If ever a woman spoke truth she spoke it. As far as she was concerned the cat could have him or the dustman could take him away. And in the moment of understanding fright seized him. He felt lost.

"You mean, then, you would divorce me?"

"Gladly; with relief."

Anxiety like an agony gnawed him.

"What? *You would really let me go?*"

ONLY ten-forty-five now, so brief the talk had been; and he was in his dressing-room and she was in her room, locked in. He had made a move to follow her there, but, reminding him that for a year he had preferred his dressing-room, she had said "Good night" and withdrawn herself.

Wallis did not commence to undress. He did not even switch on the light, but sat, without realizing it, in the dark. He kept repeating to himself, "She will let me go," and thinking of the look in Hardcastle's eyes. Wallis now began to realize several things.

He realized that in his heart of hearts he loved comfort and not equalor; he realized that he loved his little girl; he realized that he liked to see home blossom, and roses growing; he realized that he liked good cooking and not perpetual sardines; he knew he liked the Sauterne

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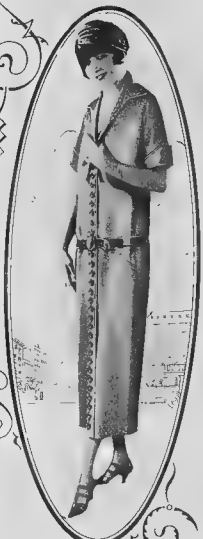

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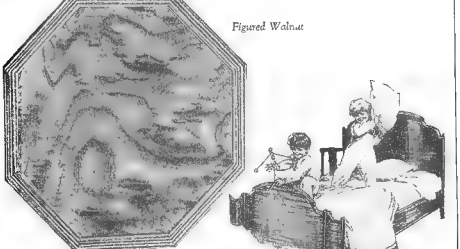

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This Happens Every Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

served at exactly the right temperature. He remembered—an old memory—that when it came to softness, to fire, to flame, to ardor, to romance and delight, his own wife——

He remembered the look in Hardcastle's eyes.

Then eleven o'clock struck in the hall below.

Galvanized again into activity, he jumped to his feet, tore from his wardrobe a light overcoat and crush-hat, and ran down-stairs, putting them on. He shut the front door like a thief, and rushed down the road to the station, where electric trains ran every five minutes until midnight.

AT eleven-forty-five Wallis was breathlessly climbing the many stairs to Gold's attic. The building reeked of heat, close, stale heat, as if all the windows on stairs and landings had been shut all day. He saw light on the fanlight above her door, and knocked. She opened the door to him, dressed in a sort of smock-gown of green velvet. She had a fillet round her tousled hair. She had been out somewhere, to some other studio, perhaps.

She started when she saw him; a little flame of triumph began to smolder in her eyes; her thick lips parted; she drew a long breath and pulled him in and shut the door.

"You! Darling! At this time of night!"

She cast herself into his arms, and pressed him close, and kissed him, looking up at him under those heavy, slumberous eyelids that he thought—had thought—so divine. Now he was terrified.

He was cold, languid. Gold felt his coldness and languor. She saw, too, the pallor of his face.

"Darling, you've had the fight!"

Wallis got away from her, and stood against the wall.

"Ay Heaven!" said Gold, clasping her hands on her suddenly heaving breast, "tell me!"

"She won't divorce me!" said Wallis loudly. "There is no hope. None. She won't give me up."

"But——!"

"Believe me, —— you! There is no hope. Nothing to be done. She won't part with me. I am her life, she said. She refuses to let you or any other woman have me. There will never be a divorce. She won't do it."

Again Gold threw herself against him, but again his arms were too strangely languid to receive her.

"Then we'll do without the marriage ceremony, Richard. Darling, I am yours and you are mine. We'll be happy—happy—happy—in spite of her!"

Wallis wetted his dried lips with his tongue. He was near the door. His hand began feeling automatically for the handle.

"Gold, I must do my duty. I can't allow you to sacrifice yourself, your name, your reputation—all gone for me! I must do my duty. Now I see it. I have a wife and child who adore me. We could never be married—she'd never let us. I must do—do—w-what is best for every one. I will not s-s-sacrifice you, Gold. I don't count. Good-by."

Then somehow, in an inkling of time, Wallis got away. When he reached home his house slept. Creeping to his dressing-room, he slept too, like a log, until the maid came with the early cup of tea and drew the curtains back from a glorious morning. And as he passed down the garden path an hour later he looked at the rose-trees and the shaven lawn and the flower border as if they had been given back to him from the dead.

Mrs. Wallis was on the veranda knitting a holiday jumper for her little girl, when a stranger came into the garden. She was a flaring, good-looking young woman—ill-kempt compared with Mrs. Wallis—in sort of "arty" clothes.

Mrs. Wallis knew, of course, who this visitor must be.

She rose, and said, smiling: "Did you, by any chance, want me? I am Mrs. Wallis."

Gold replied emotionally: "I must have a private talk with you."

Mrs. Wallis said politely: "As private as you like," and she began to lead Gold into the drawing-room.

"It is difficult," said Gold, breathing hard, "for me to talk to you in what is so peculiarly your own atmosphere. Atmosphere is everything to a woman. Everything! But I am going to do what I came to do."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Wallis. She was not cynical in her smiles and courtesy, only honestly, genuinely weary of her husband's year of posing and playacting and dramatizing himself. "Certainly. Of course."

"Do you know who I am?"

"I don't know your name," said Mrs. Wallis, "but you are the other woman."

"You sneer!" said Gold fiercely.

"No," said Mrs. Wallis thoughtfully, "I never sneer."

It was true. She never did.

"He came to me last night!" cried Gold, burning. "He told me. You will not let him go."

Mrs. Wallis suddenly turned upon Gold and held her still by the sheer force of her personality.

"Come," she said gently, "I didn't quite catch that. Richard came to you last night——"

"He rushed in for five minutes—utterly wretched, crazy——"

"To tell you?"

"That you refuse to let him go."

Mrs. Wallis looked very long and steadily at her rival. It seemed as if she were summing her up, but she was not doing that. In the long pause she was conjuring up a mental picture of her husband. He was a stranger to her—the man who could do this thing, tell this lie.

The strange young woman was flaming on: "It is women like you who don't understand men—how you drive them desperate for love—for adventure—for beauty of life. Safe, stupid, sheltered, conventional women like you!"

Mrs. Wallis stood listening to the young woman.

"You don't understand how a man can go nearly mad shut up with a woman like you; cold, sedate, stupid—no imagination, no sympathy at all! It is to women like me that a man turns at last!" said Gold, striking her breast, and looking very dramatic indeed. "He is no ordinary tame cat—Richard. You don't know him. Underneath that mask he keeps for you there is the real primitive, glorious man—the mate! And you hold him! You!" Unutterable scorn thrilled the young woman's voice. "You dare to say that you will not let him go!"

MRS. WALLIS was no cad. She had the real chivalry of the real woman. She would have cast her husband most willingly to the cat, or let the dustman take him away, but betray him in his great lie she would not. So, as she was no cad, she backed him.

"No," she said, "I will not let him go."

Step by step they had entered the house by now, through the French windows, Gold pursuing Mrs. Wallis. They stood in the drawing-room, a serene battle-field assuaged by flowers and soft colors.

"For Heaven's sake!" cried Gold, stamping her foot, clasping her hands, storms heaving her breast, "for Heaven's sake, you fool of a woman, let him go! He will never know a moment's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

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This Happens Every Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

happiness with you! He loathes you! Have you no pride, no backbone at all? He wants me! I want him! Let him go!"

Mrs. Wallis had rung the bell sharply while Gold raged. She was quite cold. With that curious instinct called the maternal instinct, which is often really a woman's equivalent for chivalry, she protected Wallis.

"I will not let him go!" she said.

The maid came in.

"Show this lady out," said Mrs. Wallis. "Do not admit her in future."

"Cat! Beast! Devil!" choked Gold.

The maid was an exceptionally well-trained maid. She closed the front door with a face of stone.

WALLIS came home. During dinner he made conversation for the first time in a year. His wife, being no cad, kept up her end of it.

But afterward she said, as she watched the coffee bubbling in the glass percolator:

"A lady came here to-day. I did not ask her name. But it was the other woman."

Wallis's face had been pale before. It became ghastly.

"I gathered that you wished to make me responsible for ending your affair with her."

Wallis made no reply.

"As that was her impression, I did not undeceive her, Richard."

Again Wallis made no reply.

"So I imagine it is all over," said Mrs. Wallis.

The coffee boiled.

"Maud," said Wallis, while she attended to the cups, "I have been a fool, like men are. I have gone too far. I lost sight of myself I think. I have been dramatizing myself for a year, and I have nearly bored you to death with my performance. Maud, will things ever be the same again?"

"I don't know," she whispered.

He looked at her sorrowfully across the table, and saw that indeed she spoke the truth. She did not know.

Wallis now lost all desire for outside adventure as he saw before him the greatest and most arduous adventure in love that he had ever undertaken. He had to win his disillusioned wife.

So, by and by, when the managership of the Bannister branch became an accomplished fact, the Bannister people used to say:

"Did you see Mr. Wallis rushing after Mrs. Wallis in the town this afternoon?" "Did you see Mr. Wallis hanging round his wife for dances?" "Did you see Mr. Wallis taking home some lovely roses at lunch-time? I did." "Do you think she appreciates that poor man's devotion, my dear?"

Why I Did Not Marry Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

I flirted or deliberately led men on. I merely wanted to be popular. Men interested me mildly, but their attentions stimulated me, because they told me that I still had power to attract suitors. And that, unfortunately, is the attitude of many independent women.

I will not say that I might not have married if there had come into my life that rare man who makes an experienced woman feel as if all else were well lost for love of him. But marriage had taught me the difference between being in love with love and being in love with a man. I could distinguish between the thrills that will repeat and the thrills that will pass, never to return. And however happy her first marriage, a widow has no illusions about the chances she must take in marrying again. She realizes how soon marriage ceases to be a succession of thrills and settles down to a series of adjustments.

As one social season merged into another, leaving me still a widow, my old intimates betrayed dissatisfaction, even anxiety. Why in the world didn't I give up my work and settle down while I had the chance? They even insinuated that my best years and best matrimonial opportunities were flitting by.

My excuse was always the same—my children. They were growing so fast! Two were in college. One was in business. They would soon marry. We had only a few more years together. I could not disturb our domestic peace by introducing into the family circle a stepfather who might or might not prove congenial to these young people.

In my own heart I knew that I was not marrying because I was too indolent, mentally and emotionally, to face the inevitable adjustment to a new life which would involve my children and my new husband. I valued the smoothness of my family life too highly to endanger it.

As my children graduated, went into business, married, and established homes of their own, my expenses decreased, and I had more money to spend on myself. At last I was left alone in the comfortable old-fashioned home where my children had been born. I soon sold it and established myself in a modern apartment, marvelously equipped, exquisitely furnished.

Here, with a perfectly trained servant, I led the existence which definitely ended all chance of my remarrying. Any woman who has reared a family, any woman whose business brings her in daily contact with many people, knows what the privacy of such a home means. These six rooms constituted my castle. Here my word was law, my slightest whim was obeyed. Lights were placed to make my reading a luxury. Meals were ordered to meet my convenience and taste exclusively. I shared the services of Janet, my efficient maid, with no one. Everything in my home was dedicated to my personal convenience and comfort.

And whenever I thought of a husband in that house or myself as a wife, I shrank as from the invasion of my privacy and my rights.

MARRIAGE is successful only when the two people involved are tolerant and willing to make small personal sacrifices in order to bring about the adjustments without which pleasant and normal marital relations can not exist. Admitting that I have faults and peculiarities which naturally become more marked with advancing years, I am not willing to adjust myself to the peculiarities of a man of my own years with whom I would live in the daily association of marriage.

I don't want any man saying to me, "Don't you think, dear, you'd better—" What I propose doing may be entirely wrong, but I'd rather find this out for myself than endure the mildly critical suggestions of a husband. And show me a husband that doesn't offer them! On my return from a cards party or a game of golf, I don't want any husband holding a *post mortem* on my plays. And show me a husband that doesn't consider this his privilege! I don't want to feel that I have to come home to dinner because a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Why you cannot cut the cuticle

without actually injuring it

SKIN specialists everywhere tell us that we cannot cut the cuticle without actually injuring it.

A famous specialist in skin diseases says, "Some persons are so obtuse to the beauty of the delicate edge of the skin at the base of the nail that they actually *trim* it away, leaving an ugly, red rim like the edge of an inflamed eyelid."

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Why I Did Not Marry Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

husband of prompt habits will be there waiting for me. Any married man will tell you how this thought shackles him as with ball and chain.

In my blessed state of widowhood I can telephone Janet that I have changed my mind about dinner. I am dining at the South Shore Club. I know exactly what will happen. Janet will store the dinner-supplies in the refrigerator for tomorrow night's use. Then she will cook and eat her own frugal meal in a spirit of relief, not annoyance. She will open my bed and lay out my intimate attire for the night. She will leave the mail and the telephone-calls where I will surely see them, turn on exactly the right lights, and then go on her way rejoicing over her freedom for the evening.

Show me a husband who has such a philosophy or who would accept the situation in the same spirit. Would he understand the series of events which led to my change of plans? It was most trying, he'd say, to be dragged off to a club with a bunch of gibbering, dancing fools when he'd figured on a quiet evening at home.

I don't want any man to tell me how to invest my earnings. I have made mistakes in managing my finances, but nobody has known it or twirled me with it. Men make exactly the same mistakes in advising their wives and in investing their own funds. Neither do I want a husband to tell me that my new fur coat doesn't look the money I paid for it. Probably it doesn't, but back of the purchase there is a reason which only the independent woman can understand. That particular coat may make me look an inch or two taller. It may give me slimmer, more girlish lines. It may take a year or two off my looks. To a professional woman these considerations are important.

I don't want a man questioning the new friendships I make or criticizing my old friends. I have been choosing my own friends for many years and they are eminently satisfying to me, but I could hardly expect a husband to accept them without question.

I offer no apology for this selfishness. I consider that I earned the right to every privilege and luxury that I now enjoy. I made my contribution to society. I married, brought children into the world, and maintained a home for them for more than a quarter of a century. I do not think that I am doing the human race or myself any harm in refusing to marry again. I have given my country three wholesome, intelligent, well-bred children and they in turn are bringing desirable citizens into the world. I have fulfilled my mission as an individual woman. I have given expression to all my normal instincts or impulses toward wifehood and motherhood. I have loved and been loved. I have had the great experiences which every wholesome woman should have. If I do not care to repeat them, I am doing no harm to society or myself.

ONE interesting man brought me home from the dance last night or rather this morning. Within an hour another eligible man will arrive with a new book which we plan to read together. These attentions in themselves are proof of the efficacy of the life I am leading, the years of freedom from petty domestic responsibilities and annoyances, years which have kept me gloriously alive and amazingly young.

YES, I admit I am a selfish woman. Not too selfish to be useful and agreeable, but too selfish to marry and make a man happy.

This is the true story of the change which years of economic independence have wrought in me. I can not say that I might not have undergone a similar change if my husband had lived and become equally prosperous; but instinct and reason both tell me that my affection for my husband would have made it impossible for me to become so self-centered. His dependence on me would have outlasted my children's need of me. Our relations would have stimulated the spirit of unselfishness and service. Mutual need and dependence are among the rewards of marriage. They soften sacrifice. They compensate for the lack of luxury.

Neither would I contend that the mere possession of means makes a woman selfish. This is largely a matter of temperament. But I do contend that the supreme effort which a woman makes to achieve success in a profession or any line of business, coupled with the thought that marriage will check or end her career not only creates the marriage inhibition, but is responsible for the spread of that type of selfishness from which women are popularly supposed to be immune.

Perhaps you think that my experiences and my reactions to marriage are exceptional. But you are wrong. I represent an ever-increasing group—women who share my love of independence, privacy, and personal comfort, but who, alas! have not had my emotional outlet in wifehood and motherhood.

WHEN I resumed my profession as a widow I came in competition with comparatively few women of my own kind—some of them widowed, but most of them recently graduated from college or from business schools and fully determined to have careers before they married and bore children. Practically all of those who have achieved any sort of success are still my competitors and are still unmarried. In fact, the more successful they are the less apt they are to marry. And to this comparatively small group have been added hundreds in other professions and other lines of business. I meet them at the down-town clubs where successful women lunch, at the country clubs, at the homes of my friends, at the theater, at concerts and art exhibits, on the trains and transatlantic steamships; in London, Paris, and Rome.

Before starting this article I made a survey of women employees in concerns with which I have regular dealings. Ninety per cent. of the women holding positions of real responsibilities and drawing the same salaries as men are past forty and unmarried. Ninety per cent. of the men in similar positions are married and rearing families, but they did not marry business women. I made inquiries of real-estate men. Our apartment-house districts are honeycombed with small but well-appointed, well-run establishments maintained by single women, living alone or in small groups. The number of bachelor apartments maintained by men is comparatively small. When a man can afford an establishment he marries a woman to preside over it.

Our city supports an opera season, several series of symphony concerts, lecture courses, and a little theater movement. Among the regular subscribers to all these are high-salaried women.

They are not found in any one class. They are buyers for large firms, lawyers, bond-saleswomen, advertising and insurance experts, writers and editors on the staffs of magazines and newspapers, proprietors of exclusive little shops, artists, court-reporters, statisticians, and research-workers.

Perhaps you claim that my city is unique, that it offers special opportunities to women. During the past few years my work has taken me to New York, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, Atlanta, Ga., and Birmingham, Ala. The last two are strongholds of Southern chivalry. Everywhere I meet

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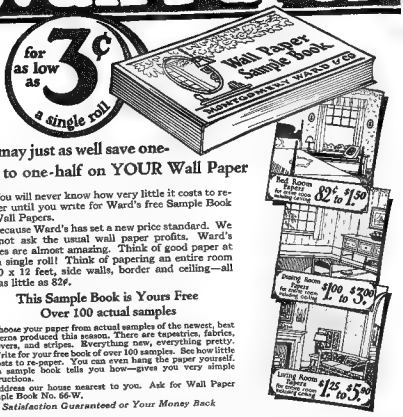

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Why I Did Not Marry Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

the same type of economically independent women that I know in my home town. They entertain me at their clubs and in their beautifully appointed apartments. They have earned the luxuries which their mothers could have only by marriage or by the inheritance of means. And they are practically a unit in pitying their married sisters.

Perhaps you point out the fact that all of these women are employed in large cities, while the real home and family life of the nation is to be found in its thousands of small communities. I admit the latter contention, but call your attention to the fact that most of the successful, high-salaried business and professional women in big cities came from small towns.

In my office are two bright girls. One came from a small city in Kansas and the other from a mere town in Iowa. Both are willing to work like galley-slaves in order to achieve success. Both speak freely of their aims. They want an establishment like mine, a car of their own to drive, a bank-account of their own on which to draw for luxuries. They have told me quite frankly that they never want to work "in the kitchen" as their mothers did before them.

Last Winter the dean of a State university in the West came to our city for postgraduate work. She told me many interesting things about the development of her students, who represent the ranch and small-town life of her State. Each year she issues a questionnaire to the freshman class. The answers are confidential and for her guidance in securing a sympathetic understanding with the new students.

She tells me that the boys are interested in sports and in the profession or industry toward which they are working, but not interested in preparation for social, domestic, or marital relations; while the girls admit frankly that they are taking a few years at the State university merely in preparation for marriage. With the close of their freshman and sophomore years many girls drop out to marry, and in the junior and senior years the mental and emotional attitudes of the men and girls are reversed. The young men talk more freely of their social responsibilities and of marriage as the reward of a successful career, while the girls who plan to complete the four-year course and secure a degree, figure also on a career without marriage or at least with late marriage in view.

And those are the girls who in a few years will be our big earners in trades and professions for women.

One of my assistants said to me recently:

"Yes, I'd like to marry, but I can't just reason it out. There's not a man in our crowd who earns more than I do. This means that two must live on the earnings of one or I must continue to work. Even if the man were willing for me to hold my position, I am not sure that I would be content. It would mean boarding or kitchenette housekeeping, neither of which is my idea of a home. Then we girls who receive good salaries dress well, and men like the way we dress. If we marry and give up our positions we must cut down expenses. That means wearing cheaper clothes, and men of today don't like to see their women in cheap clothes. Last week-end my brother-in-law said to my sister: 'Why don't you get some ribbed sport stockings like Maud's? They're much better-looking than yours.'

"Certainly they are. I paid $3.50 for them. My sister haunts bargain-tables for stockings at $1.19 a pair. She is stretching her husband's income to clothe a family of three. I do not have to share my income, which is only a third less, with any one."

It is not only the young women who have fallen under the spell of material comfort and luxury. The modern man puts a false estimate on the signs of prosperity. The girls with whom he associates are well-dressed and well-groomed. He does not want his wife to suffer by comparison. He is not willing to ask her to substitute gauze vests for silk, Lisle hose for silk and wool, simple cotton frocks for copies of imported models.

These, then, are a few of the factors which contribute to the decreasing marriage-rate among high-salaried women. And when I think of the thousands of eager young women graduated each year by our universities, colleges, and business schools, when I watch them surging into our cities, so well equipped to succeed in any occupation they may enter, I wonder where all this will lead, what the future of the independent woman will be.

Will she awaken before it is too late to the realization that the love of personal freedom and luxury leads eventually to the overstimulation of emotional impulses, or will this love of luxury gradually atrophy her emotions?

Ask Mr. Freud. He knows!

Keeping Step with the Dance

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

Now wherever festivals, parades, circuses, or grand promenades take place we have the march; for example, the "Aida March," by Verdi; the "Meistersinger March," by Wagner, the "Siegfried Funeral March" from "Götterdämmerung," also by Wagner; the "Marche Militaire," by Schubert; the march in Tschaikowsky's "Pathétique" (Symphony vi, 3d movement); and the most tuneful and appealing "Funeral March" from Beethoven's "Sonata," opus 26. And last but not least America's genial John Philip Sousa, rightly called the "March King," for who could forget the "Washington Post," "El Capitan," etc.? These are rousing, and nobody can keep his feet still "when the band begins to play."

One of the recent march favorites that you can try on your piano, saxophone, ocarina, etc., is "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," which helped make famous the Russian vaudeville (the Chauve Souris) in New York City. But don't let us forget one of the most thrilling marches, in our estimation, of modern times, the "Marche Lorraine," by Louis Ganne.

And this brings us back to the fact that music is still so potent a factor in our lives that altho it was decreed in England at the beginning of the War to dispense with the expense of music for martial purposes, one week later it was recalled, and "the band played on!"

A well-known journalist said not long ago: "Music is to the mind what the plow is to the soil. Music stirs up thought it makes the brain more active, makes thought and life better—more harmonious. It drives out disagreeable thought, brings in thought of beauty, hope, and aspiration." We ask you in the light of this journalist's opinion how many of us can afford to be without music in our homes?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Another article by Miss Peyser and Miss Bauer, on "Jazz and the Dance," will appear in an early issue.*

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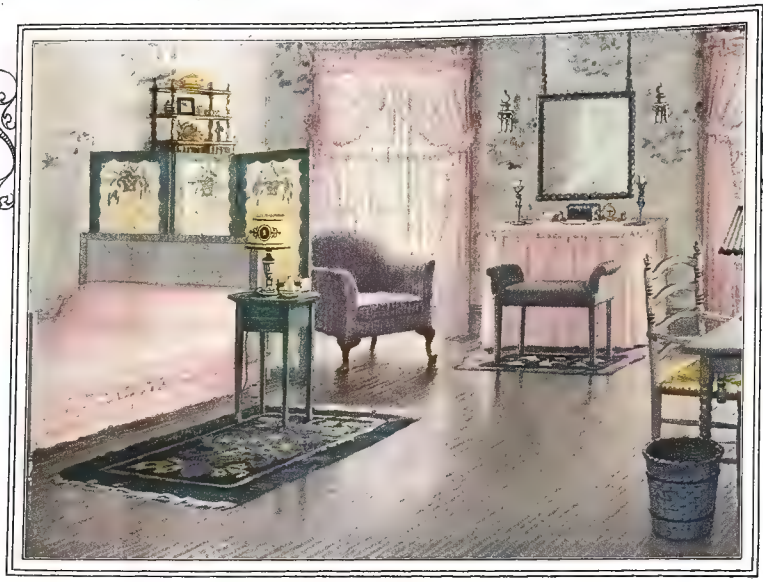
Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*



Look for the CIRCLE A *trademark on the burlap back*

Does Beauty and the Budget Sound Like a Fairy Tale?

THE room shown in the picture is not richly furnished, for all its inviting character. It is easily within the budget of the average working woman or the wife of a salaried man.

In furnishing a room, things are pretty or not according to how they are selected and how they are placed.

Are linoleum floors pretty? This one is. The room itself is prettier because of the floor.

Any room with a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum can be made more attractive if both the linoleum and the furnishings are chosen with an eye to their harmony. Modern linoleum offers you color in your floor—that is, the right color, in the floor, the one place where the most carefully-thought-out color scheme so often goes to pieces.

Selecting linoleum for its beauty

Once you have gone to a good store and picked out the color and design of the Armstrong's Linoleum floor you want in a room, the other furnishings seem to suggest themselves. Any woman with a sense for color harmony can buy inexpensive things that become pretty when they are placed in this room.

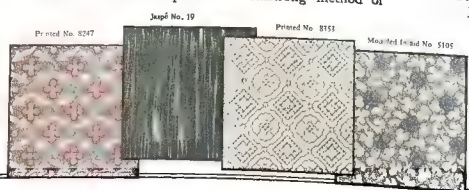
See what the good merchants have

Visit one of the good stores in your city and look at the modern designs and colorings of Armstrong's Linoleum in inlaids, in plain colors, and in printed patterns; also linoleum rugs, both printed and inlaid. Ask the merchant to explain the Armstrong method of laying fine linoleum for permanency, as a practically one-piece floor, by cementing over a lining of builders' deadening felt. All genuine Armstrong's Linoleum may be identified by the Circle A trademark on the burlap back.

Our Bureau of Interior Decoration will give you individual advice and suggestions on color schemes without charge, if you will describe any room or rooms that you want to decorate. Or for twenty-five cents (in Canada sixty cents) we will send you a useful book on the art of home furnishing and decoration,

"Floors, Furniture, and Color"
By Agnes Foster Wright

The author is an authority on the subject and her work in this field is well known. Her book will be interesting and helpful to any woman who desires to make her home modern and attractive.



ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
Linoleum Division
2537 President Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

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One spoonful of VINEGAR
or LEMON JUICE

SALT *and* PEPPER *to taste*

Three spoonfuls of
WESSON OIL

MIX WELL—THAT'S *all there is to* FRENCH DRESSING—*unless you choose to add a little chopped onion or crumbled cheese or the yolk of a hard boiled egg or chives or mustard or Worcestershire Sauce or some other seasoning. On lettuce, fruit or cold vegetables, it is the simplest and at the same time the most sophisticated of all salad dressings.*

[*Did you ever cook or fry with a fat as good as Wesson Oil? It's worth trying.*]

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

"Oh! I'm ready for 'em," and Jimmy started shadow-boxing.

Minnie laughed at Jimmy as she always did, and the atmosphere cleared. Mrs. Flynn's sigh of relief was so ludicrous that even Pete relaxed and grinned sheepishly as he picked up his paper.

Mrs. Flynn made having dinner in the dining-room again seem quite an event. Ever since Nettie's illness they had crowded into the kitchen, gobbling up their food to get out of the heat and the unbearable stuffiness.

"Say, you'd think there was company, Ma, the way you carry on. What you usin' the servin'-dishes for?" Minnie asked.

Her mother flushed. "I dunno, Minnie. Pete says the food tastes better out o' chinaware than out o' the pots and kettles."

"Oh, Mr. Astor would, o' course. He's that elegant," and Minnie laughed, but her laughter had the sting of scorn in it.

PETE turned toward his mother. "There!" he cried triumphantly. "You see how Minnie always starts it, the dirty, little sneak. Do you wonder I want to get out of here, Ma, do you?" He pushed his plate away and rose from his chair.

"Oh, Pete!" cried his mother tremulously, "you ain't through yet. I got rice puddin' for dessert with raisins in it. I made it special for you, Pete. You know she's only teasin'. Ain't you, Minnie? Tell Pete you're only teasin', Minnie dear."

Pete turned and made for the door. "I'm through!" he said. "I'm done with every one of you."

"Pete!" A cry tore out of Mrs. Flynn, and its echo followed Pete down the two flights of stairs and into the lower hallway. It was like the cry of some animal in pain. But he was not moved by it. He was sick of his mother's hysteria—her mawkish, sentimental love for him and her attitude of perpetual martyrdom.

Mrs. Flynn lay sobbing against her husband's breast, convulsive, rasping sobs that only annoyed Minnie. "Poor ma," she whispered at last to Jimmy. "I suppose she'd be miserable if she didn't have something to make her unhappy. You through, Jimmy?"

Jimmy was picking his teeth with the prong of a fork. "All but the puddin'," he answered. "Say, Ma, dearie, you got a couple o' starvin' kids here to feed up. Me and Minnie are goin' out to-night. We ain't got all the time in the world, either. How about a little o' that puddin' with flies in it?"

"I made it special for Pete," his mother gasped, "but you can eat it if you've a mind to, only stop callin' raisins flies, Jimmy. You spoil it for everybody else."

"All right, Ma, and you quit worryin' about Pete," consoled Jimmy. "He's got a warm place to go to. Old Sullivan ain't kicked him out o' his saloon since the last Fourth of July. What you bet that Pete ain't hoggin' the best ring-side seat around the stove right this minute?"

"But I don't want my kids drove out o' their own home into saloons. Home's the place for a boy like him. If it wasn't for Minnie, there, he'd 'a' stayed in to-night. He promised me."

"Cheer up, Ma," cried Minnie. "I'll be out of here myself before long. You know what I told you. I'm going to settle that to-night."

"Settle what, Minnie?" Mr. Flynn turned toward her, and his voice was querulous.

"Oh, nothin', Pa. Just a little promise to ma about Billy MacNally."

"I like Billy MacNally," ventured Mr. Flynn with nervous uncertainty, "but, Minnie, you're too young to be thinkin' of gettin' married."

"I ain't no younger than ma was."

Mr. Flynn moistened his lips. "That's just what I want to tell you, Minnie. If your ma and I had to do it all over again we would 'a' waited until I'd got a good start. You kids don't know it, but I wasn't in the plumbin' business then, and it was years before I got started on the right track."

"Oh, I ain't afraid o' hard work," answered Minnie, polishing her finger-nails on the palm of her hand.

"Neither was your ma, Minnie. But there was times when it looked as if we'd have to let you kids go to a home, we was that hard up."

"Say, Pa," Minnie squinted her eyes to admire the polish, "you and ma oughta do team-work in vaudeville. You two can sob the neatest duet I ever heard. Am I right, Jimmy?"

Jimmy was grinning with laughter at Minnie's imitation of her parents.

"Look at her, Pa. Honest, if that kid ain't got talent, I'll eat my hat."

Mr. Flynn had finished his hurried meal. He had lit his corn-cob pipe and was bending over and unlacing his shoes. Mrs. Flynn rose with a sigh, picked them up, and carried them into the kitchen. She returned with the *Plumbers' Gazette* and her husband's reading-glasses. Then she started clearing the table. Twice Nettie called from the other room; once to complain about the soup her mother had made for her, the other time to ask for a glass of water.

At nine o'clock Jimmy flung the paper aside. "Well, so long, folks, and Minnie," he said briskly. "I'm on my way again. There's a finance meetin' to be held in the basement of the Three Sports Club this evenin'. Pat Dinger says it's aces up that I'm to be elected pusher for the big annual blow-out." He was glowing with pride. It pleased him to see Minnie's eyes light up.

"Oh, Jimmy, you'll have to rent a suit, won't you?" Minnie asked him.

"Sure thing, and they'll give me a badge with a membership button on it. I'll bring it all home to you, program and flash-light and everything!"

Minnie uttered a sharp cry. "But, Jimmy! You don't mean to tell me that I ain't goin' to it—with you an usher and—"

Jimmy explained why he didn't want Minnie there. "They're no ladies' men to begin with, and with plenty o' beer and bum whisky in 'em you can't tell what'll happen before the night's out."

Minnie pleaded with him in vain. She could make no impression on him, but she made up her mind to go to the dance. There was only one way to get there and that was through Billy MacNally.

HESSELMAN kept Billy at the shop going over accounts, so he didn't get there until after eleven o'clock and had blown up. It whistled around the lower hallway as Minnie opened the door to let him in. They stood there under the sputtering gas-jet, and shook hands solemnly. Billy's expression of contentment made her want to laugh at him.

"Minnie," he said, embarrassed by her quizzical stare, "you just make me sick with happiness."

"Yeh?"

"What do you say," and his voice lowered to a husky whisper, "if we sit on the stairs and spoon a while?"

Minnie laughed pleasantly.

He sat on the third stair, and drew Minnie onto his lap, circling her body with his arms and drawing her head to his shoulder. She could hear his heart thumping. Sometimes when he whispered to her the words were inarticulate, and when he kissed her she noticed that his lips were hot against her cool ones. Poor Billy! He wasn't much, she thought, as she listened to his plans for the future, but he was a decent boy. She

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

"Yes, Dick, We Can Now Afford the Things We Need!"

At Last I've Found a Way to Turn My Spare Time Into Extra Money!

"You know, Dick, you'd never admit there was anything worthwhile in these spare time homework plans. But I knew you were wrong and now I'm going to prove it. You're one of those matter-of-fact, practical business men—a little stubborn at times—who thinks a woman has no head for business. I was willing to give up my position when we were married, for I knew it would hurt your pride to see me going to work; but I didn't agree to merely spend my spare hours at home twirling my thumbs and looking pretty. And when I saw you worrying—fretting—figuring—trying to make your salary buy the things we need and want, I made up my mind I'd find a way to help you.

"One night last June when you were working late at the office, Mary Smith ran in for a little chat. You know how hard up Mary and John have been since they were married—and how pitifully dowdy Mary was beginning to look in that same dress and hat. Well, when she stepped into the room I could hardly believe my eyes. She had on a stunning tailored suit, an adorable fall hat, brown satin slippers and one of the prettiest furs I have ever seen. I guess she noticed my first look of surprise, for she laughed and said 'I see you don't know me.' Then she told me her story.

"It seems that John's salary wasn't quite enough to meet their regular household expenses, much less buy clothes or furniture and the many things they needed. They were slowly getting into debt, the rent had been raised and things were going from bad to worse. John was desperate and Mary was pretty well discouraged too. She wanted to take a position for a while, but John wouldn't hear of it.

"One day, more out of curiosity than anything else, Mary answered an advertisement of The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company of Buffalo—large distributors of knitted wool hosiery. The advertisement announced a new plan whereby women at home could knit socks with the aid of a wonderful little machine called the Auto Knitter. And the company offered to buy back all the standard socks made on this machine, at a guaranteed wage rate.

"Mary sent for the free book and was so convinced by the letters from other women, telling what this plan had meant to them, that she decided to give it a trial. She ordered the little machine and a supply of wool yarn and set to work. Every day she devoted a few spare hours to the pleasant, interesting work—without interfering with regular household duties in any way. Each week she shipped a package of fine, durable, well-shaped socks to Buffalo and back came the welcome pay check. Before she realized it she had $200 in the bank; and with every package of socks shipped off to Buffalo, her bank balance grew and grew.

"That's how she was able to buy those beautiful clothes. And besides, she now has an electric washing machine, a dandy vacuum cleaner and many other things which she has gotten through the Auto Knitter Double Value Plan.

"When Mary had gone, I did some quick thinking. What Mary had done, I could do, I reasoned. And I made up my mind to start without delay. I, too, sent for the free book. It told how, through the remarkable new plan, hundreds of women everywhere were turning into money the spare hours and half hours that might otherwise be wasted. I got the little machine and started out to help solve our problem of 'not quite enough money.' Each day, after my work was done, I turned out pair after pair of fine wool socks; and when it was time to get dinner, I hid the machine away in my dresser drawer and put the socks and wool high up on the closet shelf. I made up my mind not to tell you what I was doing, for I was afraid you'd laugh and ridicule my scheme. So I just kept on making socks, and with every package that went off to Buffalo another entry appeared in my bank book.

"That's my little secret, Dick. And from now on it will be *our* secret. For I'm going to keep right on knitting my spare hours into extra dollars until you get the promised salary you deserve. But the best of it all is that we will no longer have to worry over nasty money problems. And we can now afford the things we need, for at last I've found a way to turn my spare time into extra dollars.

"If every woman only knew what I know about this wonderful Auto Knitter Homework Plan they wouldn't hesitate another day. For all you have to do is send off the coupon, get the free book, read the facts and judge for yourself. There is no obligation to buy anything or do anything—just a splendid big opportunity to turn wasted hours into extra money. The coupon will prove it." The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc. Dept. 22, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y. *Pioneers in the Home Knitting Industry—Sole Manufacturers of the Genuine Auto Knitter—No Connection with any other Concern.*

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 22, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

I am interested. Without any obligation on my part please send me the free book explaining how I can make spare hours at home pay extra money. I am enclosing a 2c stamp to cover the cost of mailing this information to me.

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Pictorial Review 2-25

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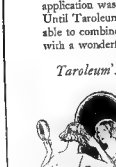
A wonderful shampoo that does MORE *than* CLEAN

A double benefit at a single cost

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

NEXT to being clean—every scalp should be *well fed.* Crude oil is the best sort of food for hair roots—but, in the past, its application was messy and difficult. Until Tareloum came, no one was able to combine life-giving crude oil with a wonderful shampoo.

Taroleum's double benefit



Before it cleans—Taroleum feeds the scalp – sends life in the form of crude oil to the very roots of your hair. This is accomplished by thoroughly rubbing Taroleum into the scalp before you apply any water.

The moment you wet your head, a thick white lather springs up like magic. Taroleum lather is more than just a coating—because it starts at the very scalp. It gathers with it all the dust and grimy dirt that even the best-kept scalps collect.

Hair rinses fresh and clean

Into the washbowl goes the dirt, when you quickly rinse out the Taroleum lather. Somehow or other, your head feels *new* and *young.* Taroleum gives it a fresh start! And no matter how delicately fair is your hair—Taroleum absolutely cannot discolor it. White-haired mothers and golden-haired daughters praise Taroleum for this.

Protects— as well

Taroleum is also an antiseptic. Its mild ingredients offer a real protection against scalp troubles that destroy the hair. The regular use of Taroleum will insure hair-health.

Silky hair—healthy scalp

Even after your first Taroleum shampoo—you will be surprised to find your hair is wonderfully soft—easy to handle. Clean hair is silky —*not* brittle or sticky.

And though you won't see it, the life-giving crude oil will remain in your scalp to feed the hair roots.

Chosen by hairdressers

Scalp experts in the best-known hair shops use and recommend Taroleum. They like it, because it is easy to apply — because it will not stain clothing or linen or hair —and because it leaves no odor.

Money-back Guarantee

Your druggist has Taroleum. If it isn't the finest hair-wash you have ever used, we will pay you back your money. The Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, New York.

Do Your Eyes Allure?

DO men feel, on a slight acquaintance with you, that they would like to know you better? Do your eyes appeal, mystify, enchant?

Make your eyes tell! You can do it by emphasizing the lashes. Darken your lashes with Winx and you will be amazed to see how much longer and thicker it makes them look. Moreover, it dries instantly and lasts for days, in spite of water, perspiration or tears. Absolutely harmless.

Just write your name and address on a piece of paper and mail it with a dime for a sample of Winx. Two dimes will bring you also a sample of Pert, the rouge that lasts all day.

ROSS COMPANY
250 West 17th Street New York

WINX

If you (white or brown) To nourish the lashes and make them grow use Coloring Cream Lashlite. Night or retiring. 50c. At drug or department stores.

Laura La Plante, Universal Star, features Winx for alluring eyes.

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies and Revues, Minstrel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays. Catalog FREE. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 114 CHICAGO

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

wished he were tall and handsome and wore a little mustache like the men she admired in the movies.

Minnie had spooned with all of her beaus. It seemed a natural thing to do, and she was unashamed of enjoying it. At times she felt a vague restlessness, but it generally came from complete mental satisfaction; she was enjoying her power over them. They became humble and abject before her. Then their warmth was nice on the cool nights during the late Fall and Winter. The girls Minnie associated with discussed this quite frankly. In the Summer they cared little for spooning. There were the pier dances, the trips to Coney, the walks in Central Park, the open-air skating-rinks, an occasional kiss. Their moral code was simple and understandable; there were physical laws which must be obeyed. There was inescapable punishment if these laws were ignored.

With Billy, Minnie had never known any emotion other than a comfortable reaction to his complete happiness. Occasionally there was a slight titillation in response to his great tenderness, but she made no attempt to kindle this illusive awakening; she was satisfied with the comfort of accepting and giving nothing Love was sweet.

AT ONE o'clock Minnie suggested that Billy kiss her good night. He rose reluctantly. He couldn't bear to release her. It wasn't until Billy's hand was on the door that Minnie told him she wanted him to take her to the Sports Club dance. Billy was troubled. If Jimmy didn't want his own sister to be seen there, then he couldn't take the girl he was going to marry. Minnie cried. Then, just as she expected, when Billy tried to make amends, she wrung a promise from him to see Hesselman's friend Del Schwartz, a member of the club, and wheedle two tickets out of him. They were to keep it a secret from Jimmy.

At two o'clock Billy swung the door open and stepped outside. The streets were almost deserted; intermittently the elevated roared past. The wind had died down, but the sidewalks were littered with debris. Two doors from the Central an unsteady ash can had been pulled over and they saw the slinking shadows of many half-starved alley cats circling around it. From Sullivan's saloon came ribald cries and muffled, drunken songs. Sometimes the swinging doors opened and rocking figures sprawled out onto the sidewalk. A fight, the shrill police whistle, scurrying of feet, then silence.

"This ain't such a rotten neighborhood to live in," Minnie remarked after the fight in the saloon had been quelled. "There's always somethin' doin'. Imagine the people who have got to live clear over in Jersey."

"Jersey ain't so bad," answered Billy almost wistfully. "They got gardens over there. A fellow come into our shop the other day lookin' for a job. Why, Minnie, he's got a farm in Jersey, and lettuce an' onions an' spuds in his own back yard. He's gonna have two appletrees bearin' next year."

Minnie's laughter echoed down the deserted street. "Billy," she said, "you sure talk like you was a hick. First thing you know you'll be wantin' to give up the butcher business and go to raisin' animals. I'd be a swell farmer's maid to a lot of cows and pigs, now, wouldn't I, Billy?"

"Aw, Minnie, you got a way of makin' fun of a fellow every time he gets serious."

As usual, Minnie answered: "Well, Billy, if you don't like it you know what you can do." And then closed the door upon him. "Good night!" she called from the hallway, "and good-by. If I let you, you'd keep me up all night."

Billy stared at the closed door for several seconds. He beat his hands together nervously. Then cleared his throat to call out to her. He stopped short, turned his head quickly, and saw two people walking down the street. In a few minutes they would pass him. His desire to protect Minnie conquered his longing to hold her once more in his arms, so he turned and walked hurriedly down the street.

Minnie heard the retreating footsteps. She opened the door cautiously and peeked out. Billy had crossed the street and was hurrying along without looking back. On the sidewalk she heard a shuffle of feet, low, mumbling voices, then two people blocked the entranceway. Minnie closed the door. She heard Pete's voice saying: "S' nice of you, Elsie, to see me home. Nice. I say You're an awful nice girl!"

Minnie drew in her breath sharply and her eyes widened. Elsie Bicker and Pete! Cautiously she opened the door so she could overhear them.

"Pete, dear, you know I'm awful glad to help you get home. And some day I hope you'll tell your ma that if it wasn't for me you'd never gone home at all."

"Sure will, Elsie. Never gone home at all. Little snip, Minnie, gonna wring her neck!"

"She's just a crazy kid, Pete. She don't mean nothin' by it."

Pete's swaying figure struck one of the marble columns.

Elsie's long, thin arms reached out to steady him. "Pete, darlin'," she cried, "go inside now. Go up-stairs and sleep so you'll feel O. K. in the mornin'."

"Whash time we get spliced?"

"S-sh! Somebody might hear you." Elsie raised on tiptoe so her mouth was close to his ear. "I'll be outside Sullivan's at two o'clock We'll get a license. Then Father Duffy'll marry us tomorrow night. To-morrow night, Pete." She emphasized this strangely.

"You sure you got enough money, now? You ain't holdin' out on me."

"Pete, I swear upon everything holy that I got four hundred dollars. I've been savin' up for two years. I—I got a hope-chest, too."

"Whash that?"

"A box filled with things I've been makin' up ever since I was a kid. Towels and napkins. Classy little table-covers with flowers embroidered on 'em. Ritch en aprons. Oh, Pete, don't laugh at me. I—I got——"

Minnie closed the door and hurried upstairs. She couldn't bear to hear any more of it. She felt sorry for Elsie, tho she hated her for the open acknowledgment of her sentiment. They were going to be married just beca use Elsie had four hundred dollars which Pete would blow in for her. They would move away into a rented flat for a couple of months and then would come crow ding home to her mother. But Minnie didn't care. She wouldn't be there at that time. She would marry Billy MacNally just to get away from it all. That night she lay awake for an hour trying to make up her mind whether or not she would tell her mother. Then she went to sleep, deciding to say nothing of what she had heard

Two days later Pete and Elsie were married.

ON THE night of the dance, Minnie wore her little machine-embroidered dress from which the yoke had been carefully cut, revealing her smooth, round fully cut, revealing her smooth, round shoulders and long, slender neck. She had bought new white slippers for the occasion, and white-cotton Lisle stockings. Her coiffure, elaborately done, rather startled Billy at first, altho he agreed with Minnie that it did show off the quantity of her hair to surprising advantage.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

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Send the Coupon for 10-Day Test

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

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what beauty is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth

Note how simple it really is to *have* the clear, glistening teeth you envy in others—for health's sake and for beauty, you must remove that film, say world's dental authorities. Send the coupon, *make this unique test*

The charm of your smile depends upon the clean, pearly brightness of white teeth

MODERN science has found a *new* way to healthier teeth; *to whiter, clearer teeth.* Now, as an international movement, the people of some 50 different nations are being offered a 10-day test.

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Your teeth may be cloudy—film-covered, discolored. If your present dentifrice fails to cope with that situation, it is surely worth while to try, at least, another way.

That stubborn film—how it makes teeth ugly and invites tooth troubles and decay. You must remove it

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a film. That's the cause of the trouble. You must remove it regularly. It is ever present, ever forming.

Film is that viscous coat that you feel. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So dull and dingy teeth mean more than loss of good appearance. They may indicate danger, grave danger to your teeth.

New methods now that mean greater tooth beauty plus better protection from tooth troubles

Ordinary tooth pastes were unable to cope adequately with that film. Not one could effectively combat it. Harsh grit tended to injure the enamel. Soap and chalk were inadequate.

Now modern dental science has found two new combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. They are embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent—a scientific method that is changing the tooth cleansing habits of the world.

To millions this new way has proved the folly of having dull and dingy teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles when their chief cause can be combated.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

Make the test Remember, every time you eat, food clings to your teeth. Film is constantly forming. The film that ruins teeth; that mars their luster, makes them look dingy and dull. "For health's sake and beauty's sake, remove it three times daily," says leading dental authority.

This new way removes and combats it in scientific safety—it will give you the lustrous teeth you envy—*quickly.*

Make the test today. Clip the coupon for a free 10-day tube. Or get a full size tube of your druggist. Why follow old methods when world's dental authorities urge a better way?

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Mothers know
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THE modern woman has learned to keep vibrant and youthful. She faces life joyously with vitality and poise. Hers is a *health routine* —a regular feature of which is the precautionary practice known as feminine hygiene.

The selection of your antiseptic for feminine hygiene is of the utmost importance. It must be *safe*, from two standpoints. First, it must assure complete antisepsis. Second, it must be free from any harmful effects.

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THE antiseptic which physicians advocate as *standard* for feminine hygiene is "Lysol" Disinfectant.

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

"Oh, say, Billy, what a time I had doing it! Seventeen puffs if there's a one, and ma's hands so shaky she wasn't a bit o' help."

"It's a wonder she let you go to the dance at all, Min, even with me. You know after what Jimmy said about the crowd that's gonna be there."

"She did try to kick up a row at first, but I fixed her, you bet. All I had to say was 'Keep on naggin' me, and away I'll go like Pete, walkin' out on you some fine day with a good night and a good-by.' Honest, Billy, it would make your heart ache to see how ma cries and cries for Pete. You'd think that he was dead instead o' married."

"I seen Pete in the street the other day and he don't seem any the worse for wear," Billy said. "He stopped me and told me that Elsie was a fine girl and he was out lookin' for a job to prove to all of us that he meant to support her even if she *did* have a neat little roll laid away."

"He said that, did he?" Minnie always clapped her teeth together when she talked about Pete. "The dirty loafer! A lot of jobs he'll get, and Elsie knows it, too. But she'd rather have a bum hangin' around her to support than be a decent, self-respectin' old maid."

They were in the subway on their way to the Harlem Dance Hall. It seemed an endless ride to Minnie, so precious were the fleeting moments when life promised so much at the end of the journey.

"Jimmy says the decorations at the hall will knock your eye out. And they've got a darky band there, twelve pieces and seven drums. My feet are just achin' for a good dance, Billy, so you mustn't get sore if I step out a little bit."

"There you go, Min. I thought you said I could have most of your dances if I took you there. Now the first thing you pull on me is that I'm not to be a sorehead while you go off dancing with everybody else."

Minnie felt the color slowly mount to her temples, a hot resentment against this boy who wanted to spoil her whole evening by his selfishness. An overwhelming desire to slap his face, before all those people, possessed her. It seemed, as she looked at him, as if she hated him more than anything else in the world, even more than Pete; that she would scream if he spoke to her or put his clumsy, freckled hand upon her knee.

"ONE Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street! Here we are! Come on, Billy! Don't sit there sayin' at the table! Pick up your feet! Can't you look where you're goin'?"

He didn't answer her until they got outside and were stumbling down the long iron stairway. Then he ventured a protest, tho a mild one. "Gee, Min, everybody gave me the horse-laugh when you called me for not hurryin'. Why a girl always wants to make a fool out of a fellow when he's crazy about her is more than I can understand. But she does. I've noticed lately that the fellows who get by and are shown any respect by girls are the ones that treat 'em like the devil."

"You just try it on me, Billy, and see what a surprize-package *you* get!" And her laughter dinned in his ears until his face was suffused in a deep red glow.

They walked in silence until a cry was wrung from Minnie. "Oh, Billy, look!"

The Harlem Dance Hall on Second Avenue loomed up before them, its huge doorways festooned in red-and-blue electric lights. On the sidewalk a crowd of men, women, and children pushed close to the swinging doors to catch a glimpse of the festivities within.

As Billy shouldered his way among them, Minnie Flynn caught their eye, and a dozen male voices rose above the chorus, crying out: "Oh, you chicken! Oh, you cutie! Chase me, boys; my hair is red."

"I'd like to smack 'em in the jaw," Billy whispered when they were caught and held in a human pocket; "they're too fresh."

"Oh, they ain't so fresh! They don't mean nothin' by it," answered Minnie. "Don't try to start anything you can't finish, Billy. I'm in no mood for a scrap to-night."

THE crowd surged, split like a drilled rock, and in the aperture Billy and Minnie rushed to the swinging doors.

At every step her pulses quickened until the tension was almost pain to her. As she stood in that slow-moving line to check her hat and coat, her eyes peered among the scrambling figures in search of Jimmy. She saw many important-looking ushers wearing their large red, white, and blue badges. The people seemed to respect them and make way for them. Think of it! Jimmy was an usher. She wondered what he would say when he saw her there.

The wail and the crash of the orchestra! The shuffle of hundreds of feet upon the floor, the hysteria of the voices beat upon Minnie's ears until her senses were deadened to everything but the impulse to spring into the heterogeneous mass and become a part of it.

"Billy, for the love o' Mike, hold on to me and let's get into the dance. I've never been so excited in all my life. Feel as if I was just goin' to blow up!"

They whirled onto the floor, and he swung her around and around in dizzying circles as the music throbbed rum-tum-tum, rum-tum-tum to the pulsing rhythm of a waltz.

The cymbals clashed, the drums beat a furious challenge. Encore. Then a shout and a scramble for the benches slapped up against the sides of the dance-hall. There passed four hours of this procedure before the real adventure of the evening came to Minnie Flynn. Jimmy introduced her to Al Kessler.

"Al," Jimmy whispered, "is a movie actor."

Movie actor!

It seemed to Minnie when Al shook hands with her that every girl in the Harlem Dance Hall was looking at her and envying her.

"I am certainly pleased to meet the kid's little sister; I am certainly pleased to meet her," he was saying. "And some little piece, if you don't object to me speaking out my mind, Miss Flynn. That's the kind of a fellow I am, little girl, I can't hide anything. Frank and aboveboard, no matter if it gets me into all kinds of hot water. You don't mind, do you, Miss Flynn?"

Minnie couldn't answer. She tried to, but she only moistened her lips with her tongue. She didn't know how to talk to a man who was a movie actor. She felt that he was in a social plane above her, and for the first time in her life she was unhappily self-conscious. She knew that when she spoke she would lower her voice until its tones matched the quality in his.

She also stood abashed before his style, which was so distinctive that it eclipsed all the varied modes of dress in the dance-hall. He wore a black suit, cut with such wide lapels that the tips of them reached above his shoulders. One button instead of the conventional three, and it was set just four inches below his large cravat-pin. Minnie had never seen a collar quite so small as Al's, in girth or height. It wasn't much larger than his green tie, which matched the stripes in his socks. Silk socks! They made Minnie ashamed of her cotton Lisle.

When he walked the skirt of his coat flared out. Sometimes it whipped back and revealed a gray-silk lining, the monotone of the gray relieved by a broad green stripe. Even at that hour—it was two A. M.—his trousers held their crease. By

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

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You will find Beauty for your Skin in these creams...

Mme. Jeanette
Specialiste en Beauté

Pompeian Night Cream brings beauty while you sleep

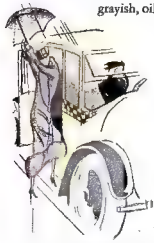
EVERY type of skin is benefited by the use of Pompeian Night Cream, and its consistent use when preparing your toilette for the night will bring gratifying results.

Pompeian Night Cream should always be used for cleansing the skin—a thorough cream-cleansing is essential once a day to keep your skin in healthy condition.

And if your skin is inclined to be dry, use this fine, pure cream as your powder base.

When you cleanse your skin, use this cream as lavishly as you desire. I often find that women use too little cream really to dislodge the dirt. The drier your skin, the more cream you can use with profit to the beauty of your skin.

Be sure every bit of skin to be cleansed has its share of the cream. Rub it in gently to dissolve it, so that the nourishing oils will soften your skin while they draw out the tenacious dirt of the day. After a few minutes you will find that the cream has turned to a grayish, oily substance. This is because the cream is taking up the oil and drawing it from your skin.



After a few minutes wipe it off with a soft, clean cloth. Never rub your face hard—always treat the skin of your face and neck as delicately as you would the finest silk. The soil that comes off on the cloth after this treatment will show you how wonderful Pompeian Night Cream is as a cleanser.

Its nourishing quality:—Remember that your face is constantly exposed to the wind and dust and the dry air of heated houses. After a thorough cleansing at *night,* leave slight traces of Pompeian Night Cream on your face and neck. It will nourish the skin and soften it while you sleep, and heal any tendency it has to chap in cold weather.

Pompeian Night Cream, 60c jar (slightly higher in Canada)

Pompeian Day Cream adds loveliness to your skin

PROBABLY you think it is difficult to keep an oily skin from "shining"—but that may be because you have never learned *just how to use* Pompeian Day Cream! I want to tell you. Its correct use will give your skin that desirable little "peach-bloom" finish that we all find so beautiful.

How you should use Pompeian Day Cream: You should always use this delicate vanishing cream *after* you have cleansed your skin thoroughly. Pompeian Day Cream is invaluable to a woman with oily skin *at all hours of the day.*

It takes the "shine" away, even if you do not use much powder, and forms a perfect base for your powder, whether you powder lightly or lavishly. It is a vanishing cream and should be applied in small quantities at a time, using quick, deft fingers, as this delightful cream is as delicate as dew and vanishes under your very touch.

You will find that it leaves your skin firm and cool to the touch, and probably you will notice a slight tingling sensation, as this cream has a tonic quality for most skins. It "freshens" your skin, and like the wand of magic gives it the appearance of youthful beauty that is so desirable. Every woman with an oily skin will find it a precious asset for daily use.

After this application of Pompeian Day Cream your skin is ready for your Pompeian Beauty Powder, and you will find that it goes on smoothly—and that it stays on for hours.

When you should use Pompeian Day Cream: If your skin is oily, this cream should be used at all times for a powder base, and especially before going out into the cold and windy weather. And of course it should be used when dressing for the affairs of society, for an oily skin *requires* this base before it will accept your powder with beauty and permanence.

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size 7½ x 28

This panel, done in color by a famous artist, is a beautiful picture to frame, or to use as a decorative panel. The charm and the romance of the subject are brought out in soft, rich colors, harmonious in any surroundings.

This panel would cost at least 50c in an art store. We will send it to you for only 10c with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream (vanishing), and Night Cream (cleansing and skin-nourishing), so you may become acquainted with these wonderful products.

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We Pay Express, Freight and Parcel Post from all states. Just as easy to order from Texas and Maine as any other state.

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Moss
Pattern 491

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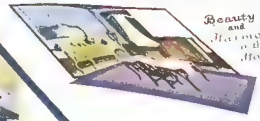

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

twelve o'clock Billy's shirt had been wringing wet and his trousers had clung to him, limp and creaseless. Minnie drew in her breath as she inhaled the fragrance of heliotrope, Al's favorite perfume, and the acrid odor of bay rum hair-tonic commingled with sure-stay hair-pomade.

Al Kessler's features were clean-cut, and when his face was in repose he gave the impression of being rather a handsome tho commonplace type. It was when he laughed, however, that his eyes narrowed with a glint of cunning, and his full lips parted over long, narrow teeth which gave his mouth the look of a ferret's.

Minnie wished—but what was the use? He probably wouldn't even ask her for a dance.

AS THEY walked across the hall Minnie was afraid that Billy MacNally would spy them out and would break in upon this little meeting, so stimulating to her. Almost as if he divined her thoughts, Al suggested that they wander away from the crowd and into some corner where they could be alone. The hall was getting hot and stuffy, and he had been dancing for three hours until he was worn out with it. A pang of disappointment went through Minnie.

They found a bench. "Come on, Miss Flynn; let's give the dogs a rest for a while. How about parkin' 'em in this nice cozy kennel? How about it, eh?"

"Dogs?" Minnie smiled with bewilderment.

"Sure, dogs, pedal extremities, violin-cases—in other words, feet!"

Little staccato shrieks from Minnie. "Oh, that's the funniest crack I ever heard, 'Dogs!'" Then she sat down on the bench beside him and completely relaxed. She was no longer embarrassed by Al Kessler. She spoke his language.

They were there an hour before Billy came to take her home. By that time Al called her "honey" whenever he reached over and pinched her cheek, which was Al's way of emphasizing a particularly merry quip. He told her she was one of the prettiest girls he had ever met, and scorned the idea that her red hair was a drawback.

"But, honey," he said as he stroked her head with his long, soft, white hands, "puffs are a thing of the past. Really, you'd look like a little queen yourself if you'd only fix your hair simple, in two braids around the head. I'll bet you have a sweet little head, honey; I'll bet you have."

How breathlessly Minnie listened while Al told about his life on the stage and in the studios! He drew for her a graphic and fascinating picture of the studio life. He told her intimate details of the lives of the motion-picture people. He made them all beautiful and clever and extremely wicked. He told of his own work, how he had left a very successful juggling act in vaudeville to go into the movies, not because he could express his talents so well on the screen as on the stage, but because the great machinery of movieland was grinding out golden coins and showering them over the earth.

He was eager to know if Minnie had seen him on the screen, and he spoke of several pictures whose names were familiar to her. She had seen two or three of them, but she couldn't remember the parts he had played in them. Disappointed, he began at once to describe his rôles and his cleverness in putting them over. He never spoke of the characters as *Sam*, or *The Weasel*, or *The Boy from the Country*. They were all Al's. Consequently all of his narrative was personalized.

"Oh, how wonderful! How wonderful to have all that happen to you! Imagine livin' a different story every day instead of the same old grind. I get sick of life sometimes, it's so rotten slow."

"Oh, life isn't so slow," replied Al Kessler, and he proceeded to tell Minnie all about his own past.

First of all, he had a family who didn't understand him and a father who had made his life a perfect hell on earth, trying to force him to study medicine when he had inherited a great talent for the stage. He was a born actor. And he wasn't only a comedian. He could bring tears to his mother's eyes with his recitation, "God wanted a baby in heaven, so He took my little one there." To prove its sentimental effect he intoned two verses of it to Minnie. His voice was low, and in the droning monotone lay a sob that went to Minnie's heart. She turned her head away to hide her tears.

"What's the matter, honey; didn't you like it?" he asked, and his voice was silken. "Come on now, little girl; don't walk out on me. That's no kind of an audience, you know."

His arm circled her shoulders, then he drew her toward him. "Why, honey!" he cried, "your eyes are wet. Honey——"

His eager pride banished all of her embarrassment. "Honest, Mr. Kessler——"

"Call me Al, honey."

"Honest, Al, if I could recite that dramatic I'd leave the place where I work and try for the stage. I've always been just crazy for the stage. But my family put a lot of old-fashioned ideas, too. Every time I suggest it they throw cold water on it."

"That's a family all over, honey. But I wouldn't let 'em stop me if I was you. If you've got talent for the higher art, they can't *beat* it out of you! They couldn't out of me, tho they persecuted me until there were times I thought I'd kill myself."

A LONG impressive silence followed this dramatic declaration, and above the silence there rose the beating of Minnie's heart. How strange that fate should have brought together these two who had so much in common! She turned her face toward him, and it was white from the stress of her sympathy. Minnie Flynn was passing through an emotional crisis. Strange new dreams and latent ambitions had hold of her. Her eyes sparkled and grew lustrous with the fever that now stirred her sluggish veins to a definite reaction.

Al, not conscious of what produced the change, saw it nevertheless. "You—you're a little beaut, honey; that's just what you are, a little beaut! You've got it all over these other girls here. They're not even in the picture. Not by a long shot."

"Oh, Al, if you talk that way I'll run away from you."

"Glue's my middle name, honey. You just try to get away from Al Kessler and watch him stick. Yep, that's the kind of a fellow I am."

A strange new happiness cast its glow upon Minnie Flynn. It was romance. She said to herself: "I'm stuck on this guy already." Then the shadow that she had been dreading fell upon them.

How common Billy MacNally looked as he stood there, glowering down at them! His old brown suit was the color of rust; his shoes with their bulldog toes were shabby. He wore a sleazy brown tie and a coarse cotton shirt.

Minnie was confused. "Mr. Kessler," she said, "I'd like to have you meet a friend o' mine, Bill Mr. MacNally."

"Glad to meet you, MacNally. Won't you join us in a little tête-à-tête?"

"In a what?"

Minnie was blushing with mortification at Billy's rotten manners. He took Al's hand as if it were a shovelful of hot coals.

"Come on, MacNally," Al urged. "Miss Flynn and I are having a serious

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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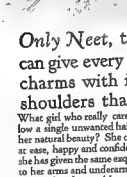

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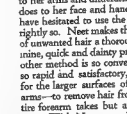

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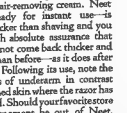

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

little talk here. We need somebody to liven us up a bit. Don't we, honey?" he said, turning his back on Billy and winking broadly at Minnie.

"I've been lookin' all over the place for you," Billy said sullenly. "It's time to be goin'."

Minnie's hand reached in back of her and dropped upon the bench the small knitted bag that held her powder-puff. Only Al's shifting eyes saw this move, and he knew at once why Minnie had made it. She bade him a pleasant tho formal good evening, and Billy condescended to shake hands again. Al watched them walk away, a confident smile turning up the corners of his mouth. He took out a long near-amber cigaret-holder and stuck a cigaret into it. Then he lighted it slowly, flicking the match after the retreating figures.

When Minnie came stealing back for the little pink bag, they arranged a meeting for the following evening.

"I'll be in front of my house on Ninth Avenue between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Streets at eight o'clock," she whispered to him.

"What's the number of the apartment?" he asked, jotting a memo of the engagement in a small red book.

A lie came swiftly to her lips. "My sister's havin' a bunch of friends to the house tomorrow night," she replied. "If you come up there we'd get dragged into the party and couldn't get away."

"Then you'd rather see me alone?"

"Yeh, I'd rather see you alone."

"All right, honey girl, how will I know the place when I see it?"

"It's the Central. You'll know the house," said Minnie casually, "by the marble entrance."

MINNIE FLYNN marked off a date on the calendar that hung in the kitchen over the sink. It was October 24, 1914. Minnie didn't perceive the irony of it, but the calendar was brought there by Billy, the annual gift from Heselman's Choice Meats Shop.

On that day, Minnie Flynn began her career as a motion-picture actress. She made three dollars and fifty cents as an extra girl at a moving-picture studio in New Jersey, and signed the voucher-slip "Mineola Flynn." All this, even to the "Mineola," which lent some distinction to the commonplace name of "Flynn," was inspired and arranged for by Al Kessler.

On that memorable morning, when Mrs. Flynn came into her daughter's bedroom to awaken her at six o'clock, for the first time in her life Minnie sprang out of bed without protest. Mrs. Flynn had already put a quarter in the gas-meter, so there was light to dress by. They moved around the room quietly at first so as not to awaken Nettie.

"I've got good coffee ready for you, Minnie dear," whispered Mrs. Flynn, "and some warmed-up beans."

"I'll need two cups o' coffee to steady myself," Minnie answered, turning to her mother. "Look at me, Ma. I'm a sight! My nerves is all on ends."

Mrs. Flynn, almost as feverish as Minnie, tried to convince her that it was only the overhead gaslight, which threw the unbecoming shadows upon her face. "I wouldn't stand there worrying about it," she ventured. "You'd better begin dressing right away. Look, dear, I've got everything ready for you."

On the chair beside the bed there had been carefully laid out Minnie's suit, a dotted Swiss shirt-waist, and a pair of new tan gloves. Under the chair were Minnie's shoes, carefully polished by her father. Elsie had come over the night before to lend Minnie her skunk scarf, and the lace handkerchief which the girls in the "odds and ends" had given her for a wedding-present.

Before Minnie slipped off her night-gown she washed her face and brushed her teeth. Then she bathed her body in a liberal sprinkling of carnation talcum powder, which gave forth a sickish, sweet odor as it caked upon her moist flesh. Mrs. Flynn watched her daughter as she carefully applied the powder, even sprinkling it upon her legs and feet. Finally she spoke with some concern:

"You're sure you're tellin' the truth, Minnie, about goin' to get a job in the movies and not—not——"

Minnie's explosive laughter awakened Nettie, who raised her crumpled face from the pillow. "What's funny at this hour of the mornin'?" she asked, smothering her yawn.

"Ma's a screen, Net. Just because I'm puttin' on clean underwear in the middle of the week and some o' that talcum powder Eis brought me, she thinks me and Al are goin' to run off and get married."

"I didn't say so, Minnie Flynn."

"Well, you looked it anyhow. And you certainly hinted at it. Where'd you put my new stockings, Ma?"

"There in the other room, dearie. I was showin' 'em to your pa last night. He thought they was somethin' swell."

"Sure they are," Minnie answered casually, setting the can of talcum back on the wash-stand and reaching for her shirt. "Al's got good taste. He wouldn't buy a girl nothin' that wasn't up to snuff. Al's not that kind. He would 'a' bought me two pair if I'd 'a' let him."

"They don't look as if they'd last very long, Minnie, they're so thin. I wish I could put a darn in the heels for protection."

"Oh, Ma, what's the use of havin' something new if you fix 'em up to look old and wore before you've even had 'em one? Of course I won't. Do you suppose if I undress before a lot of stuck-up girls, actresses, like Al said I would, that I'd want 'em to see that I got darned socks on, the first crack out of the box?"

"I should say not!" Nettie chimed in. "You got to put on a little side to make people respect you."

"Well, you know how it worked out, even with Al," came Minnie to the rapid-fire defense. "I'll bet if we didn't have that chicken stew the night Al came to dinner and if you and pa hadn't got out your best clothes and Nettie fixed up her hair, he'd never have stuck around me the way he done, and seen to it that I was put on the right track of earning a lot o' money."

MONEY! That is what changed the attitude of the whole family toward Minnie. Al Kessler told them that if ever a girl stood a chance of making good in the movies, it was Minnie. He had been around the studios long enough to know how well her features would photograph. He'd get her into that line of work, and he was willing to bet that Minnie, inside of three months, would be earning no less than fifty dollars a week.

Fifty dollars a week! Minnie, tho still in a daze, could remember well the expressions on the faces of her family when Al's fist had pounded out the dazzling sum upon the dining-room table.

"Why, that's nothing, Mr. Flynn," said Al easily; "there are actresses in this business that get as high as a thousand dollars a week. I don't know whether it's true or not, but they tell me that Mary Pickford gets twice that much!"

"Gets twice that much!" echoed Michael Flynn, slapping his hands together in a helpless gesture. "You can't clear that much a year on a good plumbing business the way things are now. Just to think of it. Two thousand dollars! I'll have to tell that new pipe-fitter down to our place all about it. Minnie, what'll you bet he won't believe me?"

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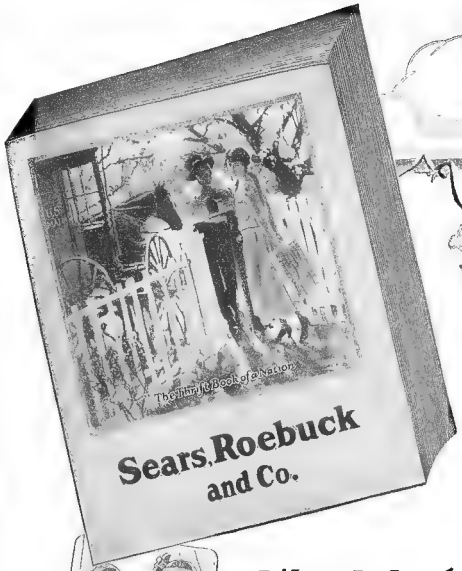

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

Minnie silenced her father with a look, but his head kept wagging foolishly as he leaned back to listen to further revelations about this great industry.

At told them quite frankly about his own prospects. A clever young juvenile like himself would some day be earning several hundred a week, owning his own car, his own apartment, an extensive wardrobe, including an overcoat with a sealskin collar, gold cigaret-cases, and a large ring, the diamond set in the yawning mouth of a tiger.

What a striking figure he was in that drab little hole of a room, Minnie thought, as she looked at him through half-closed eyes! He wore a high-belted checked suit and a red tie. He wore spats. It is true that Minnie blushed when she first looked out of the window and saw him coming down the street, dressed in a brown overcoat, brown derby, cane, and spats.

Mr. Flynn dreaded Al's visits to his home. Life was made very uncomfortable for him then. He was forced to wear a collar and keep on his shoes all evening. So it is quite natural that at first he showed a very definite dislike for Al. He spoke only once during the first dinner. That was when he asked Al who took care of the plumbing for the movies.

Al laughed as if Mr. Flynn had said something very funny, but as Minnie mentioned it later to her family, Al passed it off like a gentleman by completely ignoring her father's stupidity.

So Michael Flynn lapsed into silence until Al began to talk about Minnie's chances in the motion-picture business. Then he listened, first credulous, sometimes a little resentful.

"Of course I don't expect you to see it right away," Al cried with enthusiasm, "but look at Minnie's nose!"

"What's the matter with her nose?" asked Nettie, while her mother took off her glasses, wiped the lenses, put them on again, and leaned more closely to make a complete survey of Minnie's features.

"It's Grecian!"

"There ain't a drop of Greek blood in our veins," said Mr. Flynn with a quiver of indignation. "Only foreign blood is on her mother's side. The rest of us is pure Irish."

"Mama's ma was French," said Nettie.

"But thank God her pa was born in Cork. I don't believe much in mixed races. Am I right, Annie?"

Al PAID no attention to Mr. Flynn, but persevered with his remarks in spite of him. "Her nose will be something wonderful on the screen," he cried, "so straight and yet it gives the impression that it tips up a little. Sassy, that's the word." Laughter.

"Her eyes——"

"Would her hair look red in the movies?" interrupted Mrs. Flynn, eager to have the interest move to her for a moment.

"No," he said with tolerance; "red photographs black on the screen. Minnie's hair would look jet-black."

"But how can her hair photograph black if it's red?" persisted Mrs. Flynn.

Minnie smiled, drawing Al's attention to her, while her right foot reached under the table to her mother's shin. "You started to tell me something about my eyes, Al," she began, "when you was interrupted—as usual."

"Gee, honey, your eyes would look like diamonds on the screen. They're so big and dark and soft. I tell you, Minnie, for your own good, you're a fool not to try to break into the game. As I said before, why slave at a rotten job for——for——"

"Nine dollars a week," hesitatingly from Minnie. "That's slavery, all right, ain't it?"

"It's, well," answered Al thoughtfully, "if you'll excuse my French, it's just plain ——."

Nettie's pendulous under lip drooped until her face looked like the grinning mask of a moron.

"So you're pretty sure that Minnie can make a lot o' dough?" she asked.

Al nodded.

"You can't tell how far I'll go in the movies once I get started," Minnie said.

"No, you can't," echoed Al, "and what's more I'm not going to leave any stone unturned until I see you on your way."

The following Saturday, Minnie gave notice to the manager of the basement that he must find some other girl to take her place.

Al KESSLER met Minnie at the Fort Lee Ferry and they caught the seventhirty boat to Jersey. As they stood in the prow of the boat the air was so crisp and invigorating that Minnie responded with sparkling life to the beauty of the morning.

White clouds dappled a brilliant blue sky. The river waters were mysteriously agitated as the swift-moving force of the interlacing currents were weaving their evanescent pattern. Al Kessler drew a harmonica from his pocket. The thin, tinkling music throbbed with eery pulses as he made a bellows of his cupped right hand. The faint and strangely sweet it could be heard above the muffled chugging of the engine, the swish of cleft waters, and the shuffling of footsteps.

Minnie was sorry when the boat docked in the slip and their journey was half over. In the hubbub of landing, Al pressed close to her side, guiding her through the crowd, his arm around her shoulder in a proprietary manner. Many people, hurrying past, turned to smile at them. Evidently they were coworkers at Al's studio, because they called out greetings to him, casting sidelong glances at Minnie. Embarrassed by his attentions, she tried to sidle away, wondering why it was that Al always seemed so much more familiar with her in public than when they were alone.

In the street-car on the way to the studio, Al choked off his final instructions. More important than anything else to remember, she mustn't let any one know, especially the casting director, Sam Binns, that she had had no previous experience before a camera.

Minnie was yet to learn that the office of the casting director was the stepping-stone to the movies.

"Well, little girl, here we are at last," said Al as they climbed off the street-car.

Minnie was disappointed in the studio. She couldn't determine in her own mind exactly what she had dreamed this money-market would look like, but she hadn't expected to find on a half-acre lot a ramshackle, rambling old building with several newly added wings. They passed through the employees' entrance and walked down a long dark hall until they came to the door of Sam Binns's office.

"You're here now," whispered Al. "Don't be self-conscious and don't make any slips. Sam's a shrewd little guy, and if he gets on to it that you're lying to him, he'll block your way into every other studio."

Sam Binns had two offices: a large waiting-room and his own private office where the aspirants were interviewed.

When Al walked into the waiting-room followed by Minnie, they found it already filled with men and women of all ages and types, and pathetic, dowdy, overdressed children. There they sat, their tense eyes fastened upon the door leading into Binns's private office. When it opened they bent automatically forward, their faces transfigured by a mechanical smile.

The silence in the room was broken only when the office boy opened the door

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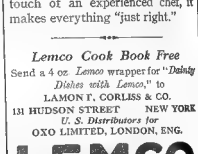

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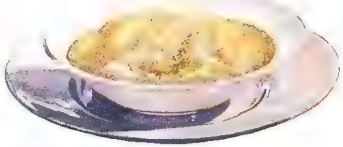

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

and snapped "Next!" Then one by one they left the room, their ghastly, nervous smiles deepening as they reached the doorway of Binns's private office.

The very atmosphere in the waiting-room depressed Minnie; their faces were so gray and colorless. In the overhead gaslight they looked to her like sick people waiting at the free clinic for treatments.

"Next!"

A mother and child left the waiting-room. Before the open door closed again Minnie saw the child make her awkward courtesy and heard her say: "'Lo, Mr. Binns; I love 'oo." There followed a pretense of embarrassment from the mother as she remonstrated playfully with the child, feigning the child's remark spontaneous; but Minnie heard no response from Binns. "He must be a cold-blooded fish," she thought.

"Next!"

An old man tottered into the office. Why, the mother and the child couldn't have been in there more than three minutes. Minnie wondered if that were all the time Binns was going to give her. She felt it hardly a fair test to any woman, the Minnie was certain that Binns would be attracted to her because she was pretty, and would appear shy and modest. She couldn't fail. Binns was certainly a human being. But she had reckoned without the man.

Sam Binns was a little, impersonally intent man, filled with the romance of reality. Most people feared him, thinking him cynical and hard. His large dark eyes, schooled in his continual search for reality, easily pierced the many sham disguises presented to him, leaving him disappointed and impatient. He was so much the slave of his emotions and enthusiasms that when once they were aroused in self-defense he refused to let himself be drawn into a response that should trick him and leave him disillusioned. All about him in the picture business he saw men indulging in the sham romance of realization: false analysis colored to seem real; failure explained away or colored to seem success.

WHEN Al ushered Minnie into Binns's office, before the steady, appraising glance of this little man, she forgot all her artifice, and sensed only a keen humiliation at her own failure. Even Al's manner flattened out, and he seemed as nervous as she when he introduced her.

"Mr. Binns, I've brought a little friend of mine over here this morning. Had some experience, and I thought you'd be glad to give her a chance at this studio. It's her first visit here. She photographs very well, as you can see for yourself."

"Name?" asked Binns.

"Miss Flynn," answered Minnie.

Binns leaned back in his chair, put his feet upon the desk, and tossed her a card. "Write it down," he said laconically.

"Write what?" asked Minnie, telescoping her words. "Do you mean I'm to write my name?"

"Yes—in full."

Minnie wrote with a nervous, trembling hand: "Mineola Flynn."

"Fill out the address."

Minnie started to obey. She reached to dip the pen in the ink. A huge blot pooled across the card. Binns smiled.

"Shall I write another one?" she asked.

"No, never mind." Then Binns slunk deeply into his chair and puffed at his cigaret for several moments before he asked her, completely ignoring what Al had said to him:

"Had any experience?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ever given a part to play?"

"Yes—no, sir. I'm an extra girl."

"I see you are."

Behind the mask of his disconcerting immobility, his keen, incisive mind built up this index: Features good. Eyes will screen well. Posture bad, but figure attractive. Hair negative; will go black and uninteresting. Vain and arrogant if she gets by. She's lying about the experience. But she's better than the average, has possibilities, no intelligence or ability, but if handled right could seem to have them all. She might be a bet. Will let her get by.

WHILE he was making these mental calculations the ticking of the clock irritated Minnie almost to a hysterical outburst. It was a sudden let-down when he spoke again. "Who's going to help you make up?"

Al stepped forward with something of his familiar poise. "When she gets it on, I'll be glad to look her over, Mr. Binns."

"I thought so."

Al's shifty eyes narrowed at the sting of sarcasm, but he dared make no protest. "Miss Flynn's brought a dress along in case you can use her in the ball-room scene that Bacon is shooting today."

"You're a smart young fellow, Al, but you're a little premature. This time, however, I'll let you get away with it. Show her to Miss Starr. Tell him I O. K.'d her." He dismissed them with a wave of his hand.

"Burt, call the next one.

Hal Deane stepped over for a woman to play an Irish mother. Got any Irish mothers out there?"

"Three or four of them might make up like it, sir. But Mrs. Riley's coming in this morning about nine."

"That's good, but we better play safe. I'll look the other women over while we're waiting."

He fixed his attention upon Al and Minnie, who were still standing there. "What's the idea, Kessler?" he called out, annoyed. "Pick up your things and get out of here! You're cluttering up the office."

"But you told Miss Flynn to fill out the card," Al protested. "I thought you wanted her to do it now."

"Plenty of time for that," answered Binns. "We'll see how she gets along today. We may not even want her to fill out a card. Can't tell. Clear out of here! Can't you see I'm busy?"

Al opened the door upon which the sign read, "Stage and Dressing-Rooms," and Minnie left Binns's office without so much as turning back to cast him one of her alluring glances. She had come to the full realization that all efforts to attract Binns would meet with failure.

The dimly lit circular stairway leading to the dressing-rooms thrummed under a hundred scurrying feet. The walls reverberated with inarticulate voices. Strange faces, stark and white in their make-up, leaped out of the darkness. An atmosphere of ghostly unreality prevailed. It seemed to Minnie as if she were rushing through the chaos of a distorted nightmare, held spellbound by the grotesque pictures.

They paused outside of a door on which there was a sign reading, "Extras. Female." "Here's where you're to make your change," said Al, handing her the paper parcel containing her party-dress.

"Come on in there with me," pleaded Minnie, dreading to face a new world of hostile strangers.

"I can't," whispered Al; "it's against the rules. Only the assistant directors are allowed in the dressing-rooms. You go on; take your place at one of the tables in front of a mirror and put the make-up on just the way I showed you. If you get stuck ask the girl next to you. That is—but maybe you'd better not. You've got to be awful careful who you confide in."

"What'll I do when I get the make-up on? Shall I come out in the hall again?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

"No, wait there until I get hold of Letcher. He'll go in and look you over. He's Bacon's assistant director."

"Is he anything like Binns?" asked Minnie.

"I should say not," laughed Al. "He's as soft as mush. Big, fat slob, just as fresh as he can be, but he don't mean anything by it. Put the works on him and he'll fall for you like a ton of bricks."

"How will I know him when he comes in to see me?"

"You'll know him, all right," answered Al. "He's so loud-mouthed you can hear him a city block. But remember, Min, he likes to squeeze the girls a little bit. But honest, honey, he don't mean anything by it. You'll get used to that around the studios more or less."

"I hate a fresh guy."

"So do I, honey. That's why I'm putting you wise to everybody in the studio. Binns wouldn't fall for the Queen of Sheba herself. Bacon's another one of those tough birds. Cold as halibut. Hal Deane—he's the comic director on the lot. He'll single a girl out every once in a while, but he's got to size 'em up a long time before he makes any advances. Deane's got an assistant, tho, Dan Warner—he's a rotter. He's a little rat-eyed snake-in-the-grass. You'll probably see him around here because he'd never miss you."

Al paused to look at his watch. "You got about fifteen minutes to make up in, honey," he said, falling back into his old patronizing manner. "Now run along and get busy. Don't worry about anything. I'm here to see you through, all right."

Al opened the door for her, gave her a last comforting, encouraging smile, then waved her into the dressing-room.

The chitter-chatter of twenty girls stopped when Minnie walked among them looking for an empty place at one of the tables. Always afraid of betraying herself, she assumed an indifference to her surroundings which they interpreted as snippiness. She gave a casual nod to the few who looked up at her and smiled a welcome. Then she found a vacant chair and sank down in it with a sigh of relief. She opened her paper parcel and removed her dress, slipper, and stockings. The girls exchanged glances. One pointed to the cheap little dress, another to the cotton Lisle stockings, and a third to the slippers. A titter ran through the room.

Minnie went mechanically about the business of putting on the make-up, watching out of the corner of her eye the girl on her left. She rubbed off all her face-powder with cold-cream and then applied the thick pinkish paste that Al had bought for her. She darkened her eyelids with a light-green pencil. In her nervousness she did it all so jerkily that it resulted only in a crude distortion of her features.

THE girl next to her had dipped her little finger in a pot of red grease and was making a Cupid's bow by covering her own thin lips. Forgetting Al's instructions that she was to follow only the lines of her mouth, which was small, carving up prettily at the corners, she imitated the girl at her left.

As she brushed out her hair, which was gloriously red and hung to her waist, she sighed, thinking of the sacrifice she must make for art. How stupid she was to promise Al that she would braid her hair into two simple braids when with a little back ruffing she could transform it into twenty-one puffs!

After the coiffure was done and her face was powdered, she undressed to her chemise. Just as she had taken off her shoes and stockings and was reaching for the white ruffled petticoat that went under the party-dress, the door flung wide open and Letcher entered. His voice bellowed out, "Hello, girls!" as he slammed the door shut, and, laughing, came walking in the room among them. Minnie uttered a cry of dismay and snatching up her dress held it in front of her. Under the thick white paste she felt the burn of her blush.

But Letcher hadn't seen her. He had his arm about one girl, hugging her to him, while she squealed protests.

"Gee, baby doll, you look cute today," and his voice was always muffled with laughter. "Give us a kiss, will you?"

"I'll give you a slap in the face," answered the girl, making no attempt to draw away from him. "Gee, you're fresh, Letcher; you're fresh as they make 'em."

"But I'm not a bad guy in spite of it, am I, baby doll?"

MINNIE seemed to be the only girl who was dismayed by Letcher's easy familiarity. When he walked down the aisle looking at their costumes and their make-up, and checking up on the imitation jewelry they wore, he seemed scarcely aware that they were dressing. Minnie frantically slipped her petticoat over her chemise when his back was turned, but he spied her before she was able to get into her dress.

"Well, look who's with us!" shouted Letcher, bellowing with laughter again. "Got a new cat in our alley. What's your name, sweetie?"

"Miss Flynn," Minnie answered as she made a screen of her dress and the coat of her suit.

"Say, what's the idea of the Lady Godiva stuff?" He reached over, roaring with laughter, caught the dress, and pulled it away from her. "Say, listen, kid, I read once in a book that modesty is a bum figure. That needn't worry *you*."

The tears came to Minnie's eyes.

Letcher saw them. "What do you know about that?" and his smile suddenly collapsed, while an expression of blank dismay took its place. "Well, I'll be—" and he turned defensively to the girls—"What do you know about that?" with heavy scorn. "I've insulted her! Come on, girls, tell her that she needn't be afraid of me, that I was only kiddin' her."

"Hand me my dress," Minnie demanded. "I'm goin' to get out of here."

The girls, whose antagonism had been aroused by Minnie's manner of indifference, laughed uproariously at this. Their laughter branded her with hot irons.

"Aw, come now, kiddie," there was a ring of sincerity in Letcher's voice, "the girls will all tell you that I didn't mean anything by it. It's just my way. I'm kind of rough, but that's as far as it goes."

He handed her back her dress and turned away so she would no longer be embarrassed by him. Minnie picked up the towel and started to wipe off the make-up. Try as hard as she could to control them, the tears welled into her eyes, rolled down her cheeks. Here the girl who had been sitting next to her leaned over and whispered: "I guess you don't know much about the studio life or you wouldn't be so upset by a little thing like that. Come on now, don't be unhappy. You're a pretty kid and you don't want to take this first disappointment too hard. If you don't mind, I'd like to help you with your make-up."

Minnie buried her head in her arms for a few moments. When she looked up again the tears were gone, her jaw was set. In her face the girl next to her read the keen determination to see it through.

A few moments later Letcher returned. He had seen out of the corner of his eye that Minnie's neighbor had lent her a protective kimono. "You don't happen to be Minnie Flynn?" he asked, his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

manner so changed that Minnie felt as if she were in the presence of a stranger.

Minnie nodded.

"Kessler just told me about you," he said. "Binns thought we might be able to use you to-day."

Minnie looked up.

"Surest thing you know. You're just the girl we're looking for," said Letcher; "get your little duds on, and come down to the stage, set number fourteen."

Minnie nodded again, and smiled forgivingly at Letcher. She was willing to sacrifice anything for a career.

AS THE girl next to her helped her put on the make-up Minnie cast sidelong glances at her and wondered why she was in the movies. She certainly wasn't pretty or even young; twenty-eight if she was a day. But she had a nice wide, reassuring smile and straightforward, sympathetic eyes. Her nose was long and looked pinched; she tried to cover a high forehead by loops of thin marcelled hair. When she spoke her voice was husky; when she started to cough she hurried out of the dressing-room into the lavatory adjoining.

"Looks as if the old bug's bit Eleanor, all right."

"What bug?"

"T. B."

"What bug?' she asks. Can you imagine? What d'you think it was—the kissing bug?"

The gale of laughter that followed left Minnie bewildered and resentful. She was using Eleanor's powder at the time, and she thought her a very nice girl.

"I'll bet Eleanor hasn't had a kiss since Beauregard threw her over," said Alicia Adams; "but what can you expect at *her* age?"

Alicia was seventeen, a silver blonde, with transparent skin, pink as a shell. Her pouting mouth gave an immature expression to her small, pointed face. But her eyes were her most noticeable feature; they were large and heavy-lidded. Dreamy eyes, they were called, but no dreams slumbered in them.

Alicia's voice was soft and well modulated when she spoke. "Poor Eleanor should come to her senses and get out of the game. She's being trimmed every day she stays in it."

"Trimmed ain't the word for it," said Mrs. Lee, the character actress, with a wise shake of her head. "But Eleanor's not the only one who's a sucker, spending her own money trying to buy her way around the studios. What I've always tried to tell the girls, once you're through and done for, is why hang on and try to get back into it again? You only make a fool of yourself and it gets you nowhere."

"Who's Beauregard got now, Mrs. Lee?" Alicia with arched brows inclined her head toward the lavatory.

"S-sh, she'll hear you. There's no sense of rubbing it in."

Here the fat character actress wabbled unsteadily to her feet.

"Say, where do you get that stuff?" she protested. "I've known Eleanor for years and years. When Beauregard picked her up she was one of the prettiest girls I've ever seen. And smart, too. I want to tell you she led that old bird a merry song and dance."

"Ohs!" from the girls. Alicia laughed.

"But I'm not criticizing her for it, even if you do. She paid for it, you bet!"

"Beauregard always throws his dames over, don't he?" Alicia asked as she glanced into the mirror. "Of course you can understand why he'd let Eleanor go. That poor thing's so skinny she'd make a man sick to look at her."

"Sh-h-h-h! She might hear, I told you."

"No, she won't; she's still coughing her head off."

"Poor devil," the character actress said, "but I've seen them come and go in my day, and I wouldn't be a bit surprized if Eleanor just faded right out of the picture. Some women are so weak they can't stand the hard knocks. They could if they had faith, tho. That's why I advise you girls to cling to your religion like I have, and never lose sight of it. It makes my heart ache to hear her," added Mrs. Lee, with tears in her eyes. "She ought to be in the Adirondacks instead of hanging around the studios trying to get on her feet again."

Myrtle Song told them that Weaver, who was Hal Deane's assistant, had promised Eleanor a good part in the next picture if they made "David Copperfield." "He said she could play the rôle of the *Marchioness;* that she was just the type for it," Myrtle said.

"Maybe he was only kidding her. Weaver's full of bull when he's got something up his sleeve," Alicia answered bitterly. "Say, you'd think he was casting the picture, that it was up to him to pick out the people to play the parts. You know what a fat chance he's got to make the final selection for Deane."

"What'll you bet that Eleanor isn't staking him to a little cash? I'd rather cut off my right hand than hurt Eleanor," Mrs. Lee was saying, "but it's time we were broad-minded enough to speak out the truth so all of us can profit by it."

"I thought so!" interrupted Alicia with a triumphant ring in her voice. "Then she *is* slipping Weaver some money?"

"She's doing worse than that," said Mrs. Lee with pious unction. "I hope none of you girls will ever lose your heads like poor Eleanor."

Minnie strained forward, afraid to miss a word of this enlightening conversation, which she regretted was at times unintelligible.

"When Beauregard got sick of her," Mrs. Lee's voice had fallen into a declamatory monotone, "she didn't have sense enough to see it. And of course the more a girl cries and makes a mess of herself the more a man hates her."

Minnie, ambitious to learn, was nodding her head seriously, afraid that she might forget one golden word of this advice.

"Beauregard had promised to star her in pictures. In fact, I wouldn't be surprized if Eleanor wasn't the one who'd gotten him into pictures—she was always so crazy about the movies. Why, I can remember back to the nickelodeon days when she'd go and sit for hours in a smelly theater just to watch her favorite, Florence Turner. I remember when she first told me about it. She used to talk freely to me then, as I was the only one the poor child could trust."

MINNIE was thinking what a fine, big-hearted woman Mrs. Lee was, with her placid face lifted by smiles and her kindly eyes.

"When Beauregard bought stock in one of the Western companies Eleanor went out to California for a year. They say she wasn't much good on the screen, but Beauregard ordered them to back her up with a good company and a lot of snappy publicity. He sure spent dough on advertising because her photographs were even in the regular magazines."

"Did everything collapse at once when Beauregard threw her over?" asked Alicia.

"Almost, you might say. They had an awful row; then Eleanor cleared out. She told him that he could go and that she was already started on her career and nothing could stop her."

Mrs. Lee paused impressively, looking from one girl to the other.

"What do you think that poor little fool did, in spite of my advice?" she asked them with a superior air. "She cleared

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

May Breath FREE

Present coupon at your store

Now

Pure Breath

wherever, whenever you need it

A breath pure as Maytime—instantly!

MAY BREATH is science's newest contribution to protect against a grave social offense. It is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form; a scientific purifier, not a mere perfume that cries out your effort at concealment.

You carry it with you wherever you go. Let a single tablet dissolve in your mouth —that's all. Your breath will breathe the fragrance of Maytime.

* * *

Bad breath is a universal offense. The causes are many and hard to avoid.

Certain foods cause it. Smoking is another cause; decaying food in the mouth another, stomach disorders, etc.

No one is immune. Few realize they have it. Careful people guard against it. This in fairness to themselves and their friends

* * *

The object of May Breath is to provide *constant* protection.

It comes in thin tin boxes that you carry with you. *No matter what the cause* of your bad breath, May Breath corrects it.

Never go to a dance, theatre, to any social gathering, without first taking this simple precaution.

A box free

Let us give you a box to try. You will be delighted. Simply use the coupon.

May Breath is now on sale in Canada.

GOOD FOR A 15c BOX

Present this coupon to any druggist for a 15c box of May Breath free. He will charge to us.

All leading druggists and most others now have May Breath. If your druggist fails you, send coupon to us. Only one box to a family.

TO DRUGGISTS: These coupons will continue to appear. Redeem as per our offer, send to us as they accumulate, and we will pay you 15 cents each in cash.

MAY BREATH COMPANY
1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago M-131
Canadian Branch: 191 George St., Toronto

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Mrs. Smith:—"Really, Maggie, I didn't think my dresses would look so lonely after washing. The one I have on has been laundered five times, and this is the ninth washing for the one you are showing me. It is wonderful how they HOLD their colors, neither has faded the least bit. I will ALWAYS buy PETER PAN and recommend it to my friends."

You will talk that way about me, too, once you have learned what a splendid wash fabric I am. You will find my name on

"Peter Pan Fast Color Prints"

and

"Peter Pan Fast Color Gingham"

When you buy either of us you get this

GUARANTEE

We are ready to replace any garment made of **"Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color"** if it fades

HENRY GLASS & CO.

For your own safety and satisfaction, refuse all substitutes and insist on the fabric that bears this mark on the selvage of every yard.

"Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color"

If your dealer cannot supply GENUINE PETER PAN FAST COLOR GINGHAM, in plain shades, yard wide, in woven checks, 32 inches wide; in PRINTS, 32 inches wide, with my name on the selvage, write to Henry Glass & Co. for the book of

42 LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES FREE

They will have your order filled promptly by a reliable retail house. When you write for these FREE SAMPLES be sure to give the name of your dealer and say if he sells

"Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color"

HENRY GLASS & CO.
42 WHITE ST. NEW YORK

Dress Goods Bargains

All Wool Dress **FLANNEL 1.09 YD.**

ONE of the newest, smartest dress flannels—our own importation from France. Has a beautiful soft finish—of unusual light weight and may be had in all the most wanted new shades: yellow, rose, amber, dark orchid, jade, honeydew, tan, wood, Monterey, Fairway, light green, scarlet and navy blue. Makes stunning sports suits, blouses and tunics. Another $1.39 value at an unequaled low quality price. Width 27 inches (same quality and colors as above) **$1.25 yard.**

Twill Silk CREPE 85c yd.

One of the newest silk and cotton crepe weaves, with a lovely crepe twill weave especially adapted for dresses and blouses. Yard wide and may be had in any street or evening shade desired. This advertisement represents your opportunity to buy at a very special introductory price.

FREE CATALOG Send for our new Spring catalog, including hundreds of other dress goods bargains such as Butterick's Quiette at 49c; all silk crepe de chine at 89c; all Spanish Lace at 89c; all silk crepe de chine at 98c; all wool canton crepe at 59c; 36 inch all linen handkerchiefs for 31 0c, etc. **Free Samples On Request. We Match Every Material or Shade.**

PAY ON DELIVERY, plus a few cents extra for postage, or send money with order and we pay the postage. **Money back promptly if not delighted.**

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America's Original and Foremost Fabric House
Newark Dept. 15-H New Jersey
Established In 1895

INFORMATION WANTED! REWARD!

$50.00 in cash for the name with proof, of the composer of a beautiful lullaby. Magee free with the new Allen Book of Beads, 36 pages, illustrating, actual size, over 500 beads. Ten cents brings the magee and book with patterns for new beadwork. Offer expires Feb. 28, 1925.
Allen's Boston Bead Store. 8 Winter St., Boston, Mass

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

out and left him without a coat on her back or a cent in her stocking."

"Well, you'll never think Eleanor was so dumb to look at her, would you?" asked Alicia.

"You can't judge a girl by her forehead, Alicia. A high forehead don't always mean brains, you know."

"Gee, what happened after that?" cried Minnie, suddenly breaking the long silence.

They all started.

"I beg your pardon, dearie; have we ever been introduced?" asked Mrs. Lee in a honeyed voice, rising and ambling over to her. "I don't seem to have met you before."

"My name is Minnie Flynn—Minerola," she corrected quickly, abashed before the quizzically amused stare.

"How do you do?" asked Mrs. Lee, her face pocketing into a smug, fatuous smile. "I'm Evangeline Lee; you've probably heard of me. I'm very pleased to meet you."

"Thank you," almost inarticulately from Minnie. "I'm very much obliged to you."

"Don't mention it, Mineola. You're a new girl in this studio, aren't you?"

"Yeh, it's my first day here. But I've been other places," she added hastily. "Oh, sure, I've had lots of experience."

"Friend of anybody?" asked Mrs. Lee, taking Minnie's slender hand in her soft, plump ones and stroking it with a kind but patronizing manner.

"Yes, I am," answered Minnie with a touch of pride. "Mr. Al Kessler is a particular friend of mine. He brought me here."

"Al Kessler!" shrieked Alicia, and his name rose to a dozen throats. "So Al's your particular friend, is he? Well, that's nice, ain't it, dearie? I bet you thirty dollars he told her that she'd be a raving beauty on the screen. Who'll take me up on it? I'll bet fifty dollars he told her he was the white-haired boy in the studio and he'd get her in right with Binns. Didn't he, Mineola?"

Mrs. Lee put her arms protectingly around Minnie's shoulder.

"You girls make me tired," she said in her soft, kind voice. "You're always trying to kid some one. Al Kessler may not be the most popular young fellow in the world, but he's a clever kid and I wouldn't be surprised if some day he got a chance to play a big part. What's more, I think he'd put it over."

"Oh, Al Kessler!" the girls cried "Wouldn't that make you laugh?"

MINNIE sat there, hating those girls, yet fascinated by them, suffering that keen longing to be accepted on an equal footing. She was relieved when Eleanor came back into the room, for she already looked upon her as a friend.

Eleanor walked with unsteady footsteps, like a drunken person

"You'd think I had the whooping cough to hear me go on," was all she said as she sank onto the bench before her dressing-table, "when all I've got's a little tickling in my throat, a touch of bronchitis."

The girls exchanged significant glances, but no one spoke. Minnie wanted to break the silence, but could think of nothing adequate to say.

The entrance of Mrs. Skerrit, the wardrobe woman, came as a great relief, and in the scramble that followed Eleanor was forgotten.

"Who gets the riding habit?" the wardrobe woman asked.

"I do." Alicia took it and held it up.

"Who wears the Spanish costume?"

"I do. Got a comb and lace thingumajig to go with it?"

"You mean a lace mantilla to drape over the comb? Yes, I've got it here. Don't snatch, please."

Minnie watched with childish longing as Mrs. Skerrit distributed the costumes. There was a beautiful satin bridal gown embroidered with pearls, and Minnie's hand reached out to touch it, lingering on its delicate surface.

"Do I get a costume too?" she asked Mrs. Skerrit. "I'd be glad to wear anything that you'd pick out for me."

Mrs. Skerrit's eyes opened with amazement.

"What do you mean, child, you'd wear anything?"

"Oh, nothin'," answered Minnie, realizing she had made a mistake, "only they're much prettier than any costumes I've ever seen."

A snicker rippled around the room.

"I guess we've got somebody's number," said Alicia pointedly; "that's all right, dearie; nobody's going to tip it off. We'll let you get away with it."

But three of the girls made up their minds to tell Binns, convinced absolutely that it was their duty. Minnie was far too pretty not to be voted a dangerous rival.

AL, WAITING outside the girls' dressing-room, paced impatiently up and down. Scheduled for the same ballroom scene as Minnie, he was attired in full evening dress. The only unusual things about his costume were his brightyellow shirt and collar. When Minnie puzzled over this Al explained that no white was used under the banks of lights in the studio because white caused a no ticeable halation on the film.

"Take that description of yours by way of illustration. It's lucky that it's faded with age or they'd call you off the set. At that, I'm afraid when they give you the once-over they're not going to like it very much. It not when they've call the classiest-looking thing I've ever seen I thought I told you, honey, to bring your best duds along."

"I guess I didn't understand you," said Minnie, "but you know why I wore this, don't you, Al? It's the dress I wore the night we met."

"That's so. So it is. Well, I'd put it away in moth-balls if I were you, honey, and keep it for a souvenir."

Minnie stared at him for a moment with stunned eyes. Then she flung at him, "Listen, Al, that kind of stuff don't go very far with me. I'm on to you You're ashamed of me. You're ashamed of the way I look."

Al hated to be faced with things, and he resented any one seeing through him.

"Fishing," he said with simulated pleasantness, "but I've got no time for that now, honey. Come on. We might as well go and have Letcher look you over."

"I can't come now. I've got to wait for somebody."

"Who, for Heaven's sake?"

"Eleanor Grant. She was awful nice to me, Al. Loaned me a lot of things. She said if you didn't have time she'd introduce me around the studio."

Al welcomed the chance to escape.

"Eleanor's a fine girl," he said. "She can do the honors better than I can, honey, so I'll toddle along as soon as she gets here."

When Eleanor opened the door and came out into the hall Minnie gasped She thought she had never seen anything so beautiful in all her life. Eleanor wore a velvet dress, draped gracefully over her thin body. Décolleté, the bodice was held by straps of rhinestones. A necklace of rhinestones sparkled in the hollow of her throat. Long rhinestone earrings swayed like pendulums from her ears. Set low on her forehead was a wide, decorative band of pearls and rhinestones, which held in place a spray of black aigrets. On her hands were many rings, pearls and opaque diamonds the size of canary eggs. She carried a jewel-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

Gems Among My Beauty Secrets

By Mme. Maree

I like to think of the things I consider the best in the world, diamonds, American beauty roses, a rare port in a storm, ice cream made of cotol.

The latter is genuine and can be had at any drug store. Mix two ounces with a tablespoonful of glycerine and a pint of water. It will cost only 65 cents and fills a big jar with the daintiest, creamiest, most heavenly sinkfood your imagination has ever dreamed of. The cost is so little you can afford to generously anoint the face, rubbing it in

until absorbed. Your face feels as smooth as that of an infant, the skin pores are tightened, the outer dead skin has flaked off, the lines, crowsfeet and wrinkles have melted into a refined, smooth surface, cheeks look plump and glowing, the saggy muscles around the chin fill in with the roundness of the face and you are now good to look at. Yes, I think of cotol as one of the best things in the world.

To Bleach Skin

You cannot remove tan entirely if you are outdoors very much. But you can easily and quickly get rid of the leathery appearance by rubbing the skin lightly with ammonia. Get an ounce, costing 65 cents, at the drug store, mix it with two tablespoons of glycerine and apply it freely all over the face, neck, arms, chest and hands. Soon the skin becomes and if you repeat it will bleach out the skin to natural color and remove the freckles and other blemishes. It is a wonder for this purpose.

Remove Blackheads

The only way I know of to successfully remove blackheads is to dip a cloth in hot water, sprinkle it with ammonia and rub this back and forth over the face a few times. It dissolves every blackhead. Get an ounce at the drug store. It costs but 65 cents, and used occasionally you will never see a blackhead and the pores will close gradually and thus stop them completely.

Make Hair Beautiful

Drop a teaspoonful of eggol crystals in half a cup of warm water. It forms up into a lather; rub this into the hair and covers each lock of hair with this albuminous film. Now wash out the hair dries almost at once as the water does not stay. The hair may distort in curl or wave. 25 cents' worth of eggol will make a dozen shampoos.

If Hair Is Coarse

If your hair is inclined to unruly coarseness it would be advisable to treat it with ammo-sul, sold by most druggists in original packages, at a cost of 65 cents. Ask the druggist for a teaspoonful and mix it with half a pint of water and a pint of rubbing alcohol. It is colorless and stainless and yet you can take blonde, brunette or titian hair that has become straight and dead-like, apply a little ammo-sul to the hair, massage it well into the scalp, and whether you wish it curly, wavy, full and massed in coronet braids should, light, feathery and fluffy. If hair is bobbed a few drops will reveal each hair to fluff up and thus takes away the feeling or sense of weight and what a wonderful curl it makes!

A Treasure Chest

These gems of beauty secrets are so perfectly amazing that I have had prepared a set of each of the 12 I use, enough of each to last several days. Send me 25 cents and I will send you this treasure chest by mail postpaid.

MADAME MAREE
749 Thompson Bldg., Chicago

Your Own Name

Woven into a genuine CASH WOVEN LABEL

Sewed to Clothing & Linen saves Laundry Losses and marks your Individuality!

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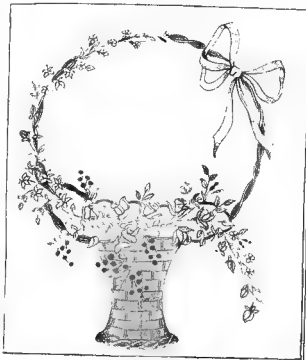
For that WELL-DRESSED feeling and appearance, Runnem Hosiery costs no more. Guaranteed Runnem Hosiery runs a month, three months, six months, a year, according to the price you pay. Runnem Hosiery is the only hosiery that will save you a third. Runnem Hosiery is the only hosiery that will save you a third. Runnem Hosiery is the only hosiery that will save you a third

Decorative Motifs and Borders for the Clever Needleworker

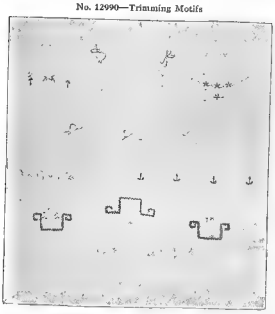
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12993, blue, 40 cents—1/6, furnishes 2 and 2 reverses each of three basket designs, 9, 6¾, and 4¾ inches high. These baskets are lovely trimmings for cushions, table scarfs, curtains, etc.

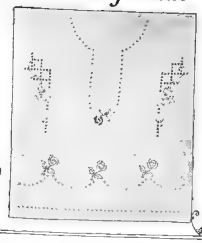
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12990, blue or yellow, 20 cents—9d, supplies 32 dainty motifs suitable for use on children's dresses, aprons, rompers, and on lingerie and towels, pillow cases, scarfs, etc. Solid satin, feather, outline, lazy-daisy, one-stitches, and French knots can be used.



No. 12993—Basket Motif

No. 12990—Trimming Motifs





No. 12994 Shown in Detail (Right)

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12995, blue or yellow, 20 cents—9d, supplies 1 and 1 reverse of each of 5 animal motifs, 3⅜, 4, and 4¾ inches high. Extra cutting guides are provided for appliqué. These motifs are suitable for trimming children's dresses, rompers, aprons, and nursery linens. On a plain material, the designs are effective if the bodies are cut from check gingham and the rest of the design developed in outline and one-stitches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12996, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/-, supplies beautiful new borders and motifs designed for hemstitching, together with appliqué guides. There are 3½ yards each of 2-inch and 1¼-inch borders, 2 each of 4 motifs 1½, 1¾, 10¾, and 11¼ inches high, and four 3⅜-inch motifs. These designs make smart trimming for dresses, blouses, towels, luncheon sets, curtains, etc. The design is illustrated in detail at the right, and on Ladies' and Misses' Step-in Combination 2532, 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years, 30 cents—1/-.

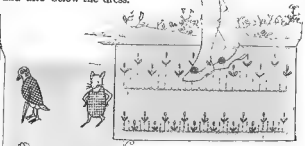
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12956, blue or yellow transfer, 30 cents—1/-, furnishes duplicates and reverses of 7 different flower and butterfly motifs in sizes 1⅝, 2¾, 3, 3½, 5½, 8, and 8¾-inch sizes. The motifs may be used to trim fine lingerie as well as guest towels, luncheon sets, etc. Lazy-daisy, outline, solid and French knot stitches are used. On white linen towels the motifs are attractive developed in all white in solid satin, eyelet, and buttonhole stitches. The motifs are shown on Ladies' Step-in Combination 2494, 30 cents—1/-. Sizes 34 to 48 bust.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 11808, blue or yellow, 20 cents—1/-, supplies 2 each of 4 designs, suitable for trimming lingerie, guest towels, and other fine household linens. The dots and leaves may be worked in raised satin or eyelet stitch with the stems in outline or chain stitch. The designs are used very effectively on Ladies' Nightgown 2486, 25 cents—1/-. Sizes 34 to 48 bust.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12992, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/-, furnishes 1 and 1 reverse each of 8 appliqué motifs 5½, 6¼, 7, 7¼, 8¼, and 9 inches high. They are appropriate for use on women's dresses and aprons, on cushions, table runners, curtains, etc. On a foundation of unbleached muslin, the motifs are strikingly effective cut from bright-colored linen or gingham, and couched down in black floss.

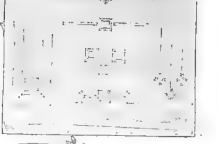
No. 12996 on Combination 2532 (Left)
No. 12956 on Combination 2494 (Center)
No. 11808 on Nightgown 2486 (Right)

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12994, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/-, furnishes 2 yards each of two borders, 4 and 4½ inches high, 2 and 2 reverses of a motif 8¼ inches high, two neck motifs and two 2-inch motifs. Lazy-daisy, outline, solid and French knot stitches are used. The 4½-inch border is illustrated on Child's Dress 2162, 25 cents—1/-. Sizes 1 to 5 years. A detail of the design is shown at the left and also below the dress.



No. 12994—Shown on Dress 2162 and in Detail (Above)

No. 12995 Appliqué Motifs



No. 12996 Hemstitching and Appliqué (Right)

No. 12992 Appliqué Motifs

When it comes to the smartest, newest designs for Embroidery, Beading, Braiding, and any kind of Fancy Needlework *this* is the one publication you need. Why not get your copy to-day at any Pictorial Review agency?

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As Your Hair Grows Grayer

—does he notice other women more?

Smart women never let themselves look old! Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age.

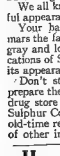
We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance.

Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When your hair fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks rely upon this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully; besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You simply moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

WYETH'S
Sage and Sulphur

Have Shapely Feet Unmarred by BUNIONS



FASHION and comfort demand that feet fit snugly into the dainty pumps of to-day. There must be no hump to mar shapely feet—no racking torture to upset comfort. Bunions are unnecessary and dangerous. You can remove them quickly, harmlessly, pleasantly with the new, marvelous solvent, Pedodyne. Pedodyne stops pain almost instantly, banishes the disfiguring hump, and relieves the swollen bursting sensation.

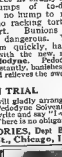
SENT ON TRIAL

Write today and I will gladly arrange to send you a box of Pedodyne Solvent for you to try. Simply write and say "I want to try Pedodyne." There is no obligation.

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept B-501
186 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

I'LL GIVE YOU THIS SILK HOSIERY

And Spare Time Money Too



I need your help. I want to introduce in every town a remarkable line of hosiery made by an amazing new method. It fits, wears and looks better and retains its appearance of "new-ness" much longer than ordinary hosiery. All I want you to do is to let me have the use of your stockings for half hour where they can be seen. Then I will give you your hosiery free and 17½ per cent on $10 a week basis. Only one woman to each locality can have this offer. Write me at once for particulars. Address Wm. Penn Mfg. Co., 1248 Wearpleas Ave., Bay City, Mich.

Beautiful Silk Hosiery FREE If you act quickly.

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Model J—47 inch With Net Cover, $20.25
Screen Cover, $23.25

Saves cost of separate bassinet, crib and playpen. Attractive in living room, on porch or in nursery. Means health for baby and saves mother footsteps and worry. Rolls through doorway on swivel wheels; folds to 8 inches with springs and mattress to carry anywhere.

Four sizes—40, 42, 47 and 52 inches, priced $18 and up, freight extra.

Write today for free literature, prices and names of local dealers. L. Tetzlaff Mfg. Co. 433 Central Avenue, Rochester, N. Y. Also makers of the Baby Baldanette.

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Model J—40 inch With Net Cover, $18.00 Screen Cover, $20.75

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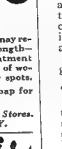

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$14.00 in Four Hours

Mrs. I. M. Lederer made $14 in four hours. Miss Helen Gossette made $36.20 in one day! No experience needed. Write for our amazing new FREE Dress Plan. Act quick. Jamalene Inc., 546 So. Meridian St., Dept. 32, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

handled feather fan, which she waved gracefully back and forth. Minnie believed them real. She estimated quickly that they must have cost all of a thousand dollars.

"Oh, Eleanor," she cried, "you're the swellest-lookin' thing I ever seen!"

"Thank you very much," answered Eleanor. "My dress is nice, tho just a simple little frock. Nothing to rave about."

"Well, folks," said Al, "I'll breeze along now and leave you to talk about fashions and so forth. I've got to stop at the wardrobe for one of those accordion-plaited opera-hats."

Minnie paid little attention to him. Her eyes were focused upon Eleanor and the splendor of her gown. Suddenly her enthusiastic admiration collapsed. *Her own dress!* How people would laugh at her! Frightened by this thought, she tried to stop Al, but he was already hurrying away.

"Al's a skunk," said Eleanor quietly, for she had seen at once that he was ashamed of Minnie. "Come on, dearie, don't let it worry you. There's always better fish in the sea than have ever been caught."

THEY hurried through the long alleyway until they reached the door on which was the sign: "Stage. Keep off unless working on sets."

"We must find Letcher the first thing," Eleanor explained. "He'll have to check us in."

Minnie followed the gorgeous figure through the terrific confusion.

The studio reverberated with the pounding of many hammers, the scurry of footsteps, voices, and far off, merging into the babble of sounds, the whining strains of music. Then above this tangled obbligato there rose a long shrill whistle. Instantly the hammers, voices, footsteps, and music ceased. Eleanor gripped Minnie's arm to keep her from stumbling over a heavy cable stretched across the floor from the switch-blocks to the banks of lights. A hissing sh-shush carried its echo. Then silence. Crashing into this came a roaring voice through a megaphone.

"Everybody working on Bacon's set get a move on!"

"That means us," whispered Eleanor; "we've got to hurry a bit. Follow me."

Minnie had seen many ballrooms on the screen, so it wasn't an unfamiliar sight as they stepped in full view of the set. There were the musicians in the balcony behind the palms. There were the four butlers. There were the men in swallow-tails, and the women almost naked above the waist.

Minnie was thinking that it wasn't a very good floor to dance on, as they paused for a moment. Their way blocked by a group of men who were moving the platform on which straddled the three-legged camera. "What's that thing for?" she whispered.

"Tell a boner like that and they'll sure get on to you," warned Eleanor. "It's the camera."

"It don't look like one," said Minnie. "Take a good look at it," said Eleanor. "It's like a living thing. Do you know why? Because it can be your best friend or your worst enemy. Heavens, but it's cruel."

She talked about the camera in such a dread tone that Minnie felt a growing awe of it. She looked up into the steel face as it leaned over her and saw its cold, unblinking eyes looking down at her, passive in the knowledge of its own terrible power.

"You don't have to be afraid of it now," concluded Eleanor, seeing a shadow of fear fall upon Minnie's face. "You haven't any telltale lines yet. Wait until you're my age, sick and thin and discouraged. Then it's a bugaboo."

The platform was moved out of their way, so they hurried on to join the eager group pressing around Letcher, who was working furiously, the sweat standing out on his brow as he checked over the names of the people who were to work in the set.

"Grant!" he called. "Grant! Where is she?"

"Here I am. What's the idea of yelling like that?"

"Beg your pardon, Eleanor. Didn't see you. You're not to get any number Bacon will probably pick you out to do a bit."

Eleanor was placated.

"Oh, there you are, little one," to Minnie. "Stand out so I can give you the double O."

With confused alarm Minnie edged away from him.

"Stand out as I told you. How do you suppose I'm going to look you over if you hug the wall?"

He motioned for her to turn around, and she mechanically obeyed him, feeling like a rat in a trap. He drew his brows together, puckered his mouth into a long whistle. At last he spoke.

"What are you made up for, girlie—a Sunday-school picnic?"

Giggles; and Al Kessler was seen slinking behind a large pillar.

"Say, who told you to come down in that outfit? This is a classy ball at a duke's house! Can you imagine a society dame wearing an outfit like that? If Kessler gave you a bum wardrobe he certainly gave you a bum steer. If I was you I'd lay him out for it. Sorry, we can't use you to-day."

Eleanor stepped forward. "Don't put her out, Letcher," she protested. "I've got a dress up-stairs that I think will do."

"All right, then, get a wiggle on! Bacon's coming on the set in five minutes."

They rushed back into the now deserted dressing-room. Minnie's distracted breathing could be heard above the rustle of paper as Eleanor opened the box which held the evening gown.

"Here it is, a spangled gown with a train!" cried Eleanor. "Do you think it will do?"

A squeal of delight shrilled out of Minnie before she could check it. She wanted to laugh. She wanted to cry. She was hysterical with relief.

"Slip out of your dress quickly. If Bacon gets on the set before we do we're out of it. He's an old crank."

MINNIE swayed with a sudden dizziness.

"For Heaven's sake, you can't wear this gown over that chemise. It comes up too high on your back," Eleanor said, and tossed her one of hers, a pink-silk slip. "Put that on," she ordered peremptorily, "and hand me your slippers. I'll black them over while you're getting into that dress."

It was the first time Minnie had ever worn silk next to her body, and when she drew it on she quivered at the feel of its clinging softness

"I'm all goosefleshy," she said. "I'm that excited."

"We'll stop at the wardrobe-room and ask Mrs. Skerrit for some jewelry and a fan," Eleanor said as she drew Minnie toward the mirror.

The reflection in the glass dazzled Minnie. How white her shoulders rose above the low-cut V! How becoming it was to her figure!

"I don't blame you for standing there gaping at yourself. You sure look like a different person."

The train was difficult to manage. When Minnie carried it over her arm she was conscious of her mottled slippers, when it swished after her it whipped the floor like the broken wing of a bird.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

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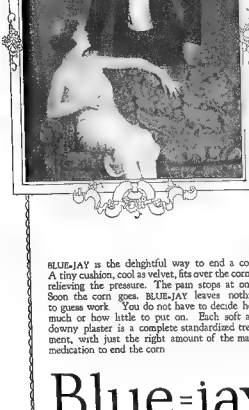

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

Mrs. Skerrit gave her a string of pearls the size of moth-balls and fastened to her ears large jet pendants. Then she handed her a black ostrich fan.

Fortunately for them Letcher hadn't finished checking over the extra people when they returned.

"Well, what do you think of her?" cried Eleanor triumphantly, turning her handiwork around so Letcher could see every curve of her.

Minnie waved her fan and arched her neck as she had seen Eleanor do.

Another whistle from Letcher, but it was an approving one.

"O. K. for me," he said, giving Minnie's arm a pleasant squeeze. "Some chicken, I'd say. All white meat. Don't want to separate you two girls, so, Miss Flynn, you go over and sit on the bench with Eleanor. Bacon will look you over later."

Minnie smiled with a fresh assurance, and when she walked, following in Eleanor's wake, she tilted her head and dropped her eyelashes. Under their lowered veil she could see the other girls staring after her with expressions of jealousy commingled with admiration.

To think that she, Minnie Flynn, late of the "odds and ends," was in the movies!

When Bacon came on the set, Letcher blew his shrill whistle again. Silence clapped down upon the stage. All the people stood there rigid, tense, their eyes on Letcher as he raised the huge megaphone.

"Faces!" he bawled. "*Ones*—to the stairway."

Instantly there was a stir in the crowd, and those given number one scurried to the stairway.

"*Twos*—take your places on the floor." The twos moved swiftly to the positions given them.

"Where do we come on?" whispered Minnie, her heart still agitating.

"Wait till the numbers are given out. He'll tell us where to go."

"*Threes*—beat it to the lobby."

Minnie shivered as if a cold blast of air had swept around her. The people —how white and stupid they looked! Their eyes were glassy under the hideous blue-green lights. They were staring for all the world like the pigs' heads that decorated Hesselman's butcher-shop during the holidays.

"*Fours*—get off the set and be ready to come back when you're called."

WHEN the fours had scurried out of sight Letcher turned to the group which included Minnie, Eleanor, and Al Kessler, who had slipped among them without having been noticed.

"Come toward the platform, you!" he shouted, beckoning with broad gesture. They walked, a solemn processional toward the platform. When Bacon mounted it they were visibly moved, and all but Minnie bowed and smiled with forced enthusiasm when he nodded good morning.

"That's Bacon," prompted Eleanor; "for Heaven's sake, don't stand there like a dummy."

Minnie felt bewildered. She glanced swiftly at the others to see what they were doing. They were still smiling. She smiled too, but very nervously.

Bacon was looking right at them. He nodded to Eleanor. He had been forced to take her as leading lady in one of the pictures he had made in the West. Signing a contract with Beauregard, he hadn't dreamed there were any strings tied to it. They had given him a story and he had gone West to produce it. When he arrived there he found a letter from Beauregard ordering him to put Eleanor Grant in the rôle of leading woman. He had remonstrated indignantly. She wasn't the type, he wired East; it would be a fatal mistake. But after a long telegraphic skirmish Eleanor played the part. The picture suffered as a result, and Bacon was criticized for the stupid mistake of miscasting the leading rôle: the public, even the press, knows so little of what goes on behind the scenes, what elements of petty politics and transient love-affairs.

Bacon had always borne a keen resentment against Eleanor, tho at heart he was not an uncharitable man. He thought he was being magnanimous when he gave her extra work in his pictures now; the grim irony never occurred to him.

"Eleanor, you're looking very well today," he said in a flat, meant-to-be kindly voice. "I'll pick you out to be one of the three women on the reception committee. You're to stand at the foot of the stairway and meet the guests as they come down."

"Letcher," he said, turning to his assistant, "speak to me later about a close-up of Eleanor."

"Yes, Chief," Letcher replied, making a note of it in a thumbed manuscript.

Eleanor, inspired with new hope, glided away from them, lazily waving her fan.

BACON was looking at Minnie now. "Who's this girl?" he called to Letcher without taking his eyes off Minnie. "Has she worked for me before?"

"No, Chief," answered Letcher. "A good little type, don't you think?"

"Not bad."

"Thought you might want to single her out for a bit. The kid's clever, they tell me."

Minnie fluttered before Bacon's hypnotic gaze like a helpless bird.

"Can you dance?"

She caught herself just in time from saying, "Bet your sweet life I can."

"Yes, Chief," she answered, addressing him with the same marked respect shown him by Letcher.

Bacon smiled, and chewed on his heavy blond mustache.

"Very well, young lady. Sit down on the bench over there. I'll call you when I need you."

Minnie imitated as best she could the manner in which Eleanor had bowed, then had sidled out of the scene, waving her fan. She, too, was triumphant.

"Who let that little ass in here?" Bacon asked as soon as she had gone beyond hearing.

"I had nothing to do with it, Chief," Letcher's eyes were shifting restlessly as he mopped his brow with his handkerchief. "On my honor, I didn't. Binns sent her to us."

"Binns has got to quit foisting a lot of inexperienced idiots on me. I won't stand for it."

"They say she photographs like a dream," insisted Letcher, afraid the blame might fall upon him. "I didn't want to overlook a bet for you. That's the only reason I called her out of the crowd."

"And gave her a little extra squeeze, I suppose. Don't try to pull the wool over my eyes, Letcher, or pass the buck. You're as transparent as glass."

"Yes, Chief."

Here Al Kessler stepped forward with elastic step. "Good morning, Mr. Bacon," he said effusively. "Anything I can do for you to-day?"

"Yes, keep out of my sight," stormed Bacon.

"Very good, sir," answered Al, always impervious to insults.

"No, wait a minute!" Bacon signaled for him to return. "There's a pest in every ballroom, one of those butterfly men hovering around the ladies."

"Would you like to have *me* play the part, Mr. Bacon?"

"No one could do it any better than you, Al."

"Oh, thank you, sir; you flatter me," said Kessler, delighted to be the center of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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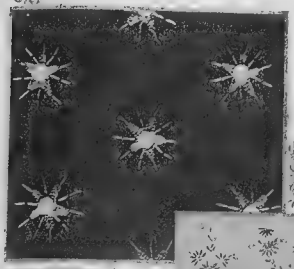

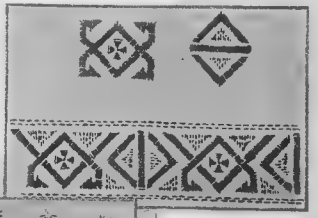

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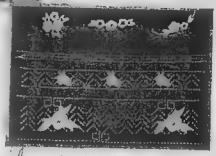

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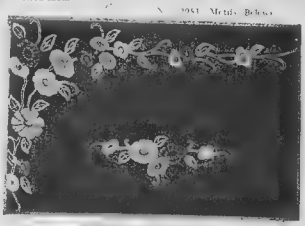

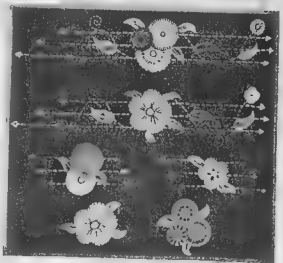

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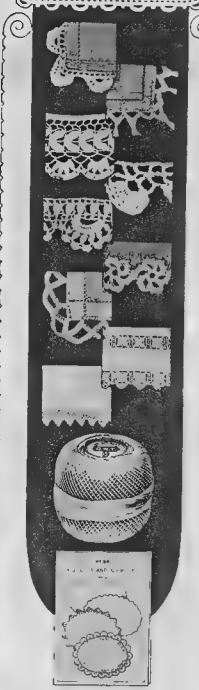

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

interest no matter how he earned it. "Any special piece of business you want me to do?"

There was a twisted smile on Bacon's face as he answered: "No, my boy. Just act natural. I know I can rely on you to keep very much in evidence. You're to flit, as it were, from flower to flower. Borrow a lace handkerchief from one of the ladies and be seen occasionally mopping your intelligent brow with it."

Much laughter followed a spontaneous outburst from Al himself.

"How would it be if I walked with my right hand on my hip, my elbow out like this?" illustrated Al, walking with mincing steps.

Bacon nodded approval, and turned to Letcher, snapping his fingers at each order. "Get everybody ready for rehearsal. Send Bill out for more cigars. Have Marcia cued to be on the set in ten minutes. We've got to get started early this morning. I want to clean up all the ballroom scenes by to-morrow night."

THEN the rehearsal began. It seemed endless and stupid to Minnie. Letcher bawled the numbers through a megaphone while the extra people moved like uninspired automatons, carefully following every direction. Some walked down the stairs while others crossed the dance-floor; a group fluttered in from the lobby; another group moved toward the exits. The people were so dumb, talking or laughing only when the megaphone ordered them to.

And Letcher was behind the megaphone.

What an important person Letcher was, Minnie thought when she saw how blindly all those people obeyed him. She didn't notice that Bacon was sitting back placidly smoking a cigar and telling Letcher each move he was to make. How proud she was to think that Letcher had singled her out from among all the pretty girls there! Minnie had seen that at once, so it was clear to her she must "play up" to him. She wished he weren't such a fat, ungainly creature, but were slim and handsome like Al Kessler. She sighed at the thought of Al, but she saw through him now, how cheap his sentiments were, how tawdry and insincere.

Now they were rehearsing with music. "Get them to talk! To laugh! Good Heavens, are they dead?" growled Bacon. "What in —— is the matter with the music?"

Letcher sprang to the platform and shouted at them.

As if touched by electric switches they leaped into action. The organ whined and the violins screeched. Hollow laughter and meaningless chatter echoed from their lips.

"Very good," called Letcher after he caught the nod of approval from Bacon. "Now choose your partners for the dance."

Al Kessler, so much more animated than the others, scurried among them, keeping well in the foreground.

"Don't be a lens-hog, Kessler!" yelled Letcher.

The partners were chosen and the extra people danced. Rotten dancing, Minnie thought, because Bacon didn't let them sway their bodies or hug shoulder to shoulder. He bawled them out as usual, saying something to the effect that they were supposed to be dancing on Fifth Avenue, not Sixth. He made the men hold their partners away from them as if they were afraid of catching the measles. Minnie was disgusted with it all. She told the girl next to her she'd hate to be seen stalking around the floor in that stilted fashion.

Over and over and over again they rehearsed the dance until she could see their limbs aching from the strain.

Then Bacon cried out: "Let's shoot!"

"Shoot what?" Minnie turned to the girl next to her, her eyes round with excitement.

"Shoot the scene," answered the girl, stifling a yawn. "It's about time. Keep this up and they'll never get to us. That's always my luck."

"Places!" shouted Letcher. "This is the picture."

How frightened they all looked as they grouped together, then scrambled back to their positions! Letcher blew three times on his shrill whistle and silence again beat down on them. Then Bacon rose, took off his coat, carefully laid his cigar on the edge of the table, and reached for the megaphone.

"Lights!" he called.

There was a sharp, staccato splutter, which died away in a hissing sound as the hard, dead, white lights came on, striking the eyes like a physical blow.

"Music!" The orchestra opened with a crash of cymbals and there was a restless movement of the crowd like racehorses at the barrier.

"Camera!"

The cameraman, who had been waiting for the signal, squinted into the camera for his last focus; then the grinding off of film could be heard as he turned the crank.

"Ones!" shouted Bacon. "Move quickly! Pick up your feet, ones!"

"Twos! What're you stalling for, twos?"

"Twos! What're you stalling for?" echoed Letcher, running breathlessly on the outskirts of the set, ordering, cursing, prodding the laggards into action.

Bacon was growing more frantic every moment. "Choose your partners for the dance," and his voice roared above the confusion.

"Music! Louder!" he cried. "Kessler, get the —— out of the foreground. You, you with the blond hair! Don't look into the camera—dance! Put some pep into it, some spirit! Hey, there, Eleanor! Those boys standing over there by the stairway. Get rid of them!"

He was now leaping upon the platform, shouting frantically.

"Laughing! Talking! Having a —— of a good time!"

"Having a —— of a good time!" echoed Letcher. "Ha-ha-ha! That's it. Ha-ha-ha!" with forced laughter that was terribly grotesque.

Then something happened

NO ONE noticed when Bacon gave the signal to Bill, the property man, or saw the latter wave a handkerchief to one of the carpenters. That is why they were unprepared for what followed.

"Keep up your dancing and laughing!" yelled Bacon to whip up their wearying feet. "Music! Laughter!" with irritating persistence. "Laughter! Louder!"

Then the carpenter, hidden behind one of the painted drops, raised a forty-four revolver, cocked it, and at the signal from the property man fired off half a dozen blank cartridges. The explosion in that closed space was terrific, and for one moment pandemonium broke loose. Women screamed. The dancers nobbed together. Then they stopped still, rigid, electrified with fear.

Down the stairway rushed the leading woman with hair and gown disheveled, wild screams tearing out of her.

"Rush to her! Surround her!" bawled Bacon, jumping up and down the platform in a frenzy of rage. "You blockheads! Don't look this way or I'll——"

Frothing, inarticulate, he swung the megaphone into the crowd as they stood there, frozen in wonder and bewilderment, gripped by a fear they could not understand.

"Lights out!" shouted Letcher. "Stop the camera! Back to your places, you blockheads! You idiots!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

Allen Schuyler Won This Bike

AND hundreds of other boys have won bikes. Your boy can, too. Boys who join our Young Hustlers Division can win, not only bicycles but they have the choice of 350 other prizes. *And the more prizes they win the more dollars they make.*

Any ambitious boy can join this organization of business boys. Just fill in the name and address on the coupon below and we will send a Prize Catalogue and all particulars.

We Always Keep Faith with the Boy and with His Ideals

P. R. 2-25

Dear Mr. Scott:

I would like to know all about the Young Hustlers Division because I know a boy who is interested in winning prizes and earning money.

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Street.....

City..... State.....

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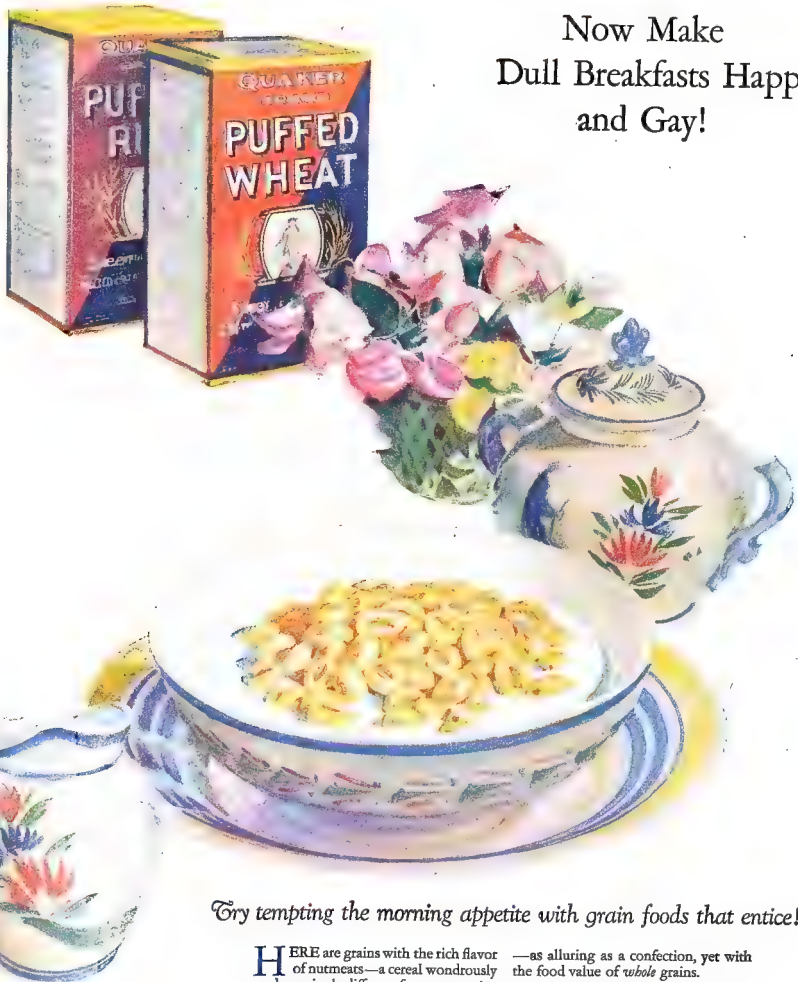

Try tempting the morning appetite with grain foods that entice!

Quaker Puffed Wheat

Quaker Puffed Rice

HERE are grains with the rich flavor of nutmeats—a cereal wondrously and amazingly different from any you've ever tasted before.

Why not serve this, if only for a change from the more prosaic breakfasts? You'll find new lusciousness, a touch of variety to tempt the most indifferent appetite.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are whole grains steam exploded to eight times their normal size —as alluring as a confection, yet with the food value of *whole* grains.

Serve with cream, milk or half and half. Try with cooked or fresh fruit. Serve, as a light luncheon, in bowls of half and half; and, too, as a bed-time dish beyond compare. There are countless ways, each one a new delight.

Today, include these fairy grains—a package of each, for variety's sake—with your grocery order.

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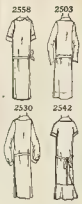
The Mid-Winter Mode in Frocks

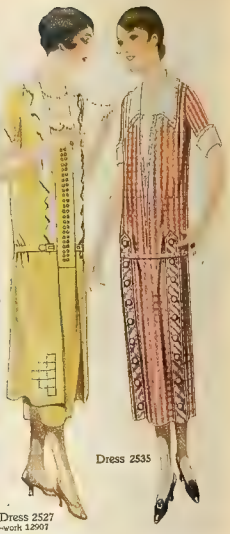
Dress 2558
Appliqué 12978



Dress 2503

Dress 2530

Dress 2542
Appliqué 12933



Tunic Dress 2527
Drawn-work 12907

Dress 2535

Tunic Dress 2526

Dress 2556

Dress 2518

Dress 2541
Appliqué 12720

Tunic Dress 2449

Dress 2504
Drawn-work 12907

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 115

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Starring in the Winter Season Are These Chic Models

2484—Ladies' and Misses' Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch satin—3⅝ yards bias binding—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining. The coat dress continues to be a favorite type of frock for daytime wear. The lines of this model make it particularly popular, as they produce a decidedly slenderized effect. The dress is sleeveless and finished with darts at the underarm seams in front, the coat is closed at center-front. A dainty border design, 12984, trims the coat.

Dress 2518

Dress 2535

Dress 2549
Appliqué 12672

Dress 2542

Coat Dress 2484
Embroidery 12984

Dress 2497

Dress 2463

2535—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch tub silk—⅛ yard frilling—5 yards bias trim. This chic tailored frock is distinguished by pointed trimming-bands and a deep open front with an inset vestee. The front is tucked on the shoulders and the neck is finished with a collar.

2518—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch linen—¾ yard lace edging. Gathered panels give this simple frock the effect of being a tunic. The front is gathered on the shoulders. Tie-strings are attached at the sides and tie in a bow at the back. A beautiful drawn-work design is used effectively as trimming.

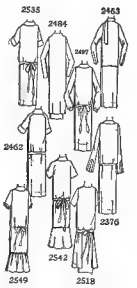
Dress 2462

2463—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress with Raglan Sleeves. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yards. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch kasha—¾ yard 36-inch linen—1½ yard edging. Every woman has a place in her wardrobe for a useful straightline frock such as this. Patch pockets, a novelty belt, and simple button trimming are details of interest. Raglan sleeves are graceful and give the frock a pretty shoulder line. Collar and cuffs are of linen.

2370—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool plaid—3¼ yards bias trim. A straight collar, gathered at back, finishes the slashed oval neck of this tailored model. The flowing sleeves are slashed up at back and bound. The bias trimming band at the left side of the front is stitched at the top to form a tiny pocket. Fronts of the frock are dart-fitted at the underarm seams.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

Dress 2376



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A Decided Tendency Toward Circular Lines Marks

2529—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch satin 6½ yards binding. One of the outstanding features of the current mode is the graceful yoke which frequently extends from the shoulder to hem of the model. This one is arranged under the collar and joined in a seam below. It is buttoned to the frock at center front, the buttons being the only trimming. The frock closes at the left side of the deep inset vestee. Sleeves are long and close-fitting. An additional attraction about this design is the slender effect which it creates.

2534—Ladies' Dress, consisting of a Tunic, Blouse, and Separate Slip. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge of slip about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch figured silk crêpe—1½ yard 40 inch plain silk crêpe—½ yard 40-inch contrasting satin for hem of slip 2¼ yards ribbon for sash—1⅝ yard 36-inch silk lining. The blouse has an oval neck-line finished with a narrow upstanding collar which is made in one with the tie ends and short kimono sleeves bound in satin. The blouse and tunic are open in front and are attached to the slip. The girdle is arranged over the joining of the blouse and tunic and is closed at the left side under a bow. A trimming-band of black satin is applied to the bottom of the slip which has a straight upper edge finished with shoulder straps.

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Afternoon Gowns and Tailored Frocks

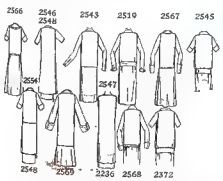
Dress 2519

Dress 2567
Monogram 540

Dress 2566

2567—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha—¾ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen for the vestee. Fashion exploits her fondness for circular tendencies quite distinctly in the full skirt of this good-looking frock. The shoulders are gathered in front and the deep, slightly flared cuffs are new and chic. A row of buttons is cleverly arranged down the entire length of the left side and the cuffs are likewise trimmed. The monogram, 540, may be developed in raised satin stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 115



Tunic Blouse 2546
Bodice Skirt 2548
Embroidery 12984

Tunic Blouse 2554
Bodice Skirt 2548
Monogram 573

Tunic Blouse 2547
Bodice Skirt 2236

Coat 2569

Dress 2543

Overblouse 2545

Blouse 2568
Drawn-work 12907

Overblouse 2372

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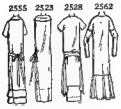
Youthful Frocks Reveal Smart New Flared Effects



Tunic Dress 2528
Drawn-work 12907

2555—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch check flannel ¾ yard 54-inch plain flannel—2⅛ yards ribbon. Two-piece circular flounces contribute a chic flared effect to this simply tailored model designed for young girls. It is tucked on the shoulders in front. The decorative appliqué motif, 12720, may be made of flannel or sateen in contrasting colors and couched down in blanket stitches.

2562—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch satin. A decided flare, especially at the hem-line, is characteristic of the newest modes. Here the effect is achieved by means of a two-piece circular flounce pointed in front and straight across the back. Embroidery design 12933 and a shoulder flower are attractive trimmings.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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Fashion Endorses These Modes for the Young Girl

Dress 2495
Including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size
Tunic Dress 2539
Dress 2561
Including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size

2518—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch voile. Panels are gathered across the underarm seams to give a tunic effect. Like most of the smart new dresses designed for early Spring, this model is gathered on the shoulders in front. A lovely drawn-work design, 12907, trims the front and tunic sections.

2535—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch check flannel —⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting linen. Trimming-bands and a pointed vestee give a slender line to this simple dress, which closes at the left side of the vestee and is tucked on the shoulders in front. A pointed collar finishes the neck, and turn-back cuffs, the elbow length sleeves. Appliqué may trim the sash.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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Frocks and Suits for Small Boys and Girls

2515—Child's Dress, Including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 40 inch voile—8¼ yards edging. This cunning little frock with its scalloped motifs is gathered in both front and back to a round yoke. The short puff sleeves are finished with straight bands. Lazy-daisy stitch and French knots may be used.

2544—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 32-inch check gingham, ⅞ yard 32-inch contrasting chambray for bloomers. Made in simple kimono style, this attractive frock is closed at the left side front under an inserted section which is laid in plaits. The bloomers are gathered to bands.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

Dress 2515
Including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size

Kimono Dress 2565

Pentalet Dress
2277
Scallop 11695

2557 2561

Dress 2310
Cross-Stitch 12977

Suit 2550

Bloomer Dress
2544

Dress 2564

Dress 2540

Tunic Dress
2539

2384 2468

Dress 2552
Appliqué 12812

Dress 2557
Including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size

Dress 2561
Including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size

Coat 2384

2515 2310 2550 2565
2277 2554

2552 2340 2483 2564 2539

Dress 2468
Monogram 540

Bloomer Dress 2453
Appliqué 12629

Coat 2483

2453 2551

Sailor Suit 2551

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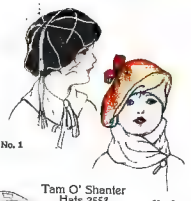
These Useful Designs Include Separate Skirts

2525—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for sizes 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 30 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch kasha. Excellent for sports wear is this modish skirt which has plaits in front and is slightly gathered in back. The front gore has a box-plait at each side, and the side gores are in two pieces, the lower section being laid in plaits. Pockets are inserted at the sides.



Tam O' Shanter Hats 2553

Skirt 2525

Skirt 2487

Skirt 2537

Skirt 2538

Skirt 2536

Waistcoat 2226

2226 2532

4942 6997 2525 2487

Sleeping Bag 4942

Leggings 6997

Combination 2532

2536 2537 2538

2548 2533 1388

Slip 2533

Bath-robe 1388

Bodice Skirt 2548

Dress 2531

Pajamas 1961

2531 1961 8108

Nightdrawers 8108

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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Designs for Women of Slender Hips

Designs for Women of Larger Hips

If You Are a Larger Woman

Here Are Designs Especially Made for You

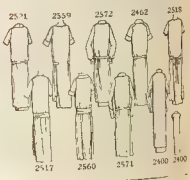
S. H. 2521—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 46 requires 5 yards 40-inch Polka dot voile—⅞ yard 40 inch satin for collar—⅝ yard 36-inch batiste —4 yards light bias binding—1⅝ yard dark bias binding—1 yard 36-inch lining. The tapering line of the vestee, long revers and slashed tunic slenderize the figure of the woman who wears this frock. Covered buttons and buttonholes are effective as trimming. The frock is tucked on the shoulders.

S. H. 2517—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 32 to 54 bust. Width at lower edge of skirt about 1⅜ yard. Size 46 requires 4½ yards 40 inch satin ⅞ yard 10-inch all-over lace—1¾ yard bias binding. The graceful sloping line of this afternoon or informal dinner gown is one that is becoming to all women of slender hips Slightly draped at the left side, the gown is trimmed with a decorative tassel Beading design 12975 is used as further trimming. Large chalk, jet or colored glass beads may be employed

2518—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch linen. Gathered panels set across the under-arm seams at either side of the frock give the tunic effect that is so smart this season. The dress is gathered in front on the shoulders. A long slenderizing effect is given by the drawn-work which trims the front of this attractive model.

2400—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 54-inch tweed—⅝ yard 40-inch black satin for collars—2⅝ yards 36-inch silk lining for jacket. The frock is sleeveless and closed in front. Fronts of both the dress and jacket are underfaced and rolled with convertible collars.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



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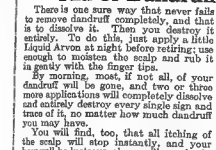

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Embroideries and Fashions

Embroideries

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12953, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/-, furnishes 1 and 1 reverse of a panel motif 22¼ inches high, with 1 and 1 reverse of a trimming motif 10⅜ by 3⅜ inches, to be developed in appliqué.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12949, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/-, furnishes 3 yards of a floral border 2 inches wide, 3 motifs 4⅛ inches high, 3 and 3 reverses each of motifs, seven 3¾-and 1¾-inch high, and 6 single flower motifs 1¾-inch high.

Fashions

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 106

2558—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch grey-and-white check silk—1⅝ yard 40-inch plain white silk—2⅞ yards red bias trim. Trimmed with appliqué design 12978.

2503—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch green stripe flannel—⅝ yard 54-inch flannel.

2580—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch tan-and-white check silk—1 yard 40-inch brown satin—⅞ yard daisy edge trimming.

2542—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch blue-and-white check tub silk—1⅝ yard 40-inch plain blue tub silk. Trimmed with embroidery design 12933.

2527—Ladies' Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch yellow linen—7 yard 36-inch silk lining—2¾ yards white frilling. Drawn-work design 12907 is used for trimming.

2532—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch lavender-and-white stripe tub silk—⅝ yard 40-inch plain silk—2 yards edging.

2528—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch lavender stripe tub silk—⅞ yard 40-inch white organdy—1⅝ yard 36-inch silk lining.

2556—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch red plaid flannel—3⅝ yards bias binding.

2541—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch green check silk—⅝ yard 36-inch white batiste—4¼ yards white rick-rack braid. Trimmed with appliqué design 12726.

2549—Ladies' Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch printed silk crêpe—1⅞ yard 40-inch tan satin—1⅜ yard 36-inch silk lining—1⅛ yard lower flounce.

2504—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch navy blue linen—1½ yard 36-inch lining—1½ yard ribbon. Trimmed with drawn-work design 12907.

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2497—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch kasha—¼ yard 36-inch batiste—7 yard ribbon.

2408—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—1 yard satin ribbon for collar.

2549—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch silk crêpe—3½ yards edging—7 yards bias trim. Trimmed with appliqué design 12672.

2542—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch tub silk—1¾ yard 40-inch plain tub silk.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

2525—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch satin—2⅛ yards 40-inch allover lace. Trimmed with design 12935.

2547—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2536—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume, medium size, requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch satin—2⅛ yards 40-inch figured silk crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch silk lining—1⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining. Trimmed with beading design 12785

2516—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch silk crêpe—⅝ yard 18-inch allover lace. The bretelle and cuffs are cut from 12 inch.

2528—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch figured silk crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch plain silk crêpe—1⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining.

2582—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch brocaded satin—1⅞ yard 40-inch plain satin—1¼ yard 36-inch silk lining.

2502—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch satin.

2503—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch satin—¾ yard 36-inch contrasting satin for collar. Trimmed with beading design 12765.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

2568—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch charmeen—½ yard 36-inch linen.

2519—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch stripe flannel —¼ yard 40-inch satin for collar.

2547—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2536—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume, in medium size, requires 4¾ yards 40-inch satin—1½ yard 40-inch light satin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

2546—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 2545—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume, in medium size, requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch silk crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch light contrasting satin—⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining. Trimmed with embroidery design 12982.

2554—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2546—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume, in medium size, requires 4½ yards 36-inch linen—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Trimmed with monogram 573.

2566—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch fawnskin—3⅛ yards 36-inch lining.

2543—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 42-inch tweed—1½ yard 54-inch flannel for upper part.

2545—Ladies' and Misses' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch silk crêpe.

2588—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen. Trimmed with drawn-work design 12907.

2878—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch stripe silk—⅝ yard 40-inch plain silk.

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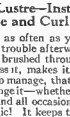

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

2523—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, 34 to 44 bust. Width 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 40-inch satin—1¼ yard 40-inch light satin. Design 12807 may be developed in beads.

2528—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch voile—2¾ yards 40-inch satin for slip. The dress is trimmed with drawn-work design 12907.

2507—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width about 2¾ yards. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yards 54-inch kasha—2¾ yards 40-inch silk crêpe for upper part of dress. Monogram 538 may be developed in satin stitch.

2565—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch satin—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting silk crêpe.

2465—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¼ yard narrow frilling—5¾ yards wider frilling. Trimmed with embroidery design 11339.

2180—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch dotted Swiss.

2460—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch voile.

2580—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 15 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards 40-inch silk crepe—3½ yards lace banding.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

2524—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch taffeta—⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace. Beads may be used to develop design 12561.

2538—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, 34 to 46 bust. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch silk—¼ yard 36-inch lighter silk. Trimmed with appliqué design 12095.

2550—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, 34 to 46 bust. Width 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch printed silk—1⅜ yard 40-inch plain.

2538—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width 2 yards. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 30-inch stripe silk—⅝ yard 36-inch plain.

2326—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch printed silk crêpe—1¼ yard 40-inch plain crêpe.

2513—Girls' Dress. Designed for 8 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch silk crêpe—2¼ yards ribbon.

2405—Girls' Dress, including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3½ yards 40-inch organdy.

2539—Girls' Tunic Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch taffeta—⅝ yard 40-inch darker taffeta—2 yards 36-inch silk lining.

2561—Girls' Dress, including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2½ yards 40-inch voile—3½ yards lace banding.

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2565—Infants' Dress in Set. Designed for one size. Requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch cashmere.

2277—Child's Pantalet Dress. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch linen. Dress is scalloped with design 11695.

2310—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch chambray—⅝ yard 32-inch light chambray. Trimmed with cross-stitch design 12977.

2550—Boys' Suit. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch flannel—1 yard 27-inch light flannel for vest —⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

2364—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 12 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch stripe silk—⅜ yard 36-inch light silk.

2530—Child's Tunic Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch cretonne—⅝ yard 36-inch batiste for trimming —1⅝ yard 36-inch lining.

2552—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1 yard 36-inch light linen—1¾ yard 36-inch dark linen. Trimmed with appliqué motif 12812.

2540—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch cretonne—1¾ yard 36-inch plain linen.

2384—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch kasha—⅝ yards 36-inch lining.

2455—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch silk—1¼ yard 36-inch satin to trim. Trimmed with appliqué design 12629.

2468—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 12 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch light silk crêpe—1⅝ yard 40-inch dark silk crêpe. Monogram 540 may be developed in raised satin stitch.

2485—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch kashmana—1⅜ yard 36-inch silk lining.

2251—Boys' Play Suit. Designed for 3 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch flannel—⅛ yard 54-inch dark flannel.

2527—Girls' Dress, including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch dark taffeta—1¾ yard 36-inch light taffeta.

2561—Girls' Dress, including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2½ yards 40-inch crêpe—3½ yards lace banding.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

2530—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width about 2 yards. Size 30 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch covert cloth.

2537—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width about 2¼ yards. Size 30 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch camel's hair.

2536—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width about 2 yards. Size 30 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch flannel.

2487—Ladies' Skirt, including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width about 1⅞ yard. Size 30 requires 2 yards 54-inch tweed.

2250 Ladies' and Misses' Waistcoat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch flannel—½ yard 54 inch contrasting flannel.

2553 Girls' Tam O' Shanter Hats. Designed for 2 to 12 years No. 1 requires for No. 1 ⅜ yard 32-inch velveteen. Hat No. 2 requires for size 6, ⅜ yard 27-inch light flannel ⅜ yard 27-inch dark. Each hat requires ⅜ yard 36-inch lining.

4942—Infants' and Children's Bag with Attached Hood. Designed for ⅜ to 3 years. Size 1 requires ⅝ yards 36-inch ederdown —3 yards 36-inch lining.

2533—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch silk.

2548—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch satin —⅝ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for camisole.

2532—Ladies' and Misses' Combination. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe—1¼ yard 3½-inch lace banding.

2531—Ladies' House Dress. Designed for 36, 42, and 46 bust. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼-yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch linen.

1061 —Child's Pajamas. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 36-inch figured crêpe—⅛ yard 36-inch plain.

8108—Child's Nightdrawers. Designed for 2 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch canton flannel.

6097—Child's Leggings. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires ⅞ yard 54-inch flannel.

1388—Girls' and Juniors' Bath-robe. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch blanket cloth.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

2402—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch check—¾ yard 36-inch linen.

S. H. 2539—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 54 bust. Width about 1⅝ yard. Size 46 requires 4½ yards 40-inch silk.

L. H. 2300—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 41 to 53 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 43 requires 5¼ yards 40-inch voile ⅜ yard 36-inch batiste.

L. H. 2572—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 41 to 53 bust. Width about 1½ yard. Size 43 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch figured silk crêpe —¾ yard 40-inch plain crêpe.

L. H. 2271—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 41 to 53 bust. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 43 requires 3½ yards 54-inch kasha—¼ yard 40-inch satin—⅝ yard 36-inch lace.

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

Minnie had fled to the far end of the stage at the explosion. She returned when she saw the workmen going methodically back to their usual tasks, and crept up to the platform to find out what had happened.

Still cursing, Bacon paced the platform. He might have known he couldn't expect anything from those sheep, he was crying out; what a fool he was to be wasting his time!

Binns and Hal Deane, the director-in chief of the studio, who were watching the scene from the background, now stepped forward. Both were smiling enigmatically.

"Did you see that?" Bacon roared. "Tried an experiment and it failed as usual. I should have known better than to expect intelligence from that crowd. They've got no intelligence."

"How can you judge that?" came very quietly from Deane.

Bacon snorted. "They've got no heads, I tell you. Even their instincts are tricky. I wanted to get a scene of real panic. Thought if I rehearsed them the whole thing would look mechanical and spiritless. What did they do when they were faced with something that scared me out of them? Stood like sheep. Never budged. Faces frozen. That's how much sense they've got!"

"It's not their fault," Deane began in quiet defense. It's your own fer expecting anything else. They've always been taught to obey; every gesture, every expression, every step is laid out for them. If they dared disobey orders they were called down for it. Called down hard. Fired! Then you stick a bomb under them and expect them to do just the opposite of all their training. Of course they freeze right where they are. Scared stiff. If you were in their places you'd do the same."

BINNS, walking among the extra people, passed Minnie. He stopped, recognizing her in spite of her elaborate disguise.

"Well, what do you think of it all?" he asked her, a little curious to see if she would confess any sincere impression.

"Oh, I don't mind it," she tried to answer casually. "I'm used to it."

The lie antagonized him for a moment; then he shrugged his shoulders indifferently. Poor little kids, he was thinking to himself—no background, no education—so ready to sacrifice pride, independence, honor; so willing to sell themselves for the cheap return of easy money and personal popularity. Pretty faces and empty heads. A few that got on because they were clever. Most of them riding to success on the tide of public whim—always the victims, the tools of the more intelligent minds who were responsible for their success. They succeeded when success doled out to them, and failed when their producers failed them.

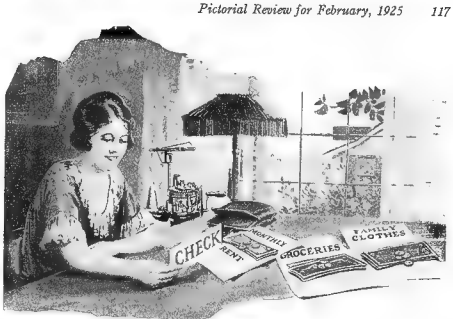
Thinking of all this, he spoke kindly to Minnie. "Don't make us very well," he said. "I'll try to use you again."

"Oh, thanks awfully, Mr. Binns."

"Don't thank me. You may regret the circumstances that brought you here."

She watched his retreating figure; shoulders hunched up, hands in pockets, hat cocked on the back of his head over his obstinate black hair. Funny little man he was, but she was glad he had taken such a fancy to her. What with Letcher and Binns—and Bacon wasn't entirely unmoved by her or he wouldn't have placed her among the extras chosen for individual work—she was bound to find it easy sailing in the movies.

The second instalment of "The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published February 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.



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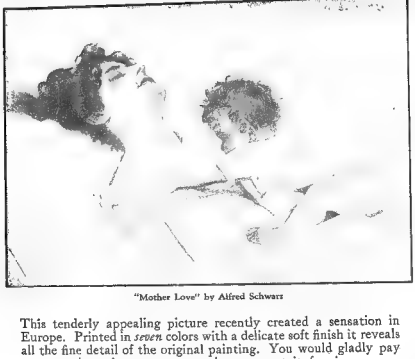

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The Mother's Recompense

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turu with the peculiar sense of security which that certitude gave? She felt sorry that she had received his tentative advance so coldly, so inarticulately. After all, he might be her refuge—her escape. She closed her eyes, and tried to imagine what life would be—years and years of it—at Fred Landers's side. To feel the nearness of that rugged, patient kindness; would it not soften her lonely anguish, make the thoughts and images that were torturing her less palpable, less acute, less real?

SHE sat there for a long time, brooding. Now and then a step passing her door, or a burst of voices on the landing, reminded her that Anne was probably receiving some of her friends in her own rooms at the other end of the passage. The wedding-presents were already arriving; Anne, with a childish pleasure unlike her usual aloofness from material things, had set them out on a long table in her sitting-room. The mother pictured the eager group inspecting and admiring, the talk of future plans, the discussion of all the details of the wedding. The date for it would soon be fixed; ostensibly, her own visit to Dr. Arklow had been made for the purpose. But at the last moment her courage had failed her, and she had said vaguely, in leaving, that she would let him know.

As she sat there she saw her daughter's pale, illuminated face as the it were before her. Anne's happiness was like an interior lamp, making her opaque and guarded features luminous and transparent; and the mother could measure, from her own experience, the amount of heat and force that fed that incandescence. She herself had always had a terrible way of being happy—and that way was Anne's.

She remained still, burying her face in her hands. She simply could not bear to picture to herself the change, in Anne's face, from ecstasy to anguish. She had seen that change once, and the sight had burned itself into her eyeballs. To destroy Anne's happiness seemed an act of murderous cruelty. What did it matter—as the chances of life went—of what elements such happiness was made? Had she, Kate Clephane, ever shrunk from her own bliss because of the hidden risks it contained? She had played high, staked everything—and lost. Could she blame her daughter for choosing to take the same risks? No; there was, in all great happiness, or the illusion momentarily passing for it, a quality so beatific, so supernatural, that no pain with which it might have to be paid could, at the time, seem too dear. She had hardly, perhaps, ever seem so, to headlong hearts like hers and Anne's.

Her own heart had begun to tremble and dilate with her new resolve; the resolve to accept the idea of Anne's marriage, to cease her inward struggle against it, and try to be in reality what she was already pretending to be: the acquiescent, approving mother. After all, why not? Legally, technically, there was nothing wrong, nothing socially punishable, in the case. And what was there on the higher, the more private grounds where she pretended to take her stand and deliver her judgment?

Chris Fenno was a young man—she was old enough to be, if not his mother, at least his mother-in-law. What had she ever hoped or expected to be to him but a passing incident, a pleasant memory? From the first she had pitched their relation in that key: had insisted on the difference in their ages, on her own sense of the necessary transiency of the tie, on the fact that she would not have it otherwise. Anything rather than to be the old woman clutching at an impossible prolongation of bliss—anything rather than be remembered as a burden instead of being regretted as a delight! How often had she told him that she wanted to remain with him like a memory of a flowering branch brushed by at night? "You won't quite know if it were lilac or laburnum, or both—you'll only know it was something vanishing and sweet." Vanishing and sweet—that was what she had meant to be! And she had kept to her resolution till the blow fell——

Well, and was he so much to blame for its falling? She herself had been the witness of his resistance, of his loyal efforts to escape: The vehemence of Anne's passion had thwarted him, had baffled them both; if he loved the girl as passionately as she loved him, was he not justified in accepting the happiness forced upon him? How refuse it without destroying the girl's life?

"If any one is to be destroyed, oh, God, don't let it be Anne!" the mother cried. She seemed at last to have reached a clearer height, a more breathable air. Renunciation—renunciation. If she could attain to that, what real obstacle was there to her daughter's happiness?

"I would sell my soul for her—why not my memories?" she reflected bitterly.

The sound of steps and voices outside had ceased. From the landing had come a: "Good-by, dearest!" in Nollie Treselton's voice; no doubt she had been the last visitor to leave, and Anne was now alone; perhaps alone with her betrothed. Well, to that thought also Kate Clephane must accustom herself; by and by they would be always alone, those two, in the sense of being nearer to each other than either of them was to any one else. The mother could bear that too. Not to lose Anne—at all costs to keep her hold on the girl's confidence and tenderness: that was all that really mattered. She would go to Anne now. She herself would ask the girl to fix a date for the wedding.

SHE got up and walked along the deep-piled carpet of the corridor. The door of Anne's sitting-room was ajar, but no sound came from within. Every one was gone, then, even Chris Fenno. With a breath of relief the mother pushed the door open. The room was empty. One of the tall vases was full of branching chrysanthemums and Autumn berries. In a corner stood a tea-table with scattered cups and plates. The Airedale drowsed by the hearth. As she stood there, Kate Clephane saw the little Anne who used to sit by that same fire trying to coax the redbirds through the nursery fender. The vision melted the last hard spot of resistance in her heart. The door of Anne's bedroom was also ajar, but no sound came from there either. Perhaps the girl had gone out with her last visitors, escaping from the house for a stealth rush up Riverside Drive before dinner. Those sudden sallies at queer hours were a way the young people had nowadays.

The mother listened a moment longer, then laid her hand on the bedroom door. Before her, directly in the line of her vision, was Anne's narrow bed, with its silken coverlet and the wedding-dress in a dazzle of whiteness; and between Mrs. Clephane and the bed, looking also at the dress, stood Anne and Chris Fenno. They had not heard her cross the floor of the sitting-room or open the bedroom door; they did not hear her now, tho she stood so near. All their faculties were absorbed in each other. The young man's arms were around the girl, her cheek was against his. One of his hands reached about her shoulder and, making a cup for her chin, pressed her face closer. They were looking at the dress; but the curves of their lips, hardly yet detached from each other, were like those of a fruit that has burst apart of its own ripeness.

Kate Clephane stood behind them like a ghost. It made her feel like a ghost to

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The Mother's Recompense

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be so invisible and so inaudible. Then a furious flame of life rushed through her; in every cell of her body she felt that same embrace, felt the very texture of her lover's cheek against her own, burned with the heat of his palm as his hand clasped Anne's chin to press her face closer.

"Oh, not that—not that—not that!" She imagined she had shrieked it out at them, and pressed her hands to her mouth to stifle the cry; then she became aware that it was only a dumb whisper deep within her. For a time which seemed interminable she continued to stand there behind them, invisible, inaudible, and they remained in each other's embrace, motionless, speechless. Then she turned and crept away. They did not hear her.

What she was feeling now was abominable—a dark fermentation that seemed to boil up into her brain, clogging every thought and feeling with thick, entangling memories. Jealous? Was she jealous of her daughter? Physically jealous? Was that the real secret of her repugnance, her instinctive revulsion? Was that why she felt as if some incestuous horror hung between them like a cloud of blood?

She did not know—she could not analyze her anguish. She felt only that she must fly from it, fly as far as she could from the setting of these last indelible impressions. How had she ever imagined that she could keep her place at Anne's side—that she could either outstay Chris, or live under the same roof with him? Both projects seemed to her, now, equally nebulous and impossible. She must put the world between them—the whole width of the world was not enough. The very grave, she thought, would be hardly black enough to blot out that scene.

SHE found herself, she hardly knew how, at the foot of the stairs, in the front hall. Her precipitate, unconscious descent recalled the early Winter morning when, as hastily, almost as unconsciously, she had descended those same stairs, flying from her husband's house. Nothing was changed in the hall: her eyes, once again, morbidly receptive to details, noted on the door the same patent locks with which her impatient fingers had then struggled. Now, as then, Anne's hat and stick lay on the hall table; on that other day they had been her husband's; now they were Chris Fenno's. That was the only difference.

She stood there, looking about her, wondering why she did not push back the bolts and rush out into the night, hatless and cloakless. What else was there to do but to go straight to the river, or to some tram-line with a great glaring tram bearing down on one? One didn't have to have a hat and cloak to go out in search of death.

As she stood there she heard the doorbell ring, and the step of a servant coming to open the door. She shrank back into the drawing-room, and in another moment Enid Drover had rustled in after her, her pink cheeks varnished with the cold, her furs full of the Autumn freshness. Her small eyes were sharp with excitement.

"My dear Kate! I've rushed in with such good news. I shall be late for dinner and Hendrik will be furious—but never mind. I had to tell you. The house next door *really is* for sale! Isn't it too perfect? The agent thinks it could be got for a fairly reasonable price. Only Hendrik says it may be snapped up at any minute, and Anne ought to decide at once. Then you could stay on comfortably here, and you and she and Chris would always be together, just as she wants you to be. No; don't send for her, my dear; I can't wait; and, besides, I want you to have the pleasure of telling her." On the door-step Mrs. Drover turned to call back: "Remember, Hendrik says she must decide now!" Her limousine engulfed her.

MRS. CLEPHANE excused herself from coming down to dinner that night; Aline was to say that she was very tired, and to beg that no one should disturb her. The next morning, she knew, Chris was returning to Baltimore. Perhaps in his absence she would be able to breathe more freely, see more clearly.

Anne, as usual, respected her mother's wishes; she neither came up nor sent to inquire. But the next morning, in the old way, fresh and shining, she appeared with Mrs. Clephane's breakfast-tray. She wanted to be reassured as to her mother's health, and Kate, under her solicitous eye, poured out a cup of tea and forced down a bit of toast.

"You look tired, Mother. It's only that?"

"Only that, dear."

"You didn't tell me that Aunt Enid had been in last night about that house next door." Anne spoke the least little reproachfully.

"I'm sorry. I had such a headache that I went straight up to my room after your aunt left. Did she telephone you?"

"Uncle Hendrik did. Isn't it the greatest luck? It will be such fun arranging it all." The girl paused and looked at her mother. "And this will make you decide, darling, won't it?"

"Decide?"

"To stay on here. To keep this house. It will be almost like our all being together."

"Yes—almost."

"You will stay, won't you?" Anne insisted.

"Here, dear? I can't—I can't!" The words escaped before Mrs. Clephane could repress them. Her heart began to rush about in her breast like a caged animal.

Anne's brows darkened and drew together. "But I don't understand. You told Chris——"

"Did I? Perhaps I did. But I must sometimes be allowed to change my mind," Mrs. Clephane murmured, forcing a thin, little smile.

To change your mind about being with us? You don't want to, then, after all?"

Mrs. Clephane pushed the tray away and propped herself on her elbow. "No; I don't want to."

"How you say it, Mother! As if I were a stranger. I don't understand—" The girl's lip was beginning to tremble. "I thought—Chris and I both thought——"

"I'm sorry. But I must really decide as I think best. When you are married you won't need me."

"And sha'n't you need me, Mother? Not a little?" Anne hesitated, and then ventured, timidly: "You're so alone—so awfully alone."

"I've always been that. It can't be otherwise. You've chosen—you've chosen to be married——"

ANNE stood up and looked down on her with searching, imperious eyes. "Is it my being married—or my being married to Chris?"

"Ah—don't let us talk of that again!"

The girl continued to scrutinize her strangely. "You won't tell me?"

Mrs. Clephane did not speak.

"Then I shall ask him—I shall ask him in your presence," Anne exclaimed in a shaking voice.

At the sound of that break in her voice the dread of seeing her suffer superseded every other feeling in the mother's breast. She leaned against the pillows, speech-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

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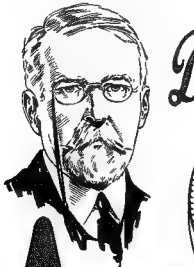

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The Mother's Recompense

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less for a moment; then she held out her hand, seeking Anne's.

"There's nothing to ask, dear; nothing to tell."

"You don't hate him, Mother? You really don't?"

Slowly Kate Clephane articulated: "I don't—hate him."

"But why won't you see him with me, then? Why won't you talk it all out with us once for all? Mother, what is it? I must know."

Mrs. Clephane, under her daughter's relentless eyes, felt the blood rising from her throat to her pale lips and drawn cheeks, and to the forehead in which her pulses were madly hammering. She lay there, bathed in a self-accusing crimson, and it seemed to her that those clear young eyes were like steel blades plunging into the deepest folds of her conscience.

"You don't hate him? But then you're in love with him—you're in love with him, and I've known it all along!" The girl shrilled it out suddenly, and hid her face in her hands.

Kate Clephane lay without speaking. In the first shock of the outcry all her defenses had crashed together about her head. And it had been almost a relief to feel them going, to feel that pretenses and disguises were at an end. Then Anne's hands dropped to her sides, and the mother, meeting her gaze, lost the sense of her own plight in that other suffering. Suddenly she felt herself strong and resolute; all the old forces of dissimulation were pouring back through her veins. The accusing red faded from her face, and she lay there and quietly met the question in Anne's eyes.

"*Anne!*" she simply said, with a little shrug.

"Oh, Mother—Mother! I think I must be going mad!" Anne was on her knees at the bedside, her face buried in the coverlet. It was easier to speak to her while her eyes were hidden, and Kate laid a hand on her hair.

"Not mad, dear, but decidedly overstrung." She heard the note of magnanimity in her own voice.

"But can you forgive me—ever?"

"Nonsense, dear; can I do anything else?"

"But then—if you *do* forgive me, really —why must you go away? Why won't you promise me to stay with us?"

Kate Clephane lay against her pillows and meditated. Her hand was still in Anne's hair; she held the girl's head gently against the coverlet, not wishing her own face to be too closely scrutinized at that moment. Then she spoke.

"I didn't mean to tell you yet, Anne; and you must tell no one." She paused, and rallied her failing courage. "I can't promise to stay with you, because I mean to get married too." She heard her voice going on steadily. "Fred Landers has asked me to marry him; and I mean to accept. No; don't hug me too hard, child; my head still aches. There; now you understand, don't you? And you won't scold me any more? But remember, it's a secret from every one. It's not to be spoken of till after you're married. Now go."

AFTER Anne had left her, subdued but jubilant, she lay there and remembered, with a twinge of humiliation, that the night before she had hurried downstairs in a mad search. Anything —anything to escape from the coil of horror closing in on her! And it had sufficed to her to meet Enid Drover in the hall, with her silly chatter about the house next door, to check the impulse, drive her back into the life she was flying from. She reflected with self-derision that all her suicidal impulses seemed to end in the same way: by landing her in the arms of a man she didn't care for Then she remembered Anne's illuminated face, and lay listening to the renewed life of the house, the bustle of happy preparations going on all about her.

"Poor Fred! Well—if it's what he wants—" she thought. What she herself wanted, all she now wanted, was never again to see that dreadful question in Anne's eyes. And she had found no other way of evading it.

NOW that a day for the wedding was fixed, the preparations went on more rapidly. Soon there was only a fortnight left, then only ten days, then a week.

Chris Fenno's parents were to have come to New York to make the acquaintance of their son's betrothed; but the date had several times been appointed for their visit Mrs. Fenno, whose health was not good, had never been well enough to come. And finally it was arranged that Anne should go to Baltimore to see them. She was to stay with the Macklews, who immediately seized the opportunity to organize a series of festivities in celebration of the event.

Lilla invited Mrs. Clephane to come with her daughter; but Kate declined on the plea that she herself was not well. In fact, people were beginning to notice how tired and thin she looked. Her glass showed streaks of gray in her redundant hair, and about her lips and eyes the little lines she had so long kept at bay. Everybody agreed that it would be a good thing for her to have a few days' rest before the wedding.

With regard to her own future she had sworn Anne to unconditional secrecy. She explained that she did not intend to give Fred Landers a definite answer till after the wedding, and Anne, who had all the Clephane reticence, understood her wish to keep the matter quiet, and even in her guardian's presence was careful not to betray her knowledge of the good news that awaited him. She only made him feel that he was more than ever welcome when he came to the house, and touched him by showing an added cordiality at a moment when most girls are deaf and blind to all human concerns but their own.

"It's so like Anne to find time to remember an old derelict like me just when she might be excused for forgetting that any of us exist." He said it with a gentle complacency as he sat in Mrs. Clephane's sitting-room one evening during Anne's absence. "She's like you—very like you," he added, looking at Kate Clephane with shy, beseeching eyes.

She smiled back at him, wondering if she would ever have the courage to tell him that she meant to marry him. He was thinking of that too, she knew. Why not tell him now, at once? She had only to lean forward and lay her hand on his. No words would be necessary. And surely she would feel less alone. But she remained silent; it was easier to think of speaking than to speak.

It was he who questioned: "And afterward—have you decided what you're going to do?"

She continued to smile. "There'll be time to decide that afterward."

"Anne told me the other day that you'd definitely refused to remain in this house."

He colored as if she had caught him in a failure of tact. "I understand that. But with the young people here —or next door—she hoped you'd feel less lonely."

Again she understood that he was trying to remind her of a possible alternative, and again she let the allusion drop, answering merely. "I'm used to being lonely. It's not half as bad as people think."

"You've known worse, you mean?" He seldom risked anything as direct as

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The Mother's Recompense

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that. "And it would be worse for you, being with Anne after she's married? You still hate the idea as much as ever?"

She rose impatiently and went to lean against the mantelpiece. "Fred, what's the use? I shall never hate it less. But that's all over—I've accepted it."

"Yes; and made Anne so happy."

"Oh, love is what is making Anne happy!" She hardly knew how she brought the word from her lips.

"Well—loving Fenno hasn't made her cease to love you."

"Anne is perfect. But suppose we talk of something else. At my age I find this bridal atmosphere a little suffocating. I shall go abroad again probably—I don't know."

She turned and looked at herself in the glass, seeing the gray streaks in her hair and the accusing crows'-feet. And as she stood there, she remembered how once, when she was standing in the same way before a mirror, Chris had come up behind her, and they had laughed at seeing their reflections kiss. How young she had been then—how young! Now as she looked at herself she saw behind her the reflection of Fred Landers's comfortable bulk, sunk in an armchair in after-dinner repose, his shirt-front bulging a little, the lamplight varnishing the top of his head through the thinning hair. A middle-aged couple—perfectly suited to each other in age and appearance. She turned back and sat down beside him.

"Shall we try a patience?" she said.

He accepted with a wistful alacrity which seemed to say it was the most he had hoped for, and they drew up a patience-table and sat down opposite each other, calmly disposing the little cards in running patterns.

They had been playing for about half an hour when she rumpled up the pattern abruptly, and, sweeping the cards together in a passionate heap, cried out: "I want it to be a gay wedding—the gayest wedding that ever was! I'm determined it shall be a gay wedding."

She dropped her face into her hands, and sat there, propping her elbows on the card-table, and laughing out between her intercrossed fingers. "A really gay wedding, you know."

ONLY three days more now; for just three days more she and Anne would live under one roof.

And then?

The interrogation was not Anne's. The news of Mrs. Clephane's intended marriage had completely restored the girl's serenity. Chris Fenno, detained in Baltimore by his mother's sudden and somewhat alarming illness, had not yet reappeared; it seemed likely now that he would arrive in New York only the day before the wedding. Anne was to have her mother to herself to the last; and with every bit of tenderness and dependence she tried to show her appreciation of these final days, sweet with the sweetness of dear things ending, yet without pain because they were not to precede a real separation. Her only anxiety—the alarm about Mrs. Fenno—had been allayed by a reassuring telegram, and she moved within that rainbow bubble that once or twice in life contrives to pass itself off as the real horizon.

The sight of her, Kate Clephane reasoned, ought to have been justification enough. Anything was worth doing or sacrificing to keep the bubble unbroken. And the last three days would pass—the day itself would pass. The world, after it was over, would go on in the same old way. What was all the flurry and fluster about?

Mrs. Drover did not find it easy to maintain so detached an attitude. She, for one, could not conceive how her sister-in-law could remain so calm at such a moment.

"Of course Nollie's wonderfully capable; she and Lilla have taken almost all the worry on their shoulders, haven't they? I never could have struggled alone with that immense list. But still I don't think you ought to assume that *everything's* settled. After all, there are only three days left! And no one seems to have even begun to think about who's going to take you up the aisle—"

"Up the aisle?" Mrs. Clephane blankly echoed.

"Well, yes, my dear. There *is* an aisle at St. Stephen's," Enid Drover chirped, with one of her rare attempts at irony. "And of course Hendrik must take up the bride, and you must be there, ready to receive her and give her away——"

"Give her away?"

"Hadn't you thought of that, either?" Mrs. Drover's little laugh had a tinge of condescension. Tho all the family had conspired to make Mrs. Clephane forget that she had lived for nearly twenty years outside the social pale, the fact remained: she *had*. And it was on just such occasions as this that she betrayed it, somewhat embarrassingly to her sister-in-law. Not even to know that, when a bride's father was dead, it was her mother who gave her away!

"You didn't expect Hendrik to do it?" Mrs. Drover rippled on, half compassionate, half contemptuous. It was hard to understand how some people contrived to remain in ignorance of the most elementary rules of behavior!

"Hendrik—well, why shouldn't he?" Kate Clephane said.

ANNE was passing through the room, a pile of belated presents in her arms. "Do you hear, my dear? Your uncle Hendrik will be very much flattered!" Mrs. Drover's little eyes grew sharp with the vision of Hendrik's broad back and glossy collar playing the leading part in the ceremony. "The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Hendrik Drover, of—" It really would read very well.

"Flattered about what?" Anne paused to question.

"Your mother seems to think it's your uncle who ought to give you away."

"Not you, Mother?" Kate Clephane caught the instant drop in the girl's voice. Underneath her radiant security, what suspicion, what dread still lingered?

"I'm so stupid, dear; I hadn't realized it was the custom."

"Don't you want it to be?"

"I want what you want." Their thin-edged smiles seemed to cross like blades. "I want it to be you, Mother."

"Then of course, dear——"

Mrs. Drover heaved a faintly disappointed sigh. Hendrik would certainly have looked the part better. "Well, *that's* settled," she said, in the tone of one who strikes one more item off an invisible list. "And now the question is, who's to take your mother up the aisle?"

Anne and her mother were still exchanging smiles. "Why, Uncle Fred of course, isn't he?" Anne cried.

"That's the point. If your mother's cousin comes from Meridia——"

Mrs. Clephane brushed aside the possible cousin from Meridia. "Fred shall take me up," she declared; and Anne's smile lost its nervous edge.

"Now, is there anything else left to settle?" the girl gaily challenged her aunt; and Mrs. Drover groaned back: "Anything else? But it seems as if we'd only just begun. If it weren't for Nollie and Lilla I shouldn't feel sure of *anybody's* being at the church when the time comes."

The time had almost come; the sun had risen on the day before the wedding. It rose, mounted up in a serene heaven, bent its golden arch over an un-

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"Doesn't the old gentleman seem like a boy again?" said the doctor.

That Anniversary at the Wards

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"I had been watching him and knew what his trouble was. I had always specialized on intestinal diseases and I could see 'auto-intoxication' fairly written all over him. You know, that is a condition of self-poisoning from chronic intestinal clogging.

"I had been urging him to come to me for some time. But he had been set on curing himself by dosing up with laxatives and cathartics, and had only succeeded in making his troubles worse.

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"I immediately put Dad on a rigid diet with a course of exercises and started him on the lubricant, Nujol. Then I watched him—and sure enough, he began to pick up. One of the best signs was the way he began to take an interest in things. He started to get out more. It wasn't more than a month or so before he had gotten back his old time 'pep' and enthusiasm. A good color came into his face, he slept like a rock and his food began to taste good to him again.

"Of course, Mother was delighted and on my advice was soon taking Nujol herself. Her health had not been of the best, and I was afraid she might be headed for the same trouble Father had suffered. She found it did her a lot of good, too.

"Though that was almost ten years ago, neither of them has been ill since. My father said he felt too young to be hanging around the house and went back to the office. In fact, both Mother and Dad took on a new lease of life."

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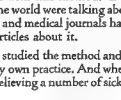

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The Mother's Recompense

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troubled, indifferent world, and stooped westward in splendid unawareness. The day, so full of outward bustle of bells ringing, telephone-calls, rushings back and forth of friends, satellites, and servants, had drooped to its close in the unnatural emptiness of such conclusions. Everything was done; every question was settled; every last order given; and Anne, with a kiss for her mother, had gone off with Nollie and Joe Treselton for one of the crepuscular motor-dashes that clear the cobwebs from modern brains.

Anne had resolutely refused to have either bridesmaids, or the conventional family dinner of the bridal eve. She wanted to strip the occasion of all its meaningless formalities, and Chris Fenno was of the same mind. He was to spend the evening alone with his parents at their hotel, and Anne had invited no one but Fred Landers to dine. She had warned her mother that she might be a little late in getting home, and had asked her, in view of Mr. Landers's excessive punctuality, to be down-stairs in time to receive and pacify him.

Mrs. Clephane had seen through the simple maneuver, and had not resented it. After all, it would be the best opportunity to tell Fred Landers what she had decided to tell him. As she sat by the drawing-room fire listening for the door-bell she felt a curious sense of aloofness, almost of pacification. It might be only the quiet of exhaustion; she half suspected it was, but she was too exhausted to feel sure. Yet one thing was clear to her: she had suffered less savagely since she had known that Dr. Arklow had guessed what she was suffering. The problem had been almost too difficult for him; but it was enough that he had perceived its difficulty, had seen that it was too deeply veiled in lively cheers to be torn out without mortal hurt.

"Sterile pain. . . . I should never want any one to be the cause of sterile pain." That phrase of his helped her even now, her mind clung fast to it as she sat waiting for Landers's ring.

It came punctually, even sooner than the hour, as Anne had foreseen; and in another moment he was advancing across the room in his slow, bulky way, with excuses for his early arrival.

"But I did it on purpose. I was sure Anne would be dining out."

"Anne! She isn't even in—" Mrs. Clephane smiled.

"I knew it! They're all a pack of vagabonds. And I hoped you'd be punctual," he continued, letting himself down into an armchair as if he were lowering a bale of goods over the side of a ship. "After all, you and I belong to the punctual generation."

SHE winced a little at being so definitely relegated to the rank where she belonged. Yes, he and she were nearly of an age. She remembered, in her newly married precocity, thinking of him as a shy, shambling boy, years younger than herself. Now he had the deliberate movements of the elderly, and the he shot, fished, played golf, and kept up the activities common to his age, his mind, in maturing, had grown heavier, and seemed to have communicated its ponderous notions to his body. She shut her eyes for a second from the vision. Her own body still seemed so supple, free, and imponderable. If it could not been for her looking-glass she would never have known she was more than twenty.

She glanced up at the clock: a quarter to eight. Very likely Anne would not be back for another half-hour. How would the evening ever drag itself to an end?

They exchanged a few words about the wedding; but this subject was intolerable to Mrs. Clephane. She had managed to face the situation as a whole: to consider its details was still beyond her. Yet if she left that subject, just beyond it lay the question her companion was waiting to ask; and she found that alternative intolerable too. She got up from her seat, moved aimlessly across the room, straightened a flower in a vase, put out a superfluous wall-light.

"That's enough illumination—at our age," she said, coming back to her seat.

"Oh—*you!*" He threw all his unspoken worship into the word. "With that hair of yours—"

"My hair—my hair!" Her hands went up to the rich mass as if she would have liked to tear it from her head. At that moment she hated it, as she did everything else that mocked her with the barren illusion of youth.

FRED LANDERS had colored to the edge of his own thin hair; no doubt he was afraid that she resented even this halting expression of his admiration. His embarrassment irritated yet touched her, and, raising her eyes, she looked into his.

"I never knew till the other day that it's to you I owe the fact of being here," she said.

He was evidently unprepared for this, and did not know whether to be distressed or gratified. His faint blush turned to crimson.

"To me?"

"Oh, well—I'm not sorry it should be," she rejoined, her voice softening.

"But it's all nonsense. Anne was determined to get you back."

"Yes, because you told her she must. She owned up frankly. She said she wasn't sure, at first, how the plan would work; but you were. You backed me for all you were worth."

"Oh, if you mean that; of course I backed you. You see, she didn't know you, and I did."

She continued to look at him thoughtfully, almost tenderly. "Very few people have taken the trouble to care what became of me. And you hadn't seen me for nearly twenty years."

"No, but I remembered; and I knew you'd had a rotten bad start."

"Lots of women have that, and nobody bothers. But you did: you remembered, and you brought me here."

She rose again, restlessly, and went and stood by the chimneypiece, leaning her chin on her hand.

Landers smiled up at her, half deprecatingly. "If I did, don't be too hard on me."

She shook her head. "Why should I be? I've had over a year. As happiness goes, that's a lifetime."

"Don't speak as if yours were over."

"Oh, it's been good enough to be worth while!"

He sat silent for a while, meditatively considering his honest boot-tips. At length he spoke again, in a tone of sudden authority, such as came into his voice when business matters were being discussed. "You mustn't come back alone to this empty house."

She looked slowly about her. "No, I never want to see this house again."

"Where shall you go, then?"

"After to-morrow? There's a steamer sailing for the Mediterranean the next day. I think I shall just go down and get on board."

"Alone?"

She shed a sudden smile on him. "Will you come with me?"

At the question he sprang up out of his armchair with the head-long haste of a young man. The movement upset a little table at his elbow; but he let it lie.

"By Heaven, yes!" he shouted, reaching out to her with both hands.

She shrank back a little, not from reluctance but from a sense of paralyzing inadequacy. "I—I who am old now," she thought with a shiver.

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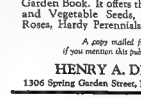

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The Mother's Recompense

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"What—you really would come with me? The day after to-morrow?" she said.

"I'd come with you to-day, if there was enough of it left to get us anywhere." He stood looking at her, waiting for her to speak; then, as she remained silent, he slowly drew back a step or two. "Kate—this isn't one of your jokes?"

As she returned his look she was aware that her sight of him was becoming faintly blurred. "Perhaps it was, when I began. It isn't now." She put her hands in his.

IN THE stillness of the sleeping house she sat up suddenly, plucked out of a tormented sleep.

"But it can't be—it can't be—it can't be!"

She jumped out of bed, turned on the light, and stared about her. What secret warning had waited her with that cry on her lips? She could not recall having dreamed: she had only tossed and fought with some impalpable oppression. And now, as she stood there, in that hideously familiar room, the silence went on echoing with her cry. All the excuses, accommodations, mitigations, mufflings, disguisings, had dropped away from the stark fact that her lover was going to marry her daughter, and that nothing she could do would prevent it.

A few hours ago she had still counted on the blessed interval of time, the lulling possibilities of delay. She had kissed Anne good night very quietly, she remembered. Then it was eleven o'clock of the night before; now it was the morning of the day. A pitch-black Winter morning: there would be no daylight for another three hours. No daylight—but the day was here!

She glanced at the clock. Half past four. The longing seized her to go and look at Anne for the last time; but the next moment she felt that hardly a sight in the world would be less bearable.

She turned back into her room, wrapped herself in her dressing-gown and a blanket, and went and sat in the window.

What did Fifth Avenue look like nowadays at half past four o'clock of a Winter morning? Much as it had when she had kept the same vigil nearly twenty years earlier, on the morning of her flight with Hylton Davies. That night too she had not slept, and for the same reason: the thought of Anne. On that other day she had deserted her daughter for the first time—and now it seemed as tho she were deserting her again. One betrayal of trust had led inexorably to the other.

Fifth Avenue was much more brilliantly lit than in other far-off mornings. Long streamers of radiance floated on the glittering asphalt like tropical seaweeds undulating on a leaden sea. But overhead the canopy of darkness was as dense, except for the tall lights hanging it here and there with a planetary glory.

The street itself was empty. In old times one would have heard the desolate nocturnal sound of a lame hoof-beat as a market-gardener's cart went by. They always brought out in the small hours the horses that were too bad to be seen by day. But all that was changed. The last lame horse had probably long since gone to the knacker's yard, and no link of sound was left between the Niagara roar of the day and the hush before dawn.

On that other morning a hansom cab had been waiting around the corner for young Mrs. Clephane. It had all been very well arranged—Hylton Davies had a gift for arranging—His yacht was a marvel of luxury: food, service, appointments. He was the kind of man who would lean across the table to say confidentially: "I particularly recommend that sauce." He had the soul of a club steward. It was curious to be thinking of him now.

She remembered that, as she jumped into the hansom on that fateful morning, she had thought to herself: "Now I shall never again hear my mother-in-law say: 'I think, my dear, you make a mistake not to try to humor John's prejudices a little more.'" She had fixed her mind with intensity on the things she most detested in the life she was leaving: it struck her now that she had thought hardly at all of the life she was going to. Above all, that day, she had crammed into her head every possible thought that might crowd out the image of little Anne: John Clephane's bad temper, his pettiness about money, his obstinacy, his obtuseness, the detested sound of his latch-key when he came home, flown with self-importance, from his club. "Thank God," she remembered thinking, "there can't possibly be a latch-key on a yacht!"

Now she suddenly reminded herself that before long she would have to get used to the click of another key. Dear Fred Landers! That click would symbolize all the securities and placidities: all the thick layers of affection infolding her from loneliness, from regret, from remorse. It comforted her already to know that, after to-morrow, there would always be some one between herself and her thoughts. In the temperate warmth of Fred Landers's approval she would bask like one of those late bunches of grapes that have just time, before they drop, to turn from sourness to insipidity.

Now again she was at the old game of packing into her mind every thought that might crowd out the thought of Anne; but her mind was like a vast echoing vault, and the thought she had to put into it would not have filled the palm of her hand.

Where would she and Landers live after they were married? A few months of travel, no doubt: and then—New York. Could she picture him anywhere else? Would it be materially possible for him to give up his profession—renounce "the office"? Her mind refused to see him in any other setting. And yet—and yet— But no; it was useless to linger on that. Nothing, nothing that she could invent would crowd out the thought of Anne.

She sat in the window, and watched the sky turn from black to gray, and then to the blank absence of color before daylight.

IN THE motor, on the way to St. Stephen's, the silence had become oppressive, and Kate suddenly laid her hand on her daughter's.

"My Anne, I wish you all the happiness there ever was in the world—happiness beyond all imagining."

"Oh, Mother, take care! Not too much! You frighten me." Through the white mist of tulle Kate caught the girl's constrained smile. She had been too vehement, then? She had overemphasized? Doubtless she would never get exactly the right note. She heard herself murmuring vaguely: "But there can't be too much, can there?" and Anne's answer: "Oh, I don't know," and mercifully that brought them to the edge of the crimson carpet and the awning.

In the vestibule of the church they were received into a flutter of family. No bridesmaids; but Fred Landers and Hendrik Drover stationed there as participants in the bridal procession, amid a cluster of Drovers and Tessetons lingering for a glimpse of the bride before they made their way to the front pews. A pervading luster of pearls and tall hats; a cloud of expensive furs; a gradual vague impression of something having possibly gone wrong, and no one wishing to be the first to suggest it: Finally Joe

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Tresselton approached to say in Mrs. Clephane's ear: "He's not here yet——"

Anne had caught the whisper. Her mother saw her lips whiten as they framed a laugh. "Chris late? How like him! Or is it that we're too indecently punctual——?"

Oh, the tidal rush in the mother's breast! The *Not here! Not here! Not here!* shouted down at her from every shaft and curve of the vaulting, rained down on her from the accomplice heavens! And she had called the sky indifferent! But of course he was not here—he would not be here.

ALL about her, wrist-watches were being furtively consulted. Anne stood between the groups, a pillar of snow.

"Anne always *is* indecently punctual," Nollie Tresselton laughed; Uncle Hendrik said something ponderous about traffic obstruction. Once or twice the sexton's black gown fluttered inquiringly out of an aisle door and back; the bridal group began to be aware of the pressure behind them of late arrivals checked on the porch-steps till the procession should have passed into the church.

Kate Clephane caught Fred Landers's eyes anxiously fixed on her; she suspected her of thinking out rays of triumph, and bent down hurriedly to straighten a fold of Anne's train. *Not here! Not here! Not here!* the sky shouted down at her. And none of them—except perhaps Anne—knew why.

The central doors were suddenly flung open: the Mendelssohn march rolled out. Mrs. Clephane rose from her stooping posture to signal to Fred Landers that the doors must be shut—the music stopped—since the bridegroom was not coming.

But the folds of Anne's train were already slipping through her mother's fingers; Anne was in motion on Uncle Hendrik's outward arm. The rest of the family had fluttered up to their front pews; Fred Landers, a little flushed, stood before Mrs. Clephane, his arm bent to receive her hand. The bride drew aside, waiting for her mother to pass into the church before her. At the farther end of the aisle, on the chancel-steps, two figures had appeared against a background of dawn and lilies.

Blindly Kate Clephane moved forward, keeping step with Landers's slow stride. At the chancel-steps he left her, taking his seat with Mrs. Drover. The mother stood alone, and waited for her daughter.

THE Drovers had wanted Mrs. Clephane to return to Long Island with them that afternoon; Nollie Tresselton had added her prayer; Anne herself had urged her mother to accept.

"I can't drive away thinking of you here all alone?" the girl had said; and Kate had managed to smile back: "You won't be thinking of me at all!" and had added that she wanted to rest, and have time to gather up her things before sailing.

It had been settled, in the last days before the wedding, she was to go abroad for the Winter: to Italy perhaps, or the south of France. The young couple, after a brief dash to Florida, were off for India, by Marseilles and Suez; it seemed only reasonable that Mrs. Clephane should not care to remain in New York. And Anne knew—tho no one else did—that when her mother went abroad she would not go alone. Nothing was to be said—not a word to any one; tho by this time—an hour after bride and groom had driven away to the Palm Beach Express—Chris Fenno was no doubt in the secret.

Anne had left without anxiety; she understood her mother's wish to keep her plans to herself, and respected it. And in a few days now the family would be reassembling at St. Stephen's for another, even quieter wedding.

Aline came down-stairs to the long drawing-room, where Mrs. Clephane was sitting alone in a litter of fallen rose-petals, grains of rice, and ends of wedding-cake ribbon. In the dining-room beyond, the servants were moving away the small tables, and carrying off the silver in green-lined baskets.

The housekeeper had come in to give the butler the address of the hospital to which Mrs. Fenno wished the flowers to be sent, and a footman was already removing the baskets and bouquets from the drawing-room when Aline entered.

"Madam will be much more comfortable up-stairs than in all this untidiness; and Mr. Landers has telephoned to ask if he may see madam in about half an hour."

ALINE, of course, knew everything; news reached her by every pore, as it circulates through an Eastern bazaar. Erect in the handsome dress that Mrs. Clephane had given her for the wedding, she smiled dryly but approvingly upon her mistress. It was understood that Mr. Landers was *un bon parti;* and the servants' hall knew him to be generous. So did Aline, whose gown was fastened by the diamond arrow he had offered her that morning.

"There's a nice fire in madam's sitting-room," she added persuasively.

Kate Clephane sat motionless, without looking up. She heard what the maid was saying, and could have repeated her exact words, but they conveyed no meaning.

"Madam must come up," Aline again insisted.

The humiliation of being treated like a sick person at length roused Mrs. Clephane, and she got to her feet and followed the maid. On the way up-stairs she said to her: "Presently I will tell you what I shall need on the morrow." Then she turned into the sitting-room, and Aline softly closed the door on her.

The fire was burning briskly; Anne's last bunch of violets stood on the low table near the lounge. Outside the windows the Winter light was waning. Kate Clephane, sitting down at the foot of the lounge, remembered that the room had worn that austere look of soothing intimacy on the day when Anne had first led her into it, little more than a year ago, and she remembered that, then also, Fred Landers had joined her there, summoned to reassure her loneliness. It was curious in what neatly recurring patterns events often worked themselves out.

The door opened and he came in. He still wore his wedding-clothes, and the dark morning coat and the pearl in his tie suited him, gave him a certain air of self-confidence that surprised her. He looked like a man who would smooth one's way, manage all the tiresome details of life admirably, without fuss or bluster. The small point of consciousness left alive in Kate Clephane registered the fact, and was dimly comforted by it. Steamer-chairs, for instance, and the right table in a ventilated corner of the dining-saloon—one wouldn't have to bother about anything.

"I WISH we could have got off tomorrow," he said, sitting down beside her, and looking at her with a smile "I would have, you know, if you'd thought it feasible. Why shouldn't we have been married in Liverpool?"

"Or on board! Don't they provide a registry office on these modern boats!" she jested with pale lips.

"But next week—next week I shall carry you off," he continued with authority.

"Yes, next week." She tried to add a word of sympathy, of affection: the word

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The Mother's Recompense

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he was waiting for. But she could only turn her wan smile on him.

"My dear, you're dead-beat; don't you want me to go?"

She shook her head.

"No? You'd rather I stayed —you really would?" His face lit up. "You needn't pretend with me, Kate, you know."

"Needn't I? Are you sure? All my life I seem never to have done anything but pretend," she suddenly exclaimed.

"Well, you needn't now; I'm sure." He sealed it with his quiet smile, leaning toward her a little, but without moving his chair nearer. There was something infinitely reassuring in the way he took things for granted, without undue emphasis or enthusiasm.

"Lie down, now, and let me pull that shawl up over you. A cigaret—may I? I suppose there'll be tea presently? We needn't talk about plans till to-morrow."

SHE tried to smile back. "But what else is there to talk about?" Her eyes rested on his face, and she saw in it the effort to remain the unobtrusive and undemanding friend. The sight gave her a little twinge of compunction. "I mean there's nothing to say about me, either —except in relation to you. And there there's too much! Don't get me going. Better take me for granted."

"I do; that's my comfort." She was beginning to smile on him less painfully. "All your goodness to me——"

But now he stood up, his pink deepening to purple.

"Oh, not that, please! It rather hurts; even at my age. And I assure you I can be trusted to remind myself of it at proper intervals."

She rose on her elbow, looking up at him in surprise.

"I've hurt you? I didn't mean to."

"Well —goodness, you know! A man doesn't care to be eternally reminded of his goodness —not even if it's supposed to be all he has to offer—in exchange for everything."

"Oh—*everything!*" She gave a little shrug. "If ever a woman came to a man empty-handed——"

With a slight break in his voice he said: "You come with yourself."

The answer, and his tone, woke in her a painful sense of pressure and constriction in their talk and her own remoteness from it. The phrase "come with yourself" shed a lightning flash of irony on their protocol attitude. What self had she left to come with? She knew he was waiting for an answer; she felt the cruelty of letting his exclamation drop as if unheard; but what more had she to say to him—unless she should say everything?

The thought shot through her for the first time. Had she really meant to marry him without his knowing? Perhaps she had; she was not sure; she felt she would never again be very sure of her own intentions. But now, through all the confusion and exhaustion of her mind, one fact had become abruptly clear: that she would have to tell him. Whether she married him or not seemed a small matter in comparison. First she must look into those honest eyes with eyes as honest.

"Myself?" she said, echoing his last word. "What do you know of that self, I wonder?"

He continued to stand before her in the same absorbed and brooding attitude. "All I need to know is how unhappy you've been."

She leaned on her arm, still looking up at him. "Yes, I've been unhappy, horribly unhappy. Beyond anything you can imagine. Beyond anything you've ever guessed."

This did not seem to surprize him. He continued to return her gaze with the same tranquil eyes.

"But I rather think I *have* guessed," he said.

Something in his voice seemed to tell her that, after all, she had not been alone in her struggle; it was as if he had turned a key in the most secret ward of her heart. Oh, if he had really guessed—if she were to be suddenly lifted beyond that miserable moment of avowal into a quiet heaven of understanding and compassion!

"You have guessed—you've understood?"

Yes; his face was still unperturbed, his eyes were indulgent. The tears rushed to her own; she wanted to sit down and cry her heart out. Instead she got to her feet and went to him with outstretched hands. She must thank him; she would find the words now; she would be able to tell him what that perfect trust was to her, or at least what it would be when the present was far enough away for anything on earth to help her.

"Oh, Fred—you knew all the while? You saw I tried to be utmost; you saw I couldn't do anything to stop it?"

He had her hands in his, and was holding them against his breast. "Stop it —the marriage? Is that what's troubling you?" He was speaking now as if to a frightened, disconsolate child. "Of course you couldn't stop it. I know how you must have loathed it; all you must have suffered. But Anne's happiness had to come first."

He did understand, then; he did pity her! She let herself lie in his hold. The relief of avowal was too exquisite, now that all peril of explanation was over and she could just yield herself up to his pity. But tho he held her she no longer saw him; all her attention was centered on her own torturing sense of pity. She thought of him only as of some one kinder and more understanding than any one else, and her heart overflowed.

"But wasn't it just cowardice on my part? Wasn't it wicked of me not to dare to tell her?"

"Of course it wasn't wicked. What good would it have done? It's hard that she hit on that man; but a girl with a will like Anne's has to take her chance. I always felt you'd end by seeing it. And you will when you're less tired and overwrought. Only trust me to look after you," he said.

HER tears rose and began to run down. She would have liked to go on listening without having to respond to what he said. But again she felt that he was waiting for her to speak, and she tried to smile back at him. "I do trust you—you do help me. You can't tell the agony of the secret ." She hardly knew what she was saying.

"It needn't be a secret now. Doesn't that help?"

"Your knowing, and not loathing me? Oh, *that*—!" She gave a faint laugh. "You're the only one of them all who's not afraid of me."

"Afraid of you?"

"Of what I might let out—if they hadn't always stopped me. That's my torture now; that I let them stop me. It always will be. I shall go over it and over it; I shall never be sure I oughtn't to have told them."

"Told *what?* "

"Why—what you know."

She looked up at him, surprized, and saw that a faint veil had fallen over the light in his eyes His face had grown pale and she felt that he was holding her

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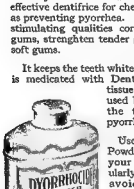

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

hands without knowing that he held them.

"I know you've been most unhappy—most cruelly treated —" He straightened his shoulders and looked at her. "That there've been things in the past that you regret—must regret—" He paused, as if waiting for her to speak; then, with a visible effort, went on: "In all those lonely years—when you were so friendless—I've naturally supposed you were not always—lonely—"

She freed herself gently and moved away from him.

"Is that all?"

She felt his dawning surprise. "All —what else is there?"

"What else? The shame—the misery —the truth —" She flung it out at him between sharp breaths.

FOR a moment he seemed hardly to take in what she was saying. He looked like a man who has not yet felt the pain of the wound he has received. "I certainly don't know—of any shame," he answered slowly.

"Then you don't know anything. You don't know any more than the others." She had almost laughed out as she said it.

He seemed to be struggling with an inconceivable idea: an idea for which there were no terms in his vocabulary. His lips moved once or twice before he became articulate. "You mean: some sort of complicity—some sort of secret—between you and Anne's husband?"

She made a faint gesture of assent.

"Something—" he still wavered over it—"something you ought to have told Anne before—before she—" He broke off abruptly, took a few steps away from her, and came back. "Not you—you and that man?" She was silent.

The silence continued. He stood without moving, turned away from her. She had dropped down on the foot of the lounge, and sat gazing at the pattern of the carpet. He put his hands over his eyes. Presently, hearing him move, she looked up. He had uncovered his eyes and was staring about the room as if he had never seen it before, and could not remember what had brought him there. His face had shrunk and yellowed; he seemed years older.

As she looked at him, she marveled at her folly in imagining that he had read any farther into her actions than the others. She remembered his first visit after her return, when she had plied him with uncomfortable questions, and had read in his kindly eyes the terror of the man who, all his life, has tried to buy off Fate by optimistic evasions. Fate had caught up with him now—and Kate Clephane would have given the world if it had not been for her own agency. Sheer pain—it appeared that she was to inflict it, after all, and on the one being who really loved her, who would really have helped her had he known how!

He moved nearer, and stood in front of her, forcing a thin smile. "You'll think me as obtuse as the rest of them," he said.

She could not find anything to answer. Her tears had stopped, and she sat dry-eyed, counting the circles in the carpet. When she had reached the fifteenth she heard him speaking again in the same stiff, concise tone. "I—I was unprepared, I confess."

"Yes. I ought to have known—" She stood up, and continued in a low, colorless voice, as if the words were being dictated to her: "I meant to tell you; I really did; at least I suppose so. But I've lived so long with the idea of the thing that I wasn't surprized when you said you knew—knew everything. I thought you meant that you'd guessed. There were times when I thought everybody must have guessed—"

"Oh, cruel and forbid!" he ejaculated.

She smiled faintly. "I don't know that it much matters. Except that I want to keep it from Anne—that I must keep it from her now. I dare say it was a mistake for me not to stop the marriage at any cost; but when I tried to, and saw her agony, I couldn't. The only way would have been to tell her outright; and I couldn't do that—I couldn't! Coming back to her was like dying and going to heaven. It *was* heaven to me here till he came. Then I tried—I tried —but how can I ever make you understand?

"For nearly twenty years no one had thought much of me—I hadn't thought much of myself. I'd never really forgiven myself for leaving Anne. And then, when she sent for me, and I came back, and we were so happy together, and she seemed so fond of me, I thought —I thought perhaps, after all, it hadn't made any difference. But when the struggle came I saw I hadn't any power —any hold over her. She told me so herself: she said I was a stranger to her. She said I'd given up any claim on her, any right to influence her, when I went away and left her years ago. And so she wouldn't listen to me. That was my punishment: that I couldn't stop her."

"Oh, Anne—Anne can look out for herself! What do I care for Anne?" he exclaimed harshly. "But you—you—you —and that man!" He dropped down into his armchair and hid his eyes again.

She waited a minute or two; then she said timidly: "Don't mind so much."

He made no answer. At length he lifted his head, but without looking directly at her.

"It was—long ago?"

"Yes. Six years—eight years."

"At a time when you were desperately lonely and unhappy?"

"Oh—not much more than usual." She added, after a moment: "I don't claim any extenuating circumstances."

"The cad —the blackguard! I —"

She interrupted him. "Not that either —quite. When he first met Anne he didn't know; didn't know she was even related to me. When he found out he went away; he went away twice. She made him come back. She reproached me for separating them. Nothing could have stopped her except my telling her. And I couldn't tell her when I saw how she cared."

"No—" There was a slight break in the harshness of his voice.

Again she was silent, not through the wish to avoid speaking, but from sheer inability to find anything more to say.

"You've been through hell," he said suddenly.

"Yes. I'm there still." She stopped again, and then once more felt herself slipping down the inevitable slope of confession. "I'd not only left hell—there's another. I want to tell you everything now. It was not only for fear of Anne's suffering that I couldn't speak; it was because I couldn't bear the thought of what she would think of me. It was so sweet, being her mother—I couldn't bear to give it up. And your all thinking that she'd come right to bring me back—I couldn't give that up, either, because I knew how much it counted in her feeling for me. Somehow it made me once more the person I was meant to be—or thought I was meant to be. That's all. I'm glad now I've told you—but you mustn't let it hurt you; not for long—"

AFTER she had ended he continued to sit without moving; she had the impression that he had not heard what she had said. His attention, his receptive capacity, were still engrossed by the stark fact of her confession: her image and Chris Fenno's were slowly burning themselves into his shrinking vision. To assist at the process was like peeping into a torture-chamber, and for the moment she lost the sense of her own misery in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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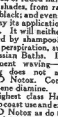

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

the helpless contemplation of his. Sterile pain, if ever there was——

At last she stood up, and laid a touch on his bowed shoulder.

"Fred—you mustn't let it hurt you. It has done me good to tell you—it has helped. Your being so sorry has helped. But now it's over—it's ended——"

He did not change his attitude or even look up. She still doubted if he heard her. After a minute or two she withdrew her hand and moved away. The strain had been too great; she had imposed on him more than he could bear. She saw that clearly now: she said to herself that their talk was over, that they were already leagues apart. Her sentimental experiences had shown her how often two people who appear to be still exchanging tender or violent words are in reality at the opposite ends of the earth, and she reflected, ironically, how often success in human affairs depends on the power to detect such displacements. She herself had no such successes to her credit; hers was at best the doubtful gift of discerning, perhaps more quickly than most people, why she failed. But to all such shades of suffering her friend was impervious: he was taking his ordeal in bulk.

She sat down and waited. Curiously enough, she was less unhappy than for a long time past. His pain and his pity were perhaps what she had most needed from him: the center of her wretchedness seemed the point at which they were meant to meet. If only she could have put it in words simple enough to reach him—but to thank him for what he was suffering would have seemed like mockery; and she could only wait and say to herself that perhaps before long he would go.

AFTER a while he lifted his head and slowly got to his feet. For a moment he seemed to waver; then he crossed the space between them, and stood before her. She rose, too, and held out her hand; but he did not appear to notice the gesture, tho his eyes were intensely fixed on her.

"The time will come," he said, "when all this will seem very far off from both of us. That's what we think of now."

She looked up, not understanding. Then she began to tremble in all her body; her very lips trembled, and the lids of her dazzled eyes. He was still looking at her, and she saw the dawn of the old kindness in his. He seemed to have come out on the other side of a great darkness. But all she found to say was the denial of what she was feeling. "Oh, no—no—no—" and she put him from her.

"No?"

"It's enough, enough; what you've just said is enough." She stammered it out incoherently. "Don't you see that I can't bear any more?"

He stood rooted there in his mild, obstinate kindness. "There's got to be a great deal more, tho."

"Not now—not now!" She caught his hand, and just pressed it to her cheek. Then she drew back, with a sense of resolution, of finality, that must have shown itself in her face and air. "Now you're to go; you're to leave me. I'm dreadfully tired." She said it almost like a child who asks to be taken up and carried. It seemed to her that for the first time in her life she had been picked up out of the dust and weariness, and set down in a quiet place where no harm could come.

He was still looking at her, uncertainly, pleadingly. "To-morrow, then? To-morrow morning?"

She hesitated. "To-morrow afternoon."

"And now you'll rest?"

"Now I'll rest."

With that—their hands just clasping—she guided him gently to the door, and stood waiting till she heard his step go slowly down the stairs. Then she turned back into the room and opened the door of her bedroom.

The maid was there, preparing a becoming tea-gown. She had no doubt conjectured that Mr. Landers would be coming back for dinner.

"Aline! To-morrow's steamer—it's not too late to call up the office?"

The maid stood staring, the shimmering dress on her arm.

"The steamer—to-morrow's steamer?"

"The steamer on which I had taken passages," Mrs. Clephane explained, hurriedly reaching for the telephone-book.

Aline's look seemed to say that this was beyond all reasonable explanation.

"But those passages—madam ordered me to give them up."

"Never mind. At this season there's no crowd. You must call up at once and get them back."

"Madam is not really thinking of sailing to-morrow?"

Mrs. Clephane almost laughed in her face. "I'm not thinking of doing it; I'm going to do it. Ah, here's the number—" She unhooked the receiver.

KATE CLEPHANE was wakened by the slant of Riviera sun across her bed.

The hotel was different; it was several rungs higher on the ladder than the Minorque et l'Univers, as its name—the Petit Palais—plainly indicated. The bedroom, too, was bigger, more modern, more freshly painted; and the corner window of the tiny adjoining salon actually clipped a wedge of sea in its narrow frame.

So much was changed for the better in Mrs. Clephane's condition; in other respects, she had the feeling of having simply turned back a chapter, and begun again at the top of the same dull page.

Her maid, Aline, was obviously of the same opinion; in spite of the more commodious room, and the sitting-room with its costly inset of sea, Mrs. Clephane had not recovered her lost prestige in Aline's estimation. "What was the good of all the fuss if it was to end in *this?*" Aline's look seemed to say every morning when she brought in the breakfast-tray. Even the fact that letters now lay on it more frequently, and that telegrams were no longer considered epoch-making, did not compensate for the general collapse of her plans and ambitions. When one had had a good roof over one's head, and a good motor at one's door, what was the sense of coming back to second-rate hotels and rattling taxis, and all the loss of consequence implied by such diminishment? Aline remained icily silent when her mistress, after a few months at the Petit Palais, mentioned that she had written to inquire about hotel prices at Dinard for the Summer.

Kate Clephane, on the whole, took the change more philosophically. To begin with, it had been her own choice, and that in itself was a help—at times; and then—well, yes—after two or three months she had begun to be aware that she was slipping back without too much discomfort into the old groove.

THE first few weeks after her arrival wouldn't yet bear thinking about; but they were well behind her now, and habit was working its usual miracle. She had been touched by the welcome her old friends had given her, and exquisitely relieved—after the first plunge—to find herself again among people who asked no questions about her absence, betrayed no curiosity about it, and probably felt none. They were all very much occupied with each other's doings when they were together, but the group was so continually breaking up and reshaping itself,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

with the addition of new elements, and the departing scattered in so many different directions, and toward destinations so unguessable, that once out of sight they seemed to have no more substance or permanence than figures twitching by on a film.

This sense of unsubstantiality had eased Kate Clephane's taut nerves and helped her to sink back almost unaware into her old way of life. Enough was known of her own existence in the interval—a shadowy glimpse of New York opulence, an opera-box, a massive and important family, a beautiful daughter married to a war hero—to add considerably to her standing in the group; but her Riviera friends were all pleasantly incurious as to details. In the lives of most of them there were episodes to be bridged over by verbal acrobatics, and they were all accustomed to taking each other's fibs at their face value. Of Mrs. Clephane they did not even ask any; she came back handsomer, better dressed —yes, my dear, actually *sables!*—and she offered them cocktails and Mah Jong in her own sitting-room (with a view of the sea through it!) and were glad of so useful a recruit, and the distance between her state and theirs was not wide enough to awaken acrimony or envy.

"Aline!"

The maid's door was just across the passage now; she appeared almost at once, bearing a breakfast-tray on which were several letters.

"Violets!" announced with a smile; Aline's severity had of late been tempered by an occasional smile. But Mrs. Clephane did not turn her head; her color did not change. These violets were not from the little lame boy whose bouquet had flushed her with mysterious hopes on the day when her daughter's cable had arrived; the lame boy she had set up for life (it had been her first thought after landing) because of that happy coincidence. To-day's violets embodied neither hope nor mystery. She knew from whom they came, and what stage in what game they represented; and, lifting them from the tray after a brief sniff, she poured out her chocolate with a steady hand. Aline, perceptibly rebuffed, put the flowers into a glass on her mistress's dressing-table. "There," the gesture said, "she can't help seeing them."

MRS. CLEPHANE leaned back against her pink-lined pillows, and sipped her chocolate with deliberation. She had not yet opened the letters, or done more than briefly muster their superscriptions. None from her daughter: Anne, at the moment, was half-way across the Red Sea, on her way to India, and there would be no news of her for several weeks to come. None of the letters was interesting enough to be worth a glance. Mrs. Clephane even overlooked one or twice, as if looking for one that was missing; then she pushed them aside and took up the local newspaper.

She had got back into her old habit of lingering over every little daily act, making the most of it, spreading it out over as many minutes as possible, in the effort to cram her hours so full that there should be no time for introspection or remembrance; and she read the paper carefully, from the grandiloquent leading article on the wonders of the approaching Carnival to Dalia's column in which the doings of the local French and foreign society were glowingly recorded.

"The flower of the American colony and the most distinguished French and foreign notabilities will meet this afternoon at the brilliant reception which Mrs. Parley Plush has organized at her magnificent villa Mimosa in honor of the Bishop of the American Episcopalian churches in Europe."

Ah—to be sure; it was to-day! Kate Clephane laid down the newspaper with a smile. She was recalling Mrs. Minity's wrath when it had been announced that the reception for the new Bishop was to be given by Mrs. Parley Plush—Mrs. Plush, of all people! Mrs. Minity was not an active member of the Reverend Mr. Merriman's parochial committees; her bodily inertia, and the haunting fear of what might happen if her coachman tried to turn the horses in the narrow street in which the Rectory stood, debarred her from such participation; but she was a pillar of the church, nevertheless, by reason of a small but regular donation, and a large and equally regular commentary on its affairs. Mr. Merriman gave her opinions almost the importance she thought them entitled to; and a dozen times in the Winter Mrs. Merriman was expected to bear the brunt of her criticisms, and persuade her not to give up her pew and stop her subscription. "That woman," Mrs. Minity would cry, "whom I have taken regularly for a drive once a fortnight all Winter, and supplied with brandy peaches when I had to go without them myself!"

MRS. MINITY, on the occasion of the last drive, had not failed to tell Mrs. Merriman what she thought of the idea —put forward, of course, by Mrs. Plush herself—of that lady's being chosen to entertain the new Bishop on his first tour of his diocese. The scandal was bad enough: did Mrs. Merriman want Mrs. Minity to tell her what the woman had been, what her reputation was? No, Mrs. Merriman would rather not. Well, she probably knew well enough herself, if she had chosen to admit it—but for Mrs. Minity the real bitterness of the situation lay in the fact that she herself could not displace Mrs. Plush by giving the reception because she lived in a small flat instead of a large—a vulgarly large —villa.

"No, don't try to explain it away, my dear" (this to Kate Clephane the day after Mrs. Merriman had been taken on the latest of her penitential drives); "don't try to put me off with that Rector's humbug. Everybody in the South knows that Mrs. Parley Plush came from Anaconda, Georgia, and everybody in Anaconda knows what she came from. And now, because she has a big showy villa (at least, so they tell me—for naturally I've never set foot in it, and never shall); now that she's been whitewashed by those poor simple-minded Merrimans, who have lived in this place for twenty years as if it were a Quaker colony, the woman dares to put herself forward as the proper person! Mrs. Parley Plush *proper!*—to welcome our new Bishop in the name of the American colony! Well," said Mrs. Minity in the voice of Cassandra, "if the Bishop knew a quarter of what I do about her—and what I dare say it is my duty, as a member of his diocese, to tell him—But there: what am I to do, my dear, with a doctor who *forbids* me all agitating discussions, and warns me that if any one should say anything insulting to me I might be snuffed out on the spot?"

Kate Clephane had smiled; these little rivalries were beginning to amuse her again. And the amusement of seeing Mrs. Minity appear (as of course she would) at Mrs. Plush's late afternoon made it seem almost worth while to go there. Mrs. Clephane reached out for her engagement-book, scrutinized the day's page, and found—with another smile, this one at herself—that she had already noted down: "Plush." Yes, it was true; she knew it herself; she still had to go on cramming things into her days, things good, bad, or indifferent, if hardly mattered which, as long as they were crammed tight enough to leave no chinks between for backward glances.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

All her old training in the art of taking things easily—the narcotic tricks of evasion and ignoring—had come gradually to her help in the struggle to remake her life again. Yes, of course she would go to Mrs. Plush's—just as surely as Mrs. Minity would.

THE day was glorious; exactly the kind of day, all the ladies said, on which one would want the dear Bishop to have his first sight of his new diocese. The whole strength of the Anglo-American colony was assembled on Mrs. Plush's flowery terraces, among the cinerarias and cyclamens, and the giant blue china frogs with which they were artfully interspersed, in order, as Mrs. Plush explained, to make the garden look less formal. Mrs. Plush sailed majestically from group to group, keeping one eye on the loggia through which the Bishop and Mr. Merriman were to arrive.

"Ah, dear Lord Charles—this is kind! I think you'll find *all* your friends here. Yes, Mrs. Clephane is over there, at the other end of the terrace," Mrs. Plush beamed, waving a tall disenchanted-looking man in the direction of a palm-tree surrounded by banked-up pansies.

Mrs. Clephane, from under the palm, had seen the maneuver, and had smiled at that also. She knew she was Lord Charles's pretext for coming to the reception, but she knew, as well, that he was glad to have a pretext, because if he hadn't come he wouldn't have known, any more than she did, what to do with the afternoon. There was nothing, she sometimes felt, that she didn't know about Lord Charles, tho they had met only three months ago. He was so exactly what medical men call "a typical case," and she had had such unlimited time and opportunity for the study of his particular type. The only difference was that he was a gentleman—a gentleman still; while the others, most of them, never had been or else had long ago abdicated that with the rest.

AS HE moved over the sunlit gravel in her direction she asked herself for the hundredth time what she meant to do about it. Marry him? God forbid! Even if she had been sure—and in her heart of hearts she wasn't—that he intended to give her the chance. Fall in love with him? That, too, she shrugged away. Let him make love to her? Well, perhaps—a little—when one was too

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

lonely—and because he was the only man at all "possible" in their set. But what she most wanted of him was simply to fill certain empty hours; to know that when she came home at five he would be there, half the days of the week, waiting by her tea-table; that when she dined out, people would be sure to invite him and put him next to her; that when there was no bridge or Mah Jong going he would always be ready for a tour of the antiquity shops, and so sharp at picking up bargains for the little flat she had in view for future Winters.

That was all she wanted of him; perhaps all he wanted of her. But the possibility of his wanting more (at which the violets seemed to hint) produced an uncertainty not wholly disagreeable, especially when he and she met in company, and she guessed the other women's envy. "One has to have something to help one out—" It was the old argument of the drug-takers; well, call Lord Charles her drug! Why not, when she was so patently his?

She settled herself in a garden-chair and watched his approach. It was a skilful bit of maneuvering: she knew he meant to "eliminate the bores" and join her only when there was no danger of their being disturbed. She could imagine how, once, he would have stalked contemptuously through such a company without vouchsafing a glance to right or left. But not now. He had reached a phase in his decline when it became prudent to pause and admire the view at Mrs. Plush's side, exchange affabilities with the Consul's wife, and even suffer himself to be boisterously hailed by Mrs. Horace Betterly, who clinked down the loggia steps to call after him that they counted on him that evening for dinner at the Casino.

Such was the fate of those who had to stuff their days full and could no longer be particular about the quality of the stuffing. Kate could almost see the time when Lord Charles, very lean and wizened, would be collecting china frogs for Mrs. Plush.

He was about half-way across the terrace when a sudden expanding and agitating of Mrs. Plush's plumed hat seemed to forerun the approach of the Bishop.

A monumental black figure appeared under the central arch of the loggia. Mrs. Plush surged forward, every fold of her draperies swelling; but the new arrival was not the Bishop—it was only Mrs. Minity, who, clothed in black cashmere and majesty, paused in the loggia and looked about her.

Mrs. Plush, checked in her forward plunge, stood an instant rigid, almost tilted backward; her right hand sketched the gesture of two barely extended fingers; then her just resentment of Mrs. Minity's strictures was swept away in the triumph of having her there at last, and Mrs. Plush surged forward full sail, welcoming her unexpected guest as obsequiously as if Mrs. Minity had been the Bishop.

KATE CLEPHANE watched the scene with lazy amusement. She enjoyed the humors of her little world now that her mind was more at leisure. She hoped the scene between Mrs. Plush and Mrs. Minity would prolong itself, and was getting up to move within earshot when the Bishop, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Merriman, at length appeared.

Kate Clephane stopped short half-way across the terrace. She had never dreamed of this—never once thought it possible. Yet now she remembered that Dr. Arklow had been spoken of at the Drovers' as one of the candidates for this new diocese; and there he stood, on the steps just above her, as big, benignant, and impressive as when she had last seen him, at St. Stephen's, placing Anne's hand in that of Christopher Fenno.

Mrs. Clephane's first impulse was to turn and lose herself in the crowd. The sight of that figure brought with it too many banished scenes and obliterated memories. Back they all rushed on her, fiercely importunate; she could feel their cruel fingers at her throat. For a moment she stood irresolute, detached in the middle of the terrace; then, just as she was turning, she heard Mrs. Plush's trumpet-call: "Mrs. Clephane? Yes, of course; there she is! Dear Mrs. Clephane, the Bishop has spied you out already!"

He seemed to reach her in a stride, so completely did his approach span distances and wipe out time. She saw herself sitting again in a worn leather armchair, under a photogravure of Salisbury Cathedral, while he paced the worn rug before the hearth, and his voice broke on the words: "Sterile pain——"

"Shall we walk a little way? The garden seems very beautiful," the Bishop suggested.

THEY stood by a white balustrade under camellia-boughs, and exchanged futilities about the blueness of the sea and the heat of the sun. "A New York February—brr—" "Yes, don't you envy us? Day after day of this. Oh, of course a puff of mistral now and then—but then that's healthy."

He laid his large hand on hers. "My dear—when are you coming home to New York?"

She felt her face just brushed by the understanding look she had caught twice before in his eyes.

"To New York? Never."

He weighed the answer, and then turned his eyes on the Mediterranean.

"Never is a long word. There is someone there who would be very happy if you did."

She answered precipitately: "I wonder you can ask me to think of ever living in New York again."

"*He* wouldn't ask it of you. I believe he understands that fully. He would be prepared to begin his life again anywhere. It lies with you."

THERE was a silence. At length she mastered her voice enough to say, very low: "Yes, I know. I'm very grateful. It's a comfort to me."

"No more?"

She waited again, and then, lifting her eyes, caught once more the understanding look in his.

"I don't know how to tell you—how to explain. It seems to me—my refusing—" she lowered her voice still more—"the one thing that keeps me from being too hopeless, too unhappy."

She saw the first tinge of perplexity in his gaze. "The fact of refusing?"

"The fact of refusing."

Ah, it was useless; he would never understand! How could she have imagined that he would?

"But is this really your last word; the very last?" he questioned mildly.

"Oh, it has to be—it has to be. It's what I live by," she almost sobbed.

No, he would never understand. His face had once more become blank and benedictory. He pressed her hand, said: "My dear child, I must see you again—we must talk of this—" and passed on, urbane and unperceiving.

Her eyes filled; for a moment her loneliness came down on her like a pall. It was always so whenever she tried to explain, not only to others but even to herself. Yet deep down in her, deeper far than her poor understanding could reach, there was something that said "No" whenever that particular temptation stirred in her. Something that told her that, as Fred Landers's pity had been the most precious thing he had to give her, so her refusal to accept it, her flight from it when it had been offered, was the most precious thing she could give him in return. He had overcome his strongest feelings, his most deep-rooted repugnances; he had held out his hand to her, in the extremity of her need, across the whole width of his traditions and his convictions; and she had blessed him for it, and stood fast on her own side. And presently, when she returned home and found his weekly letter—as she was sure she would, since it had not come with that morning's post—she would bless him again, bless him both for writing the letter and for giving her the strength to hold out against the pressing arguments it contained.

Perhaps no one else would ever understand; assuredly he would not have understood himself. But there it was. Nothing on earth would ever again help her—help to blot out the old horrors and the new loneliness—as much as the fact of being able to take her stand on that resolve, of being able to say to herself, whenever she began to drift toward new uncertainties and fresh concessions, that once at least she had stood fast, and shut away in a little space of peace and light the best thing that had ever happened to her.

THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE: "The Mother's Recompense," by Edith Wharton, the final instalment of which appears in this issue of Pictorial Review, has been the most successful serial of the year. And there is reason for this. Mrs. Wharton is one of the greatest women novelists of our time. She knows life. She knows the people whom she writes about—because she has always lived among them. They are her people.

As a master of the craft of writing she is unrivaled in her field. Above all she has the perfect gift for bringing the drama which determines the destiny and gives color to the lives of all of us, whether of the rich or of the lowly, into bold relief with swift, true, delicate strokes of her incomparable pen. Who that has read "The Mother's Recompense" can forget the stirring tale of *Kate Clephane's* impulsive youth, the long years of reckoning, and the fine but tragic sacrifice which she made to bring a complete happiness to the daughter whom destiny had once taken from her?

And now, in this number, Pictorial Review introduces Frances Marion, a young writer who, in her first novel, "The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn," gives promise of a brilliant future. She, too, knows the characters of her imagination, for they are the people of the motion-picture world, among whom she has lived and worked for ten years. She has the magic of words. She has the dramatic sense and the dramatic touch.

Minnie Flynn was not born to the purple as was *Kate Clephane*. *Minnie* had known only squalor and hard knocks, and when fame came quickly and with it a new set of responsibilities, she was not equal to them. It was more difficult for her than for *Kate Clephane* to stand firm against the tides of life. Poor, tragic *Minnie!* How you will enjoy her—the little shooting-star whose light trails across the sky for a brief hour—but that would be telling, and you will want to find out all about her for yourself. Read "The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn" and you will think as we do that Frances Marion is a "find" indeed.

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